THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS DINNER

PAINTED BY F. S. BRUNNER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. R. POTT

CHRISTMAS 1915

FIFTEEN CENTS • THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA

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Electric Iron E903 $3.00 and $3.25

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Hot Water Bottle No. 100 $2.50

Electric Curling Iron E989 $3.50 With Comb $4.00

Electric 4 Heat Grill E984 $5.00

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A Special Word to Subscribers

WHEN you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name *exactly* as it appears on your present address label. Sometimes a subscriber who has already renewed may receive this blank. We begin to pack in mail-bags two weeks or more before mailing, and the renewal may have reached us after the copy containing the blank has been packed. In requesting a change of address please give us four weeks' notice.

Should your subscription expire with this issue of THE JOURNAL your renewal must reach us before the fifth of January to avoid missing the next issue. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

INCORPORATING THE HOME JOURNAL

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KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, MANAGING EDITOR

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The Editor's Personal Page

IT IS sometimes bewildering: the letters that come to us in their varied expression—bewildering, I mean, in the tremendous authority of the printed word and its possibility for good or for evil. We have always believed in this office that an editorship is a stewardship: an obligation to be very carefully discharged with a full sense of its importance. But recently that fact has come home to us with particular force.

Why We Do It

I answer a quite general question in this letter:

"Why do you print a beautiful picture in color, say by W. L. Taylor, and then put a children's cut-out on the back of it?"

Because the colored pages in THE JOURNAL are very expensive luxuries: each costs several thousands of dollars. If we left the page back of a picture by W. L. Taylor blank and put the children's cut-out on another sheet, it would mean twice the amount of the most expensive paper we use in the magazine. These points of cost must be thought of in a magazine. It can afford to give its readers just so much for the price it receives. We have now overcome the objection, however, by offering to send an extra copy of the picture for four cents: the mere cost of wrapping and postage. Surely that is fair, is it not: four cents for a W. L. Taylor picture that, when issued separately, in color, generally sells for one dollar if not more? So, you see, by this arrangement the parent can have the picture for an extra four cents and the children can have the cut-outs!

A Suggestion We Welcome

This letter brought us to an investigation and a remedy:

"Can you not do something about binding your magazine so that after a day or two it won't fall apart or the cover fall off?"

We can, we hope. We hope shortly to remedy this trouble which upon inquiry we found, to our surprise, has been much more general than we had any idea of. This is the value of folks writing to us: we see our defects as others see them, and we always stand ready to remedy them where we can.

We are Getting Along

We did *not* realize this:

"Do you realize that you are old enough to be appealing to the third generation? It is so in my case: my grandmother loved your magazine, my mother kept house by it, and now I am guiding my life by your teachings. And what you have been to us through all these years, no pen of mine can say. 'Thank you' is all I can say, but it comes from the heart, and I hope you will be to my 'heirs, successors and assigns' what you have been to my forerunners!"

Thank *you*.

Through a Woman's Whole Life

Take this letter, and it is hard for us to realize that THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is old enough to have gone through a woman's life, from childhood to motherhood:

"At each step of my way upward, from a mere girl of fourteen, through school, and then through high school, as a teacher, and as a home-maker with the care of rearing and educating five sisters and brothers, and then as a bride, and further as a prospective mother, and then when each of my blessed babies came—through all these periods your JOURNAL, Mr. Editor, has been my chief guide. I have leaned on you, heavily sometimes, but never have you faltered. Do you realize that you can be all that to a woman?"

No, we didn't realize it, dear lady, but it is fine to know it, and that we didn't fail you!

TO EVERY child, girl, woman, boy or man who is counted among the millions who have read us this year, and has made us happy by doing so, we now, in turn, wish for each and all:

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS EVER

A DAY OF INWARD HAPPINESS AND OUTWARD CHEER

We Take Our Hat Off

The other side of a picture is sometimes very significant and very important, as in the following case:

"About a year ago when you were printing a great many 'experience' articles, I heard you severely criticized on several occasions. I used to look at those who so criticized you, and in all cases they were women sheltered and safe. I often wanted to say what I am going to say to you, but naturally I couldn't. I am a girl who isn't sheltered, and at a discouraging moment in my life, about a year or so ago, I was almost persuaded by false friends that the 'easy way' was *the* way. I had about made up my mind that the fight was too strong for me: that it was no use. Then you published one of those articles—never mind which. It opened my eyes; it steeled my nerve; I turned completely around and the fight is won. And as a result I am engaged to one of the finest men on earth. Only one case, I know, but you saved a life, Mr. Editor, and if I could I would take off my hat to you."

We take *our* hat off to *you*, young lady!

Our Shiny Paper

Here is a question asked by many:

"Can you not print on paper that is less glazed or shiny of surface? It is so hard on the eyes for evening reading!"

It is only possible to print pictures on a smooth-surfaced paper so they will look clear and beautiful. If we made our surface less polished, the pictures would be so badly printed that there would be complaint from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the question would be hurled at us: "Why don't you print better?" So, you see, as conditions are at present it is either indifferent printing or a glazed surface. But we are now experimenting with a paper less glazed and perhaps that will solve a difficult problem. But some glaze there must be. We would gladly do away entirely with the glaze-surfaced paper, because it would save us thousands of dollars a year, since the dull-finished paper is much cheaper. But oh, what a complaint there would be on the part of our readers if we were to try it!

A ROMANCE

That Made the Editors Sit Up

THE editors of a magazine become so accustomed to reading stories that even the best fail, after a while, to give the pleasure and thrill of the moderate reader of good stories. Hence only the exceptional story kindles the eye and brings forth the enthusiasm of the editor. This delicious and infrequent experience came to the entire editorial force of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a few weeks ago, when a romance, fortunately of some length, fell into the laps of the editors as a bolt from a blue sky. The first editor was charmed: the second editor was delighted, and so it went on from editor to editor, the story giving pleasure as it went. "Here *is* a story," each one said. "Sit up all night if you must, and read it; but read it." And each editor did—sat up and read.

Full of charm, brimming with whimsical humor, as smelly as new-mown hay, fairly tripping with laughter and sunshine, this story was like walking through a field of clover after a June shower. And all through it sparkles a perfect dear of a girl, clever, bright, vivacious, witty, lovable—Patsy by name, an actress by profession and a charmer by character. Of course there is also a man in it—several men, for that matter. But there is one, a vagabond, deliciously of the road and the open, such a vagabond as J. M. Barrie might create; and from the time that he, without a penny, and Patsy, also without a penny, meet and hike together, the story ripples like a brook and sings straight into the heart and affections of the reader.

It was a story too good to keep, so at the last moment we made this Christmas JOURNAL all over in order to include it. Please accept it, every reader, as a Christmas present and turn to page 15 and begin

SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN

BY RUTH SAWYER

Truly the most charming romance that it has ever been the pleasure of THE JOURNAL to offer its readers.

We are Used in a Proposal

And then comes the humorous note that evens up the serious:

"Will you please be so kind as to send me one of your declination-of-manuscript blanks? A young man of my acquaintance insists upon proposing to me and hitherto has seemed quite undismayed at my mild but firm refusals. I want to be convincing but not cruel, and hearing that your manuscript-declination blank combines benevolent commiseration with unmistakable firmness, I thought you wouldn't mind if I plagiarized it to that extent."

Our Advertisements Please

Of course this pleased us, since we exercise so much care in the admittance of advertisements to our pages:

"It may sound most unliterary for me to confess that one of the best features of THE JOURNAL to me is the advertising. Unable to go about much or to 'shop' in the stores, I take my JOURNAL, and, with the same confidence in it as in a first-class department store, I find what I wish to buy. I then order the article exactly by name and price and do not trouble to have things sent 'on approval.' Seldom have I returned a purchase of food, clothing or furniture selected in this way. No one not limited as I am can appreciate the value of truth-telling advertisements."

In the Earth's Remotest Spots

An intensely interesting phase of our mail is the letters that come from the far-away places of the world. For instance, here are a few:

2 Days in a Cart From a Railroad

"I live in a bare, desolate part of Cape Colony, South Africa, seventy-five miles from the nearest village and two days' cart drive from a railway. Do you wonder THE JOURNAL is welcome? I read every page, every article, every advertisement, and when one copy is finished I can hardly wait for the next."

150 Miles in the African "Bush"

"We are a hundred and fifty miles in the 'bush' of West Africa, and yet THE JOURNAL reaches us regularly each month and is greatly enjoyed by the entire mission family."

3 Days From a Railroad

"Here in far-away India, three days' travel from a railroad, we read you and love you as much as do the folks at home."

Studying English From it in Sweden

"For six years in far-away Sweden your magazine has been coming to me, and after I finish with each copy I give it to a Swedish family who are studying English from it."

From the Coast of Newfoundland

"We live on the coast of Newfoundland, and here you come with your message of help and cheer, and make our lives brighter and happier. Twenty-four people just in this one fishing village read and devour your magazine."

Interesting, isn't it—these marvelous contrasts of living: this being literally all things to all people? Do you wonder we are helped in our work, with such letters?

If You Intend Subscribing

WILL you kindly help us and at the same time serve yourself by doing so at once? During December the deluge of subscriptions received by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is so great as almost to overwhelm the most elastic system which can be devised for handling it. Last December in one day we received about 35,000 subscriptions. Some delay was unavoidable.

For your own sake, as well as for the sake of our clerical force, we earnestly request that you send the order for your own subscription, as well as for the subscriptions for your friends, *now*. If any of the orders are for Christmas gifts state that fact and we will commence with the copy issued just before Christmas and mail the formal announcement of the gift so as to reach the recipients on Christmas morning.

THIS MONTH'S COVER: HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS DINNER

WE ARE prepared to furnish duplicate copies of this cover, for framing, in all the original colors, but without any lettering on the front, and with no advertisement on the back. We have had a limited edition so printed, and while they last a copy will be mailed, rolled in a strong tube, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents, or three copies for twenty-five cents.

It says Here—

"—bread can be no better than the flour from which it is made. Therefore, GOLD MEDAL FLOUR will Eventually be used by all particular housewives. It retains the virile strength of the original wheat. It is a natural flour with creamy white, velvety texture"

Eventually

WASHBURN - CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WHY NOT NOW?

Reynolds' Famous Painting, "Angel Heads," Exactly as Reproduced in "The Mentor"

THE WORLD'S WONDERFUL PICTURES FOR YOUR HOME WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT PRICE

72 Superb Pictures Like the Six on This Page and the Next Three Pages Free to Every Member of the New Club: The Ladies' Home Journal Keeping-Up Club

Which has for its motto: "Bringing the Whole World Home Month by Month to Busy Men and Women."

Here is a chance to fill your home with beautiful gravure pictures, for six beautifully printed pictures like this, in soft brown ink, of the exact size here given, will go to you each month—72 during a year. And they will cost you nothing.

Besides, you will keep up with things that other folks talk about, something we all want to do but very few have time to do. Our lives are busy and yet we all want to know about pictures, books, history, travel, but we haven't time. Here, at last, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has found the way. This month's topic of The Keeping-Up Club, for instance, is *"The Holy Land" by Dwight L. Elmendorf.*

Can you imagine a more delightful way to know the land of the Savior than to travel through it with this experienced traveler and lecturer? He gives some 20 or more pictures in his text, and then, besides,

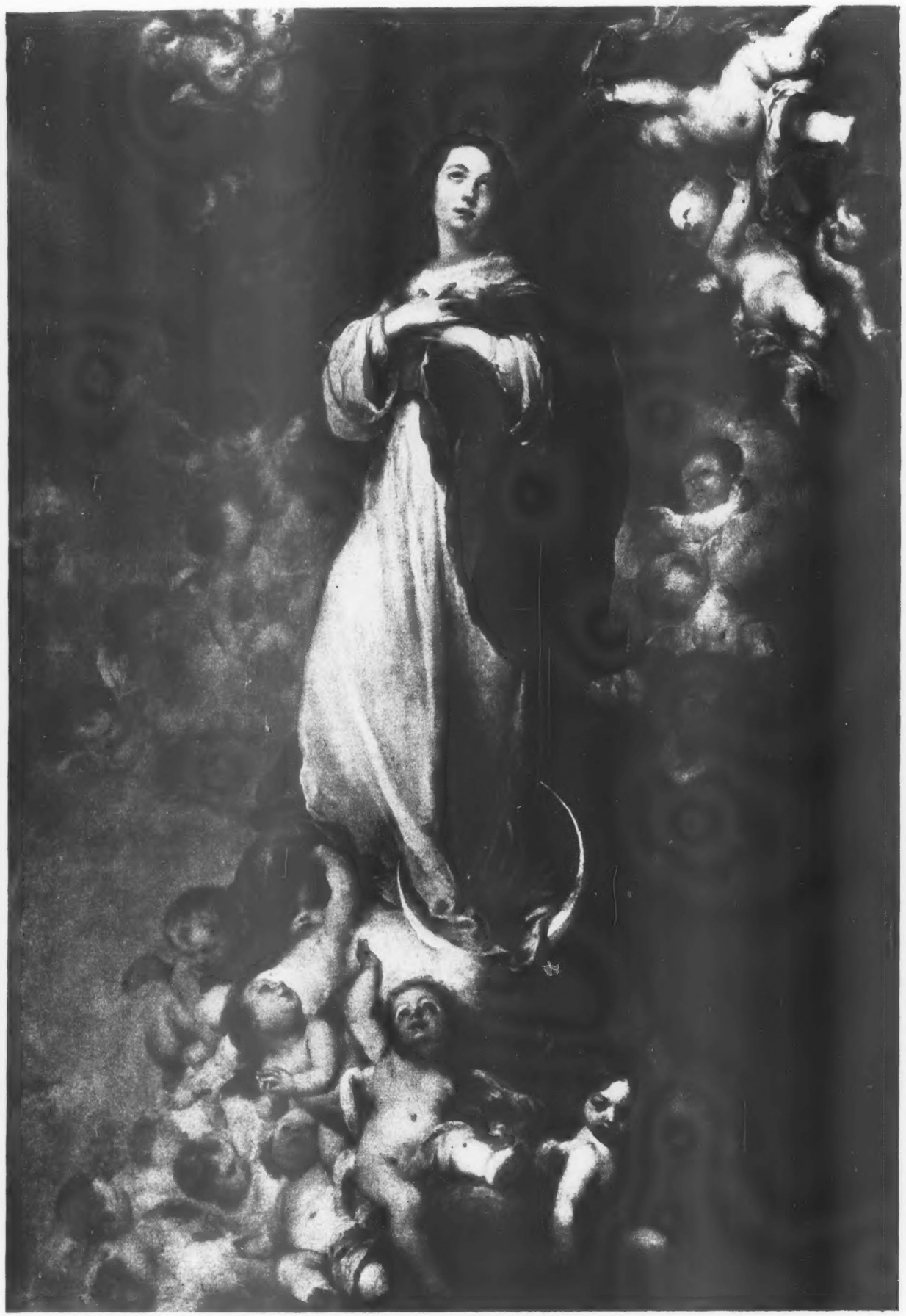
Six Beautiful Gravure Pictures Separate and All Ready for Framing:

The Birthplace of Christ, Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem	*The Sea of Galilee*	*Jerusalem*
The Road of the Three Wise Men—From Jerusalem to Bethlehem	*The Street of Sorrow, Jerusalem*	*Port of Joppa*

Two of these superb pictures are on page 5, so that you can see what they are and what the four others are like. But each is separate, printed on heavy paper, with a 5-minute crisp description on the back of each picture.

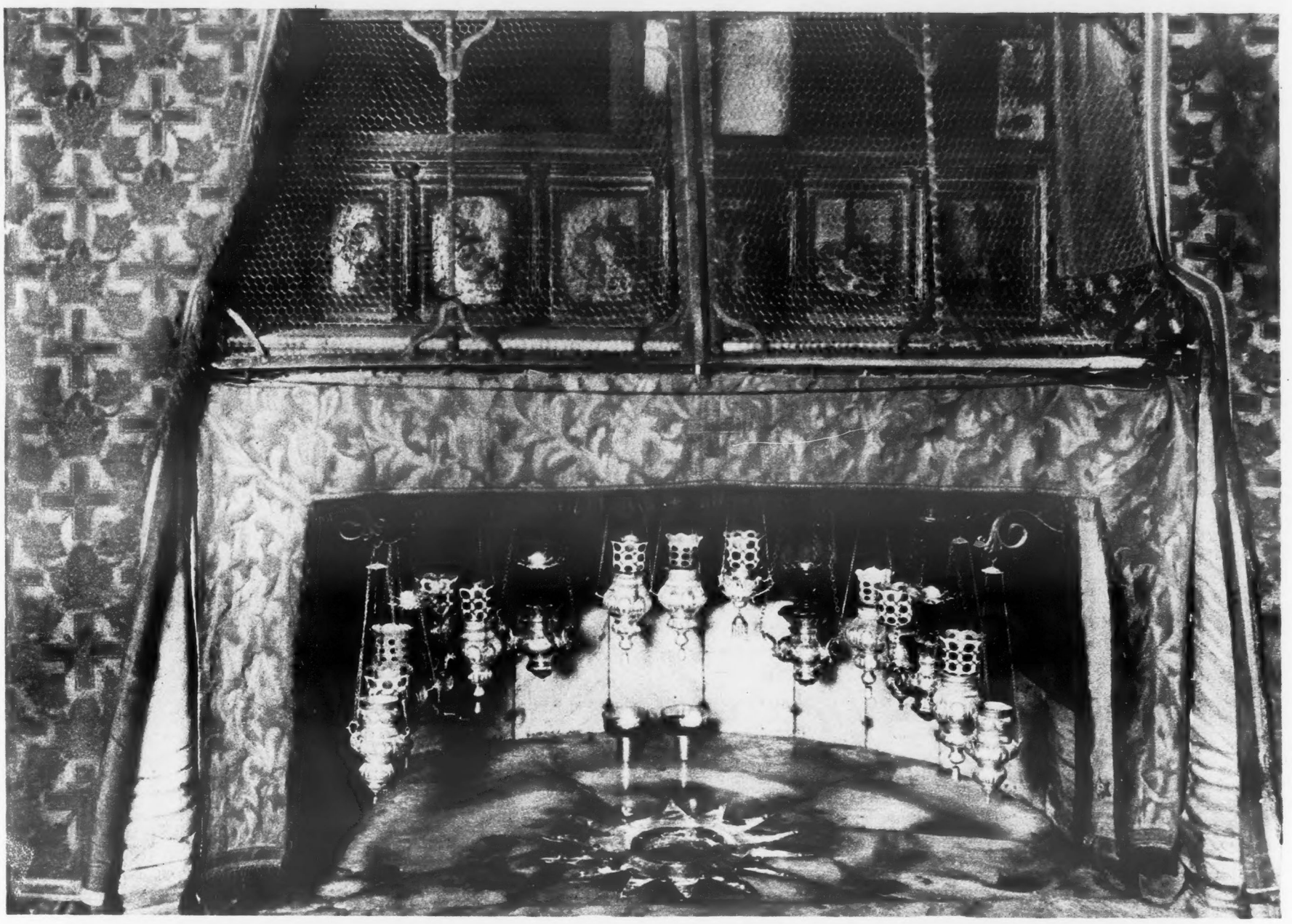
Can you imagine a more beautiful Christmas present? And without cost.

SEE ON PAGE 6 HOW YOU CAN JOIN THE KEEPING-UP CLUB



Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" Shows How "The Mentor" Presents Art Subjects

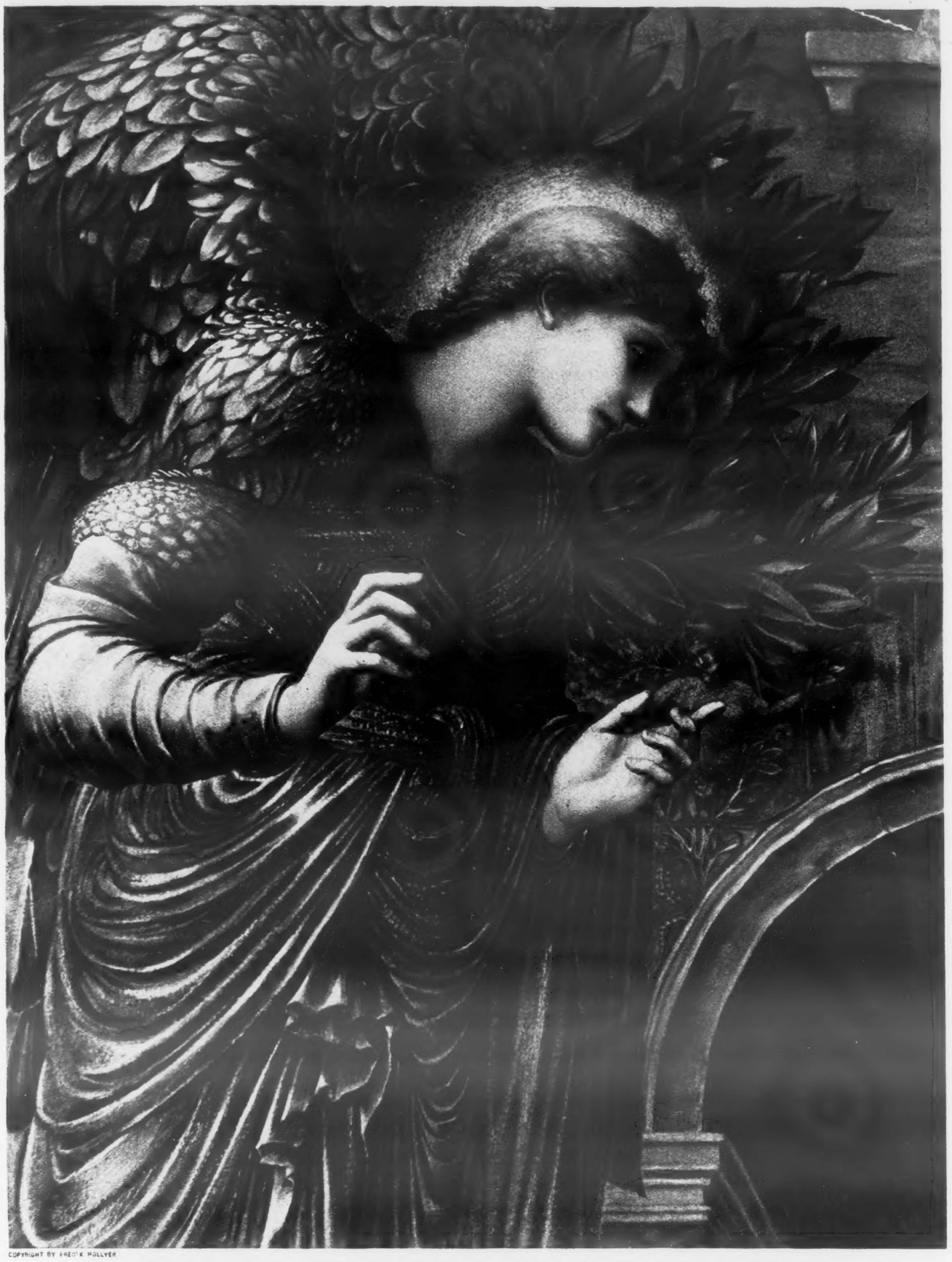
This Picture of the "Sistine Madonna" is One of Six in "The Mentor" Containing It



The Spot Where the Child Jesus Was Born—One of the Six Loose Pictures in "The Mentor" for December

The Road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, as Photographed for, and as Presented in, "The Mentor"

(Page 5)



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"The Angel of Annunciation," by Burne-Jones, is One of the Great Modern Paintings

HERE ARE THE SUBJECTS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR, TOGETHER WITH THE EDITORS AND WRITERS:

"The Holy Land" . . . *Dwight L. Elmendorf*
"Joan of Arc" . . . . . *Ida M. Tarbell*
"The Ring of the Nibelung" . *Henry T. Finck*
"Chinese Rugs" . . . . *John K. Mumford*

"The Great Art Galleries of the World" (No. 2) *Prof. John C. Van Dyke*
"American Pioneer Prose Writers" . . . . . *Hamilton W. Mabie*
"The Weather" . . . . . *C. F. Talman*
"Argentine" . . . . . *Dwight L. Elmendorf*

"Shakespeare's Country" . . *William Winter*
"Leonardo da Vinci" *Prof. John C. Van Dyke*
"Yosemite Valley" . *Dwight L. Elmendorf*
"Russian Music" . . . . *Henry T. Finck*

What You Will Get if You Join the Club

FIRST: 12 Issues of "The Mentor." This is the Club publication: bringing you a beautifully printed and illustrated story each month, all about one subject, written by a leading authority upon the subject that the particular issue treats of, 150 pages during a year.

SECOND: 300 Beautiful Illustrations. Distributed during the year through the text of the 12 issues of "The Mentor," so that the eye is attracted while the mind is being enriched.

THIRD: Books on Special Club Terms. It will give you information about books and will supply you with books on special terms. But it will never ask you to buy books: it is only a book service.

FOURTH: 72 Gravure or Color Pictures. Printed in the beautiful soft brown finish or in full colors, laid separately in the magazine, printed on heavy paper all ready for framing. The pictures are exactly the size shown in The Journal. On the back of each is a five-minute, crisp description of the beautiful painting, wonderful scenery, historic character, or epoch-making event that is portrayed.

FIFTH: Answers to Any Questions on art, travel, literature, history, nature or architecture; each answer by a special authority in his line. The club staff will be glad to help you.

SIXTH: Authoritative Club Programs. Any program you want for a club, a reading circle, a literary afternoon or evening; each made out for you by an expert in his line.

How to Become a Member of the Club

YOU can have all this sent direct to your home by mail, free of all expense, even postage, for one new yearly subscription (not your own) of $1.50 to The Ladies' Home Journal ($1.75 in Canada).

All you need do is to ask some friend or neighbor, not now a subscriber, to let you have her order for a subscription for The Ladies' Home Journal for one year. Send the money to us with the name and address of the new subscriber, together with your own name and address, and The Ladies' Home Journal will be sent to the new subscriber for one year, while "The Mentor" will go to you.

Start now, so as to get the December first reading—"The Holy Land," by Dwight L. Elmendorf, the eminent traveler and lecturer. There will be six of the wonderful gravure pictures with it.

Remember, The Ladies' Home Journal subscription must be for someone whose name is not already on our list (it must not be your own); the money must accompany the order, and you must say that you want to become a member of The Keeping-Up Club and to receive "The Mentor" and pictures each month. Remember, The Ladies' Home Journal goes to the new subscriber, "The Mentor" goes to you.

Send the order and the $1.50 ($1.75 in Canada) to

The Manager of The Keeping-Up Club
The Ladies' Home Journal
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

After the Christmas Dinner

Bright Things of All Times That People Have Laughed Over

DECORATION BY M. T. AND T. M. BEVANS

His Limit

HE WAS about the slowest boy on earth and his parents apprenticed him to a naturalist. He was a willing worker, even if it did take him an hour to stick a pin through a dead butterfly and two hours more to give the canaries their seed.

One winter day he had spent the whole afternoon in changing the water in the goldfish bowl. Finally he finished and then asked his employer: "What shall I do now, sir?"

The naturalist surveyed him mildly. "I think, Robert," he said, "you might take the tortoise out for a run."

Why?

"WHY is it, Bob," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always good-natured?"

"We have to be," answered Bob. "You see, we can't either fight or run."

Their Real Reason Revealed

THE Scotch bagpipe players were breaking the atmosphere into thousands of fragments with their instruments.

"Why do those pipers keep walking up and down as they play?" asked one stranger of another.

"I don't know," was the peevish answer, "unless it makes them harder to hit."

Beyond Him

BOBBY was out calling with his mother. "And so," said the hostess to him, "your little baby brother can talk now."

"Yes'm, he can say some words real well."

"How nice!" beamed the lady; "and what words are they?"

"I don't know," confessed Bobby. "I never heard any of them before."

Christmas Diplomacy

SHE was buying some Christmas cigars for her husband, and the dealer sold her a box for forty cents.

"Her husband will give you fits when he gets those," said a bystander to the cigar man.

"Oh, no, he won't," said the dealer placidly. "He told me to sell her those. His wife would divorce him if she knew he paid five dollars a box for his cigars."

It Isn't Your Town—it's You

IF YOU want to live in the kind of a town
That's the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town;
It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor can make one too,
Your town will be what you want to see;
It isn't your town—it's you.

That Was His Grievance

THE two motor cars had almost collided and one of the drivers was expressing his opinion of the other with great freedom.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded the other. "What are you making all this fuss about? We haven't hurt you or your car. You can't bring an action against us, you know."

"I know I can't, sir—I know I can't!" shouted the truculent one. "That's just my point!"

Jimmy Knew All About It

"WHAT are the advantages of living in the temperate zone?" asked the teacher at the close of the geography lesson.

"None," answered Jimmy Brown bluntly.

"Why, Jimmy!" expostulated the teacher. "You know we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes, I know," declared Jimmy. "An' it takes all father can earn to buy ice in summer an' coal in winter."

A Youthful Diplomat

"WILLIE," said the doting aunt, holding her nephew close to her, "tell me whom you like best—your mother, your father, or me."

Willie squirmed to get away. "I don't want to tell," he said. "It's too near Christmas."

Doesn't Have to Talk

"DOES the baby talk yet?" inquired the friend of the family of the little brother.

"Naw," said that disgusted youth. "He don't have to talk. I have to wait for Christmas to get anything, but all he has to do is yell and he gets everything in the house."

Turn About is Fair Play

"JOHNNY," said his mother severely, "it wasn't nice of you to ask Mrs. Pellican her age, especially after she made you such a nice Christmas gift. It made her very angry."

"Why did it, mamma?" asked Johnny. "She asked me first, and I didn't get mad about it."

And You Would, Too, Wouldn't You?

THE class had been studying about the house fly and how dangerous he is to health. The lesson sank deep into the mind of little George, who, when asked to write a composition on the subject, turned in the following:

The fly is a insec he has six legs. he is more dangerous than a lion but I had rather a fly would bite me than a lion.

Unnecessary Preparation

"JIMMY," called the mother of the youth, "be sure to come in at four o'clock and get your bath before you go over to Jones's for supper!"

"But, mamma, I don't need any bath for that," protested Jimmy. "They said it was a-goin' to be very informal."

Wanted to be Sure

A CERTAIN physician was noted for his reckless automobile driving. One day when he answered the telephone a woman's voice asked him if he intended to go out driving that afternoon.

"No; I hardly think I shall have time this afternoon," replied the doctor. "But why do you ask?"

"Well," replied his anonymous questioner, "I want to send my little daughter downtown for some thread if you are not going."

After Pleasing Others

MR. BOWEN was having his Christmas dinner with the Reillys, and the seven-year-old son of the family was present.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up, young man?" asked Mr. Bowen of the little boy.

"Well," replied the boy thoughtfully, "after I've been a minister to please mother, an' a judge to please father, I'm goin' to be a policeman."

One Way to Do It

"PLEASE, ma'am," said the little girl from next door, "mother wants to know if you will lend her your new mechanical tune player this afternoon."

"What for?" asked the lady addressed. "Is she going to give a Christmas dance?"

"No, ma'am. We're tired of dancing to it. She wants to keep it quiet for a couple of hours so the baby can sleep."

Blindfolding Justice

MOSE was in trouble again pending an explanation of why he had been found at night in the Squire's henhouse.

"Now, look here, Mose," said the judge irritably, "didn't I give you ten days last month for trying to get into this same henhouse?"

Mose thought a moment. Then he said: "Marse Willyum, doan' de law say yo' cain't be tried twice wid de same t'ing?"

"Yes," said the judge. "No man can twice be placed in jeopardy for the same offense."

"Den, Marse Willyum, Ah'll jes' be steppin' along home. Ah wuz after de same chickings, sah."

Making it Fit

"DID you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Brown a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor curiously.

"Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"'He did his best.'"

Hopeless

"HOW is it," asked the mistress, "that you say you are a cook, yet you have no references?"

"Oi'll tell yez th' troot', mum," replied Bridget. "Oi wuz always in wan place, mum, till th' people died."

Force of Habit

THE drug clerk was leaning listlessly against the prescription counter, the very picture of indolence.

"Haven't you any ambition at all, my boy?" kindly inquired a solicitous old gentleman.

"No," responded the clerk dreamily, "but I have something just as good."

"He Who Fights—and Runs Away"

"I HEAR you had some trouble at the picnic," said Fred.

"Yes," sighed Percy. "The girls called me a coward because I wouldn't get them a hornets' nest."

"Unhonored, eh?" chuckled Fred.

"Yep," said Percy, "but unstung."

Illustrated Domestic Science

"NOW," said the professor of chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

The student pondered a moment. "I know, sir," he answered. "Marriage."

Too Bad

RALPH was going into the third grade, having successfully passed the holiday examinations, and his parting with his beloved teacher was tearful.

"Oh, Miss Ruby!" he wailed. "I wish you knew enough to teach the third grade, so you could come along an' teach me next year."

A Very Good Reason

DURING the lesson one afternoon a violent thunderstorm arose, and, to lessen the fright of the children, the teacher began telling of the wonders of the elements.

"And now, Jimmy," she asked, "why is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," said Jimmy confidently, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more."

She Proved His Ignorance

"IT SEEMS to me, my dear," remarked the young husband, at the Christmas dinner, "that there is something wrong with this cake."

"That shows what you know about it," laughed the bride triumphantly; "because it says in the cook book that it is perfectly delicious."

Helping Him Out

THE ceremony was over when an elderly friend of the bride waddled up to extend his good wishes and congratulations. Unfortunately he could not distinguish between the bridegroom and an unsuccessful suitor and congratulated the latter.

Witnessing the young man's embarrassment, the bride turned quickly, saying:

"Oh, I'm so sorry he isn't the man to be congratulated, Mr. B——. Here's my husband over here."

One Way Out

SHE was condemnatory in her manner. "I refuse to take this paper cutter," she declared sternly, "because it is not ivory, and I want to use it as a Christmas gift."

The clerk looked at her with the "I-don't-doubt-your-word-madam" expression indigenous to clerks. "That's very strange," he said. "The elephant must have had false teeth."

Rank Injustice

"PA," INQUIRED a seven-year-old seeker after the truth, "is it true that school-teachers get paid?"

"Certainly it is," said the father.

"Well, then," said the youth indignantly, "that ain't right. Why should the teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"

One Measure of a Good Time

HARRY had attended the Christmas party of a little friend and enjoyed it very much, especially the candy and other goodies. A few days later the mother of his little host met him and asked:

"Did you have a good time, Harry, at Orrin's party?"

"I should say so!" responded Harry enthusiastically. "Why, mamma had to sit up with me three nights, I was so sick."

The Patient's Own Diagnosis

THE physicians were consulting beside the bed of a man supposed to have appendicitis.

"No," said one of them decisively, "I think we should wait until he gets stronger before operating."

The other doctor opened his mouth to speak, but the patient beat him to it.

"What do you take me for?" he asked feebly. "A cheese?"

How He Would Improve It

"WHAT do you think of our scheme for the Christmas decorations?" she inquired. "It is holly over laurel leaves."

"Very good," he replied, "but personally I should prefer mistletoe over yew."

THE DREAM GARDEN IN THIS ISSUE

IN ACCORDANCE with the editorial promise made in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for November there is presented in the present number a full-color reproduction of "THE DREAM GARDEN," by Maxfield Parrish, the most wonderful favrile mosaic painting in America, now installed in the building of The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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WITH youngsters growing bigger every minute and flannels shrinking smaller every washday, woolen under-garments soon feel anything but comfortable to the tender skins and active bodies. These garments, however, can be kept to their original size and shape if washed according to the following suggestions:

1st—Use warm water of the same temperature throughout the washing and rinsing.

2nd—Cleanse by drawing the garment through the hands and by working it up and down in the suds.

3rd—Make the suds with Ivory Soap paste. (See directions inside wrapper.)

This method avoids rubbing and extremes of temperature, both of which make woolens shrink. And, most important, the use of the mild, pure, neutral Ivory Soap keeps the suds free from alkali, which not only shrinks woolens but makes them rough, stiff and uncomfortable.

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The Ladies' Home Journal
VOLUME 32 NUMBER 12 PHILADELPHIA DECEMBER 1915

The Christ That is to Be

A Christmas Editorial

DECORATION BY WILLY POGÁNY

A DRAFT, a corner of the coverlet falling across the face, a moment of careless handling, an hour's neglect, and the fragile life of a babe may be at an end. These dangers are real not only to the child of today. They were as real to the Child of Bethlehem as to any other child. He who was to be the greatest force the world has ever known was surrounded by all the perils that hover about the cradle. The tiny, frail, precarious life of Mary's Babe is the symbol of the manner in which Christ is born into the thought life, the soul life, the social life and the civic life of humanity. When Jesus comes to an individual it is not as a full-grown moral force, nor as a completed spiritual power, but rather as the promise of things that are to be, the tender beginning of new hopes, new ideals, new resolutions. It is easy to chill or to deform or even to strangle outright the babe of love within the life. A momentary passion, an hour of cold cynicism, a day of selfish neglect, and the promise that was so glorious is blighted.

There is all the more reason for solicitude and care because He is often born into human experience as obscurely as He came into the world nineteen hundred and fifteen years ago, in the cave stable in the obscure province of Judea. For sometimes Jesus is born in the attic of the imagination, or in the dark cellar of remorse, or in the chamber of the torn affections, or in the haunted room of fear, or in the outbuildings of common use. Only as watchful love broods over the cradle will He grow; He comes to maturity as the various powers and faculties are thrown open to His influence and placed under His sway.

THAT Christ is to fill all things we are assured by the Scriptures. Ultimately He will subdue and appropriate all things—all nations, all processes of thought, all currents of feeling, all the occupations and enterprises of human society, all the organizations and institutions of mankind. But it is obvious that He has not done so yet. He is still the Christ Child, and is far from having reached maturity. In the beginning He began to grow in the laws of Jewish morality. Then He entered Greek thought and clothed Himself in Greek philosophy. Thence He grew into Roman government, and the Roman Empire became the early organization of the Christian Church.

After that He captured the independent temperaments of the peoples of Northern Europe—the Franks, the Teutons, the Britons, the Gauls. From the action of His spirit upon their distinctive temperaments there came those splendid experiments in human liberty, such as the Swiss and Dutch Republics, the Commonwealth of England, and later the United States of America.

The boundaries of despotic force were narrowed just in proportion as He grew into the national consciousnesses. That Christ has not come to His full growth even in this domain is proved by the European war, devastating the very nations that have so conspicuously felt His influence. But He is still growing larger, and finally He will fill and control and mold all the nations of the world.

Christ has grown much faster in the more general field of human experience. To a large degree art and music have formed a mature body through which His soul may express itself; legislation and jurisprudence have already become vehicles for His spirit. Everywhere philanthropic and ameliorative institutions have become willing hands for healing the ills and lifting the burdens of men.

FROM year to year the Christ Child has gone on maturing, not as an abstract or remote personality in the heavens but as a vitalizing, formative, dominating Divine presence in the actual and practical affairs of every day. And He will continue to grow until all literature, drama, social customs, community habits, rules of business, industrial relationships and methods of human intercourse fully and clearly express His rich and Divine mission to the race.

Perhaps at no point throughout the centuries have Christians been more discouraged than today. During the year now passing a cruel wave of barbarism seems to have swept over us, obliterating so many of the gains of the past. But only as we are able to bring the time element into our thoughts can we get the true perspective. Scientists calculate that the human race can continue to subsist upon the earth for three million years to come. So we have a problem of simple arithmetic: Two thousand will divide into three million fifteen hundred times. Granted, therefore, that the scientists are right, and that the Christian era is hardly two millenniums old, we have finished one lap out of a possible fifteen hundred laps.

WITH this vista opening before us, it is safe to say that Jesus is scarcely out of the cradle; His hands have hardly grasped the scepter that shall ultimately rule the earth; the Wise Men only are yet bowing the knee to Him; prophet eyes alone see the wondrous glory of His Kingdom. He will grow until at last the power of His gentleness shall subdue all things willingly to His gracious sway.

But this Christmas He is still the Christ Child, and in that very fact lies the hope of the world.

(Page 9)

THE FRIEND SHE FOUND AT CHRISTMAS

By ANNIE PAYSON CALL: Author of "The Freedom of Life", etc.

Decoration by EDWARD EDWARDS

OH! HOW she dreaded Christmas! She remembered it the year before, and the year before that, and for several years before that. There had always been presents—beautiful presents—given and received, but so much excitement and flurry and hurry—and some people forgotten, and then more hurry to get more presents. Then there was the Christmas tree at the church, and the Christmas tree for poor children—and two or three other Christmas trees at various relatives' and friends'. When she was a little girl she used to think it was good fun, but she remembered that even then her mother and many of her women relatives were very tired and her father cross. He was a good father and did not mean to be cross, but, somehow, whenever her mother got so tired he was irritable, and one day she heard her mother exclaim sadly:

"Oh, dear, your father always gets cross when I am tired!"

And when she asked why, her mother answered: "I suppose because he is worried about me—of course he hates to have me tired."

"Then why do you get tired, mamma?"

"Because, my dear, there is so much work to do for Christmas. No woman can help getting tired. Look at your aunts. They are all worn out, and it is a full week before Christmas. So many people to give to!"—and her mother heaved a big sigh.

EVERY year she had come to associate Christmas with hurry and flurry; with getting a lot of presents for other people who you expected would get a lot of presents for you; with litter of white paper and ribbons; with pretty, attractive-looking bundles to be sure, but such a mass of them, and such a pile of disorder connected with the tying up and the untying of them!

She and the rest of the children, too, always ate too much candy on Christmas Day, and she had sometimes the association of Christmas with very bad stomach aches, not to mention other ill feelings even less attractive to remember. Of course, since she had grown up, she had become more sensible about candy; but she had all her presents to buy or make for all her friends, and "thank-you notes" to write to the same friends who had bought or made presents for her—and the "thank-you notes" came when her head was so dulled by the strain of the work before Christmas that she did not know how to say "Thank you" in any way that would sound genuine—she was too tired even to feel it.

But worse than that her poor little mind sometimes was so dulled with fatigue that she did not seem to take it in at all when the minister preached the Christmas sermon. Her father and mother were not strictly religious people; but they believed in going to church regularly because it was "the proper thing to do." They believed in sending the children to Sunday school for the same reason. Now she did not go to Sunday school any more. She had "come out," and that was supposed to graduate her from Sunday school as well as from everyday school.

IT WAS two years now since she had "come out," and she was tired, and this year her dread of Christmas seemed to take a monstrous form. The gay streets were a mockery to her. She would look into the shop windows with a sense of depression, a sadness which was more akin to suffering than anything else she had ever known; and one day, as she was standing looking into the window of a toy shop, more from habit than anything else, there came over her a great wave of this depression, and with it the thought: "What is all this for anyway?"

Just as she was turning away with this deadly sick feeling of mind she heard a little child, who was looking with eager eyes at the toys, say to his mother: "Mamma, what is Christmas anyway?"

"Sh-sh," the mother said. "Why, you know, dear, it is the Lord's birthday."

And that thought penetrated right through the sick depression in her mind, with only a half-conscious sense of it too. She went along the street murmuring to herself: "'Why, you know, dear, it is the Lord's birthday.' Who is the Lord? Who is the Lord?"

She felt weaker and weaker, and when she managed to get to her house they put her to bed and sent for the doctor, who told her she had nervous prostration and must lie there quietly until her strength returned. And she sighed with relief to think she need not be up and about on Christmas Day.

SHE had an exquisite little sense of fun in her, and, with all the depression, that first sense of relief almost made her laugh. Her temperament was delicate and sensitive, and it had really been starved for lack of nourishment. In all these years it had been fed with nothing but commonplace external habits of the world. And now she was lying there in bed, weak with starvation. The finer nerves had given out and brought the others down with them.

Even though he was a nerve specialist, the doctor did not know she was starving. He saw her with a good, indulgent father and mother, with every luxury money could buy, with no "love affair" gnawing at her heart, and he thought simply that she had been overdoing and must get rested and be "fed up." So he fed her with raw eggs and hot milk and the regular run of nervous-prostration food, which is all right in itself and very necessary. She grew fat, but she did not grow strong or happy. She lay there and thought and thought, and gradually awoke to the fact that she needed something to make her well which no one had ever given her.

One day the nurse had been rubbing her head, and she looked up and smiled a "Thank you," and then added: "Christmas is an awful sham, isn't it?"

"Do you think so?" asked the nurse. "Why?"

And the answer was: "Who ever thinks it is the Lord's birthday?" She said nothing more, and the nurse made no answer. A few days later when the nurse stood by her she looked up with a slight smile of contempt, and said: "Who is the Lord?"

"I do not wonder that you ask," answered the nurse, with a tone of understanding sympathy.

A few days after that she repeated: "Well, who is He anyway?"

THIS time the nurse made no answer directly, but opening "The Twentieth Century New Testament," from which she read regularly to herself while her patient slept, she read in a voice that was soft and full of a loving intelligence the few verses in Matthew about the birth of Jesus Christ. Then she waited a little and read the verses in Luke that begin with the shepherds' keeping watch over their flocks by night.

When the nurse stopped reading there was a long silence, and finally the young girl looked up and said: "Where did you get that book? That is not what they read in church."

The nurse simply answered that it was a more modern translation.

The days went on with the regular program of food, massage, open windows, etc., and nothing said but commonplaces. When one day she had been unusually restless and suffering from much depression, she looked up to the nurse and said with an expression of real pain on her face: "It is wicked. You know, Miss White, it is really wicked. Not common everyday wicked, but just downright wicked."

The nurse was a little startled at first, and asked: "What—what is wicked?"

"Why, all this fuss about Christmas."

"Oh," said the nurse, for she understood; she had thought the same thing herself for years back. And she added: "It is wicked," and said no more.

After this the young girl asked every day for the "New Bible"—as she called it—and the nurse read the life of the Lord Jesus Christ to her so that she felt that she was hearing it for the first time. She gradually got a conception of His character such as she had never dreamed of before.

Once she exclaimed: "Why, He is a man—a real man—just think of the privilege of knowing a man like that!"

Then at odd times she would come out unexpectedly to the nurse with comments on His character. Once it was: "Have you noticed how gently He took it all? They never disconcerted Him—no matter what they said." Then again: "Do you realize that He had a sense of humor?" The nurse was a little shocked, but did not express it and merely asked how.

She answered with her gentle little smile, which had begun to grow brighter now: "Many good works have I done among ye; for which of those works do ye stone me?" And then the nurse smiled too. And before many days had passed the nurse found that she was being taught phases of the human character of our Lord of which she had never dreamed.

AT ANOTHER time the young girl looked up and said: "Do you remember the man with the withered hand? You see, they all thought He was breaking a commandment when He healed him on Sunday. Well, just imagine the expression in His face as He looked at them all squarely before He said to the man, 'Hold forth thine hand.' You see, He wanted the Pharisees to understand that He knew what He was doing, and His way of looking at them must have been full of gracious courtesy. Why, really, Nurse, you can't find Him wanting anywhere. I never knew even the possibility of such a man."

Gradually there grew within the young girl an enthusiasm for the character of the Lord Jesus Christ—not a sentiment, but a living enthusiasm. Her heart filled with loving admiration and reverence for Him, and as this delight of finding a life that she could so heartily admire grew in her she grew better physically. The starved part of her temperament was getting nourished. She began little by little to take an interest in things, but always the enthusiasm that awakened her came first. She never mentioned it to anyone but her nurse.

It seemed singular that her mother and father, and even the doctor, could see her gain and not suspect the cause. The doctor thought it was his wise care of the case, and "good nursing," and her father and mother were perfectly satisfied to take the doctor's diagnosis. It was odd, and yet not at all strange that she never wanted to mention the cause of the new health that had come to her. Perhaps she did not really know herself. She only knew her new Friend—this Man whose character seemed beyond words strong and clear—until one day she exclaimed: "Why, Nurse, He was *Divine*. I can see it."

"I am glad you can," said the nurse. "It took me a long time, but I see it too—and I feel it—and He is here now inside of us. He gave us life. He gives us intelligence to understand Him."

"'Here now inside of us?'" The little patient looked puzzled; and then, with a radiant smile, she added: "Why, so He is—so He is. I see and I feel it. Oh, you dear nurse, I got ill over hating Christmas. I am getting well over loving it. It is His birthday!"

WHEN the nurse told me this story she said she never had told it to anyone else. And she added: "I wish you could see her go about her preparations for Christmas. Every gift she buys is for love, and to get into a hurry or a flurry or excitement would not only seem as wicked to her as taking poison, but she could not do it. She could not go directly against the character she so dearly loves.

THE STAR WHICH THEY SAW IN THE
EAST WENT BEFORE THEM TILL IT CAME AND
STOOD OVER WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS
From a Painting by W. L. TAYLOR

Her Golden Hours

NUMBER III: THE HOUR OF DREAMS

PAINTED BY LESTER RALPH

The Third of Six Pictures Illustrating "Her Golden Hours" as Described in "Her Diary." The Next Picture Will Appear in the January Journal

NOTE —As it was necessary to print the picture, "The Three Wise Men," on the back of this page we have had printed a number of extra copies of "The Three Wise Men" picture. If you want one send four cents in stamps to the Art Department, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HER DIARY

THE DAY-TO-DAY STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

NUMBER III: THE HOUR OF DREAMS

DECEMBER 9. Jimmy tried to kiss me last night. We had gone to Dot Dean's dinner and theater party, and after the theater there was a mix-up about the cars, so Jimmy brought me home in a taxi.

He'd been awfully sentimental all evening and the play was of the adorable, intense kind that gives you the shivers. Mrs. Dean didn't think it was just the right sort for a débutante crowd; but Dot said she might as well show us something we'd enjoy, since they were spending the money, and I have an idea that everybody enjoyed it all right—I know I did.

There's a love scene in the last act that would pump thrills into a wooden Indian, and when I found Jimmy holding my hand I really couldn't snub him. I felt as if I positively must hold hands with somebody, and we were in the back of the box.

Plays like that make one dreadfully dissatisfied with having plain little lukewarm emotions. I wonder if real people ever do have their hearts all torn to pieces, and throw the world away for love, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps they do, but the trouble is that it isn't in a last act, and they have to go on living, and they can't keep at boiling point forever.

Maybe the everyday, stodgy kind of love is safer, but the stage kind would be heavenly while it lasted. When the curtain went down tonight I could have been crazy about most anybody—and Jimmy was right there.

Then he brought me home in the taxi and—all of a sudden he tried to kiss me; but, just as all of a sudden, Tommy popped into my mind, from nowhere—I knew exactly what he thought about girls that allowed men to kiss them.

And so I turned on Jimmy and simply rent him. That doesn't sound right—maybe it's rended—but that's what I did, and it wasn't fair either. I don't believe girls *are* fair very often. They aren't even honest with themselves. I try to be, but down in my little inside heart I knew that I was as much to blame as Jimmy. Hadn't I encouraged him by letting him hold my hand during that love scene in the theater?

All the same I was nasty to Jimmy; and, before he could get his breath, the cab had stopped at our door. I didn't even say good night—just flew up here to my room and threw myself on the bed and cried.

I don't know exactly what I was crying about. I guess maybe Mrs. Dean was right about that play.

December 10. Jimmy has proposed.

He says he can't live without me.

I wish I loved him; but he has such a ridiculous way of scrooging up his nose!

December 11. Oh, dear, I wish I could marry Jimmy and get him off my mind!

I'd adore the things he could give me—but that little mustache of his is too foolish. I suppose he'd shave it for me, but even then ——

Some women *must* have big, splendid, raging, chills-and-fever love affairs. The story writers and play writers can't make up the whole thing; but I can't imagine any of the nice, sensible, married people I know having ever had tremendous thrills about each other. Dad and mother, for instance. They're happy together, perfectly happy; but it's awfully breakfast-foody. I don't want to be contented; I want to feel things—big, scary, glorious things. There must be something, somewhere, that could make one forget about money and mustaches.

December 12. Aunt Blanche bothers the life out of me—pointing out the glories I'll come into when I take Jimmy: cars and town house and country places and jewels and social position and clothes. Honestly, if I balk I believe she'll bring suit for damages and try to recover the price of my coming-out party.

December 13. Thank goodness, it's all settled! I've told Jimmy I won't be engaged to him this year; but I've promised I won't engage myself to anybody else, and that I'll see a lot of him, and he's to propose to me again next autumn if he feels the same way then.

Wouldn't it be awful if he didn't feel the same way then?

I must see to that.

December 14. I'm so much happier! It's going to be a great comfort not to feel any responsibility about Jimmy, and yet to have him waiting in the offing. There's no telling what wonderful things may come to me in a year. Didn't I say girls weren't fair?

January 1. We've had a most awful row in the family. It's the first of the month, as well as the first of the year. Mother always does get nervous and scared along about this time, and dad always has a grouch for a week after the first; but it's never been just like this before.

I've had such a heap of things, and Céleste's bill had been piling up, and mother hadn't had the nerve to give it to dad. Then last week Céleste called up and dunned us over the telephone. That *did* bother us, and I suppose mother decided she must make the plunge.

But I forgot all about bills, and I wanted to coax dad into letting us have an electric car; so I got up early and put on the blue frock he likes, and then fluffed my hair out the way he wants me to wear it, and went down to breakfast with the family. He loves to have me get up for breakfast with him.

I tripped into the dining room and said "Happy New Year," and kissed dad's bald spot, and was starting in to be his own sunshine girl and work around to the car, when he took one of Céleste's gray envelopes from the mail beside his plate—and the dam burst! And it certainly was a burst! I wouldn't have believed it was in dad. He's always been such a patient, good-natured old dear; but he fairly thundered and pounded the table. Mother began to cry and I sat glued to my chair and goggle-eyed with astonishment.

He said we'd gone the limit, and that he wouldn't stand any more, and that he'd tried to do right by us and there was no satisfying us—and things about heartlessness and vanity and extravagance, and stacks that I can't remember. Then finally he shoved his chair back and said we'd go up to the farm this summer, that's where we'd go; and we'd wear our old clothes and board with Uncle Jim for ten dollars a week apiece, and *he'd* camp out here in the house and eat at a cheap restaurant; and with that he slammed out of the room and banged the door!

Mother's crying yet, but that won't do any good.

I wonder if dad's sick. Being a fond parent and an indulgent husband *isn't* a cinch, and that's a fact. Why on earth do men move heaven and earth to let themselves in for it?

January 2. Dad's still all of a glower. I've got just thirty-two cents and my allowance isn't due for three weeks and I don't dare mention money. That leaves me ten cents a week for necessities and two cents for three weeks' luxuries.

January 3. I've just decided what to do with my two cents. I'll buy a stamp, and revel in the luxury of writing to Tommy and telling him what a nasty old world this is.

January 4. I wrote to Tommy—ten pages—and told him how disgusted I am with living; only I didn't say anything about the family fracas; I had an awful suspicion he might sympathize with dad.

January 5. Tommy called up, and he's mortally blue too; so I'm going to cut out tea at the Plaza with a crowd, and we're going up to the Metropolitan Museum and be blue together. This is a "free" day.

Same Evening. Tommy and I had the heavenliest time. There weren't many other people there and we found a seat in a room where there wasn't a blessed thing any ordinary sensible person could be interested in, so we weren't interrupted much.

We talked about serious things, perfectly wonderful things, until I felt as if I'd never be vain and silly and cheap again in my life. Yes; I might as well own up that lots of the things I do and think are just plain cheap!

Tommy always makes me feel that way.

January 6 (Sunday). I went to church this morning. It wasn't a bit bad, either, only the minister preached like an X-ray machine and showed up every bump and break in my trashy, deformed little soul. I believe I'll cut out frivoling for a while and try to do something fine for somebody. Some of the things dad said the other day stick in my mind. Tommy doesn't butter me up any either.

January 7. Grandma's got a phonograph. She's crazy about it, and I go up and run it for her; but all her records are the queer, old-fashioned things—hymns, and "Annie Laurie," and songs like that. Yet I must confess that some of the songs are sweet though.

Dad brought her "My Old Kentucky Home" today and she cried like anything when I played it. I felt weepy myself, though couldn't tell why, for I certainly wasn't homesick for any place in particular. I don't believe I'd ever heard the whole tune together before—only the one where they play a few bars of "My Old Kentucky Home," and then rag it.

That's the way we do with everything now. The minute we start in to have any nice, sentimental feelings we cut them off short and rag them.

Dad says nobody's homesick any more, and that it's small wonder, when you consider the homes. He doesn't seem to get over his grouch. I believe I'm tired of ragtime. Maybe I need a tonic.

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January 8. Maude Seller gave a luncheon for all our class yesterday and it was bully to see all the girls together again—even the ones I didn't like. Little Jane Howard is married. That baby thing! And she's got a brand-new baby of her own too!

She's only two months older than I, and it seems so queer to think she's all settled down, but she's the happiest thing I ever saw. She just shines from inside.

I thought she must have married awfully well, from the way she looked and talked, but she didn't. He's only a young lawyer and he hasn't much practice yet. They lived in a flat up in Harlem right at first, but now they've taken a tiny house out in Hackensack on account of the baby. It sounds ghastly, but Jane thinks it's paradise, and her baby must be sweet. She had his picture in a locket, and when she showed it to me her inside shininess fairly came out and lighted up the room.

It must be wonderful to have a baby of one's own. I hope mine will have little soft curls, but I suppose I'll love him if he's perfectly bald.

We all talked about babies for quite a while, and part of the crowd wasn't for them at all, but most of the girls were. Jane just sat and smiled as if she knew a secret. I have been wondering what the secret is.

We talked about men a good deal too. Girls always do. Some of the crowd thought men were fine—finer in a good many ways than girls. Some others thought men were a pretty poor lot. The pretty girls seemed to be more down on the men than the plain ones. I suppose men don't bother enough about homely girls to show them anything except nice, shiny veneer; but a pretty girl finds out what's underneath. Maybe it would be more restful to be plain—but who wants to rest?

January 9. I keep thinking about little Jane Howard. I don't see how her husband does it on a few clients.

Her suit wasn't much, but nobody noticed that because her face was so happy.

January 10. Some of the class girls are working—suffrage and settlement and charity and things like that. I'd love to do a lot of good if I weren't so horribly busy.

Florence Pierce is running a shop—a garden shop. Only she sells other things, too, in the winter. She's supporting herself because she won't be a parasite, and she's having a heavenly time. That garden shop is the duckiest place! There's no use talking. I've got to have a garden—a cozy little one with lattices and bay trees and a bird bath and a sundial and heaps and heaps of flowers for the house. I'll go out and pick the flowers myself.

There are such darling garden hats and aprons to wear. I want a smelly garden—mignonette and stocks and heliotrope and lilies—and a tree with a seat around it, and a high hedge, and a gate, and—well, somebody to come through the gate and go back to the house with me. Not a big house; just a cunning one to match the garden.

January 11—10 A. M. I believe I'd be a good housekeeper if I had a little house of my own. I'd get Bella to teach me how to cook some heavenly things—only I'd have to have a cook and a maid.

January 11—3 P. M. Oh, dear! I wish whatever is going to happen to me would wake up and happen. I'm tired of dancing around.

January 11—6 P. M. Two months ago I thought that settling down must be the worst thing in the world, but I don't believe it would be so bad.

I don't suppose that snippy old gardener of Mr. Wetherell's would let me pick a rose in his gorgeous garden if I was perishing for one; and as for hanging up bird houses in the front trees ——

I wish Aunt Blanche would marry Jimmy herself. She could do it if she'd put half the energy into it she puts into prodding me. I want a nice little house and a nice little garden and a nice little baby and a nice big husband—something like Tommy, only with more money. Heavens, I must be horribly tired!

January 12. I've been out to Hackensack to see Jane. Her baby's a love, but her house is dreadfully small and not a bit the gardeny kind—not nearly so encouraging as I thought it would be.

I wish I knew just how much money one has to have for happiness. It would be hideous to scrimp, but I don't believe you really have to have as much as Aunt Blanche says you do. My heart's absolutely set on a car, but I'd be willing to get along with the $1600 kind.

January 13. Such larks! I met a charmer last night! He's desperately amusing, and on top of that he has a title, and on top of that I made a tremendous hit with him. He wants to call, and he wants to dance with me, and he wants me to motor with him, and I don't know what he doesn't want—all in one evening. A title doesn't amount to much, but it *is* stimulating. I'm tingly all over with excitement, and I'm not so awfully keen about a gardeny little house now. My fancy's playing around a château.

I've been having funny, impossible dreams lately, but here I go—breaking off my sentimental tune and ragging it!

CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY JOURNAL

The Twenty-Four

They Invade the Continent of Europe

By George Fitch

AUTHOR OF "WHEN IT STRUCK OUR HOME," ETC.

DRAWN BY R. M. CROSBY

THERE is only one time to the average American tourist when England seems close to the United States. That is when he has left England and has arrived for the first time in a land where the most perfect American conversation, with all the baseball terms and short-cuts weeded out of it, is as useless as ancient Cherokee.

When I landed, after eight days on the unstable and monotonous foundation afforded the Cambodia by the Atlantic Ocean, England was inconceivably far away from home. But ten days later when I stood, with the twenty-four Prairie Roses in my charge—winners of a Middle-West newspaper circulation contest—and our young Himalaya of baggage, on the stone dock at Antwerp, and suddenly realized that for the next four weeks I should have to talk with my hands and feet, my tongue being perfectly useless except for the discussion of strange and intricate food, London felt thousands of miles away—in the dooryard of home.

We were in a foreign land at last. The girls clung together in a subdued puddle of loneliness and I watched Paradoni, the conductor who met us at Glasgow, with awe in my soul for the first time. He was superintending the loading of the baggage, and the man was a volcano of language. He used French as a basic attack, with large numbers of ten-syllabled German shells and a shrapnel bombardment of Flemish, dropping into Italian for breath at intervals. He was a wonder. I congratulated him timidly as we drove off, but he merely laughed as he mopped his forehead.

"Pouf! It is nothing," he said easily. "You should come to Turkey with me some time. Often I have to use nine languages to get a compartment reserved."

And there I was with only one language, not counting baseball, in a land where it took four men to do anything—one to work and three to carry on the vocal exercises.

LUNCHEON was not very difficult either. They used the elective system in feeding us, but the choice was not very large. We could have "potage" or "bouillon," but the rest of the courses were compulsory. However, after lunch a frightful crisis arose: The girls suddenly discovered that they not only had no tongues but no money—nothing but a lot of metal with English designs stamped on it, at the sight of which the shopkeepers held up both hands and made uncouth noises indicating severe pain.

Now this was a much more serious situation than would appear on its face. It didn't have to do with trifles like railroad fare and hotel bills and carriage fare and admissions to churches, cemeteries, art galleries and museums. All this had been paid in advance. It concerned souvenir cards, which weren't included in the expenses but had been the chief end of woman, as far as this party was concerned, ever since we left home. Ten minutes for a cathedral and fifteen minutes for souvenir cards had been the regular order.

We had left deep holes in the card stocks all over England. We had abandoned a trip to Anne Hathaway's cottage because there wasn't time to see the cottage and buy cards of it too.

Little Miss R—— slept on trains and in hotels because she spent her nights writing souvenir cards to the thousand people who had given her subscriptions to her paper. And while our young English guide was proudly showing off the mummy of Rameses in the British Museum, Miss O—— practically ruined him for further use—the guide, not the mummy—by asking, in the midst of the solemn hush which the sight of death four thousand years removed was producing, where souvenir cards of the deceased might be obtained.

HERE we were in Antwerp with several quarts of English money which couldn't talk any better than we could, and traintime approaching. Paradoni was busy persuading three excited porters that the rest of the suitcases could be balanced on the omnibuses, and outtalking the three-and-a-few passers-by into the bargain. I had to meet the emergency. Hauling out an English sovereign I ran into the hotel. "Change—money—kopecks—dinero—Bitte bust this up, sill vous plait, and for heaven's sake give me some cash—groschen—chicken feed—francs ——"

At the word "francs" the proprietor's eyes lighted with relief and the two or three minions who had ranged themselves behind me quietly, ready to take me away if I became more violently demented, went about their work. I got a quart or two of fragments for the sovereign, and we caught the train by no margin at all. It was a narrow escape. We might have had to stay there for days waiting for cards if I hadn't been such a linguist.

For several days past young men had begun to appear mysteriously about our party. They had been passengers on the Cambodia, and they had all, at one time or another, walked a few hundred laps around the deck with the beautiful Miss S——. When we arrived at Brussels there were three of them waiting—the Princeton boy, the Harvard boy and the red-headed young man from Omaha.

Miss S—— was generous. She picked out the Princeton boy for her personal use and loaned the other two to the party. They were bright young men and anxious to please, and you never saw anyone appreciate them as those girls did. For three weeks they had been doing their own picking up and finding, so now for two days they gave themselves up to pleasure, paving picture-gallery floors with handkerchiefs, leaving umbrellas in windrows along the streets, and forgetting a carload of articles at the hotel regularly at the beginning of every trip.

Brussels, fatherland of half the carpets in America and of forty-two acres of Rubens pictures, was delightful in its trim quaintness. We toured it in two large open hacks, letting no guilty picture gallery or palace escape. It was all very interesting, but there was a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the girls. They went through the wonders dutifully enough, but there was a far-away look in their eyes as if they were looking forward to better things. We finished the town at 4:30 on the first afternoon, and as we drove up to the hotel Miss B—— hopped down with a relieved sigh.

"Is that all there is to see?" she asked our guide.

"Ye-es, mademoiselle, oonless ——"

"All right, then. Come on, girls. We've got just one day and an hour left to buy laces in."

ALL the next day they bought laces. I do not know how they did it for there wasn't enough French among the crowd to stop a cab. But they bought laces for themselves, for relatives and, I suspect, for Christmas presents to father. I met four of the girls late in the second afternoon in a narrow street which from its writhings was apparently a great sufferer. They were hunting for the hotel in a casual way with no success whatever, and, while they were not worried, they were glad to see me and to accept me as a guide.

I myself was glad to guide them, because I had left the hotel not more than two minutes ago, just around the corner and across the little square in front of the Hôtel de Ville. I had explored Brussels a good deal that day and was well qualified as a guide.

So I turned the party around and in less than half a block we came to a broad and cheerful street which said, as plainly as any human could have spoken: "Here I am. Follow me and you will be home in no time."

We were charmed by the invitation and did so. Presently the street faded out, but not until I had discovered a smaller street which I remembered perfectly, because it had a sharp turn to the left in it. So we went happily down this street expecting to collide with the hotel at any minute, and, after stealthily leading us around a second corner, the street brazenly curved the wrong way and started up a hill.

I was very much disgusted. But now a street to the left won our confidence. It was a frank and open vista, with the look of a street which intends to do its best. We squeezed into it past a wagon drawn by a horse as large as a hippopotamus, and presently we came to a corner. We turned this hopefully, two more wrathfully, and five more desperately. Then, having run out of corners, the street bumped us up against a row of houses at least five hundred years old, and went out of business without further warning.

I TRIED to laugh merrily, but it was a hollow business because I was mad. My blood was up. No undersized Brussels street could trifle with a freeborn American. I left the girls looking at a silversmith's window and ran back to the street which had attempted to lure us up the hill. I ascended that hill and looked carefully for the Hôtel de Ville. Sure enough there it was almost at my very feet. I hurried down the hill and into the little street I had left. I went around two corners which I hadn't remembered, down a flight of steps, through a doorway and landed in a courtyard among a hundred dirty children.

That's what a Brussels street does for a confiding stranger. I had not only lost the hotel but I had mislaid the girls. I spent an hour hunting for them, and, according to the map which I studied that evening, I must have walked around the Hôtel de Ville five times. In the end I gave up and asked directions of a citizen. I said: "Oo ay lee hotel Grande." The effect was that of uncorking a large hydrant. He was still shouting French enthusiastically when I ran for my life.

Later I walked into a hotel in desperation to get a guide, and discovered that it was our hotel. I had been cruising around it for some time, it seems, and had entered it from a side door. The girls had been there for quite a while, having walked about until it came past.

In the morning we went to Amsterdam and lodged in a spotless little hotel which had double doors to the rooms and a polite sign requesting the guest to hang the key on a nail outside the room when he had finished locking up. It also had a vociferous and resounding staff, which used enough high-pressure conversation early in the morning to fit out a fair-sized riot in America. But it fed us well, and the proprietor was kind enough to take a large amount of French money, which had lost its potency when we crossed the border, and give us "gulden" for it in exchange.

Nothing is more terrifying than a guilder. It is a harmless-looking piece of money worth forty cents, but it splits into a hundred "groschen," which is a most heartless thing to do. It took half an hour's work with a pencil to figure out the remainder of a guilder minus a postage stamp. It was pathetic to see the girls pouring "gulden" out to the souvenir-card dealers and looking at the double handful of change with the troubled air of knowing that it was worth somewhere between four dollars and five cents.

"I hate 'em," said Miss O—— viciously, as she looked around the Amsterdam station for something to buy with her last guilder. "I don't mind 'em when they're whole, but they do explode into such remarkable remains!"

It was in Amsterdam that we really began to buckle down to the trip. We had started from Glasgow almost casually, squandering ten days on England and Scotland. We had idled away forty-eight hours in Brussels. But now the schedule began to tighten up. We had two days for Holland—two days in which to see a sufficiency of wooden shoes, windmills, obese canal boats, tall, slim, infirm old houses standing knee deep in the waterways, costumes which had stepped out of the books of childhood—all this in addition to the regular run of picture galleries and palaces.

My memory at this point blurs a little. I don't seem to see Holland at all, but a confused stream of young women climbing steadily in and out of carryalls, barges, motor boats, street cars and carriages; of Miss K—— emerging from her Baedeker with a gasp, to clutch some new sight and plunge below again to verify it; of the conscientious and inquisitive Miss D—— halting the party while the guide straightens in her methodical mind the directions in which the main canals of Amsterdam run; of Miss O—— balking at the fourth palace and seated on the front steps while we were within, eating fruit, to the scandal of the guards; and of the Misses B—— and E—— appearing on the distant horizon shortly after we were ready to start for somewhere else, two minutes late.

THIS last sight is very clear in my mind. It happened with great regularity. We would climb hastily into the particular conveyance which was transporting us at the time, and Paradoni, checking us off watch in hand, would come out two shy. Then we would wait, some of us resignedly, Mrs. X—— vociferously, Miss O—— sarcastically, and Paradoni with his marvelous patent smile, while the two young ladies slowly drifted in from the most unlikely places—a shoe-shining parlor, a grocery store, the royal stables or a private home which had not been adequately guarded. Then they would climb aloft with pleasant nods, as if to say: "There! You may go now."

Time after time Paradoni performed miracles in their behalf. He held the return boat from Marken against the combined vocabularies of the captain, mate and engineer. He held the train from The Hague two minutes. It was a proud and happy two minutes for them, too, and they made the most of it, walking with great dignity and refusing to budge out of first speed. I think they kept track of the occasions when the world waited for them, and that their ultimate ambition was to delay the steamer on the return trip.

Paradoni preserved his reënforced-concrete temper through it, but I could see the man age and wrinkle under the strain. It soothed my mean spirit, and I was glad.

We left Amsterdam in the cool of the morning, and slid for an hour through a country where windmills, sailboats, tall brick houses and red cows jostled each other incongruously, and then passed, with solemn ceremonies, into a wonderful land where the stones along the right of way were artistically piled, where crossing flagmen stood at attention when we passed, where the dust clouds rolled in regular order and turned square corners down the fields—and where the station platforms were congested with "schnellzug-generallen," "bahnhof capitans" and "baggage herren."

NOW the cars were larger, but even then they couldn't hold all the "Verbotens." Huge lists of extra ones were posted at the stations. Large, new, red-brick towns sprang briskly into view, stood stiffly at attention, and glided to the rear in perfect order. Porters, conductors and supertrain boys came in with a click and disappeared with a salute. The "Guten Morgens" were a guttural command. The morning had received orders to be good. It was Prussia, the land where even the wind proceeds under dispatcher's directions; and when, comparing my watch with the time table, I found that the train was half an hour late I unhesitatingly corrected my watch. It was a mere American watch, and what did it know of accuracy and order?

All day till late afternoon we traveled through North Prussia—timidly, almost apologetically. The train was a fine one—much finer than we had found in England. The dinner was very good and the conveniences in the way of drinkables were simply superb. We could have anything produced in the wide world except water. Perhaps all the order and snap and efficiency and general cocksureness grated a little on my nerves. At any rate it aroused a feeling of hostility, and just to be disagreeable I retained Paradoni for an interpreter, and, laying hold of one of the cloud of waiters forever passing through the train, I demanded, in magnificent tones, water—ice water—for the entire company, regardless of expense.

It was a dastardly trick, and the German railway service staggered under the blow. For the next half hour dusty Germans roared, unserved, while the staff discussed the crisis agitatedly in the corridor. Waiter after waiter came hopefully in to have the order repeated on a chance that the remarkable "Herr" might have thought better of it. Even the conductor looked into my compartment sharply, doubtless in the hope that I was violating some law which would give him grounds for forcing a compromise.

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IN THE next number of THE JOURNAL will be published the last piece of George Fitch's literary work, the concluding installment of "The Twenty-Four," which has so delighted the readers of this magazine. George Fitch passed away in Berkeley, California, on August 9. The preceding Saturday, although in great pain, he worked until midnight completing the next and last installment of "The Twenty-Four." Early the following morning, in the ambulance which conveyed him to the hospital, he said: "Whatever happens I'm glad I could finish the story, so as not to disappoint THE JOURNAL." George Fitch's attitude toward life and all its duties was epitomized in that expression. Faithful, always, to every task allotted him, he never failed to complete it to the best of his ability, "so as not to disappoint" anyone.

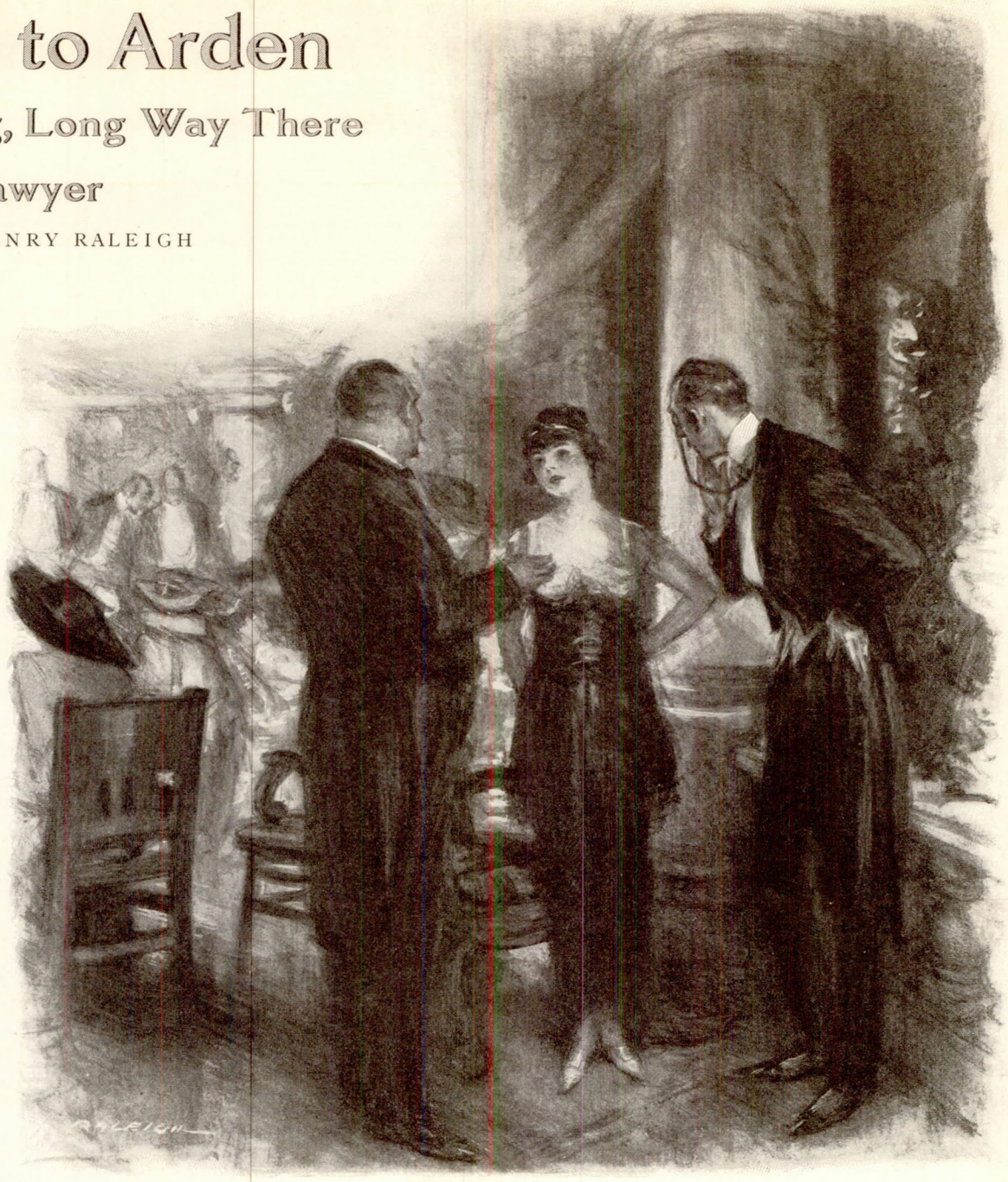
BEGINNING THE LOVELIEST OF ALL JOURNAL ROMANCES

Seven Miles to Arden

And Why it Was a Long, Long Way There

By Ruth Sawyer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



"I'll Try to," Said Patsy; "but Will You Tell Me Just One Thing First? How Far is it to Arden?"

I—The Way of It

PATSY O'CONNEL sat on the edge of her cot in the women's free ward of the City Hospital. She was pulling on a vagabond pair of gloves while she mentally gathered up a somewhat doubtful, ragged lot of prospects and stood them in a row before her for contemplation, comparison and a final choice. They strongly resembled the contents of her steamer trunk, held at a respectable boarding house in University Square by a certain Miss Gibb for unpaid board, for these were made up of a jumble of priceless and worthless belongings, unmarketable because of their extremes.

She had time aplenty for contemplation; the Staff wished to see her before she left, and the Staff at that moment was consulting at the other end of the hospital.

Properly speaking, Patsy was Patricia O'Connel, but no one had ever been known to refer to her in that cold-blooded manner, save on the programs of the Irish National Plays—and in the City Hospital's register. What the City Hospital knew of Patsy was precisely what the American public and press knew, what the National Players knew, what the world at large knew—precisely what Patricia O'Connel had chosen to tell—nothing more, nothing less. They had accepted her on her own scanty terms and believed in her implicitly.

NO ONE had ever thought it necessary to question Patsy about her nationality; it was too obvious. Concerning her past and her family she answered everyone alike: "Sure, I was born without either. I was found by accident, just, one morning hanging onto the thorn of a Killarney rosebush that happened to be growing by the Brittany Coast. They say I was found by the Physician to the King, who was traveling past, and that's how it comes I can speak French and King's English equally pure; although I'm not denying I prefer them both with a bit of brogue."

To those who pushed their inquisitiveness about ancestry to the breaking point, Patsy blinked a pair of steely blue eyes while she wrinkled her forehead into a speculative frown: "Faith! I can hearken back to Adam the same as yourselves; but if it's someone more modern you're asking for—there's that rascal, Dan O'Connell. He's too long dead to deny any claim I might put on him, so not a word will I be saying. Only—if ye should find by chance, any time, that I'd rather fight with my wits than my fists, ye can lay that to Dan's door; along with the stubbornness of a tinker's ass."

This was approximately all the world and the press knew of Patsy O'Connel, barring the fact that she was neighboring in the twenties, was fresh, unspoiled and charming, and that she had played the ingénue parts with the National Players, revealing an art that promised a good future, should luck bring the chance. Unfortunately this chance was not numbered among the prospects Patsy reviewed from the edge of her hospital cot that day.

The interest of the press and the public approval of the National Irish Players had not proved sufficient to propitiate that iron-hearted monster, Financial Success. The company went into bankruptcy before they had played half their bookings. Their final curtain went down on a bit of serio-comic drama staged, impromptu, on a North River dock, with barely enough cash in hand to pay the company's home passage. On this occasion Patsy had missed her cue for the first time. She had been left in the wings, so to speak, and that night she filled the only vacant bed in the women's free ward of the City Hospital.

It was pneumonia. Patsy tossed about and moaned with the racking pain of it, raving deliriously through her score or more of rôles. The nurses and doctors had listened with open-eyed wonder and secret enjoyment; she had allowed them to peep into a new world too full of charm and lure to be denied; and then of a sudden she had settled down to a silent, grim tussle with the "Gray Brother."

"Why, I'd Trust Him Across the World and Back Again; and, Holy Saint Patrick! I'm Going After Him to Tell Him So"

THIS was all weeks past. It was early June now; the theatrical season was closed for two months, with no prospects in the booking agencies until August. In the meantime she had eight dollars, seventy-six cents and a crooked sixpence as available collateral; and an unpaid board bill.

The City Hospital happened to know the extent of Patsy's property; it is their business to find out these little private matters concerning their free patients. They had also drawn certain conclusions from the facts that no one had come to see Patsy and that no communications had reached her from anywhere. It looked to them as if Patsy were down and out, to state it baldly. Now the Patsys that come to free wards of city hospitals are very rare; and the superintendent and staff and nurses were interested beyond the usual limits set by their time and work and the professional chronic sclerosis of the cardiac region.

"She's not to leave here until we find out just who she's got to look after her until she gets on her feet again, understand"—and the old doctor tapped the palm of his left hand with his right forefinger, a sign of important emphasis.

Therefore the day nurse had gone to gather the staff while Patsy still sat obediently on the edge of her cot, pulling on her vagabond gloves, reviewing her prospects, and waiting.

But not for long; the staff and two of the nurses appeared.

"Faith! Is it a delegation or a constabulary?" And Patsy laughed the laugh that had made her famous from Dublin to Duluth, where the bankruptcy had occurred.

"It's a self-appointed committee to find out just where you're going after you leave here," said the young doctor.

Patsy eyed him quizzically. "That's not manners to ask personal questions. But I don't mind telling ye all, confidentially, that I haven't my mind made yet between—a reception at the Vincent Wanderlust's—or a musicale at the Ritz-Carlton."

"LOOK here, lassie"—the old doctor ruffled his beard and threw out his chest like a mammoth pouter pigeon—"you'll have to give us a sensible answer before we let you go one step. You know you can't expect to get very far with that—in this city," and he tapped the bag on her wrist significantly.

Patsy flushed crimson. For the first time in her life, to her knowledge, the world had discovered more about her than she had intended. Those humiliating eight dollars, seventy-six cents and the crooked sixpence seemed to be scorching their way through the leather that held them. But she met the eyes looking into hers with a flinty resistance.

"Sure, 'twould carry me a long way, I'm thinking, if I spent it by the ha'penny bit." Then she laughed in spite of herself. "If ye don't look for all the world like a parcel of old mother hens that have just hatched out a brood o' wild turkeys!" She suddenly checked her Irish—it was apt to lead her into compromising situations with Anglo-Saxon folk, if she did not leash her tongue—and slid into English: "You see, I really know quite a number of people here—rather well too."

"Why haven't they come to see you then?" asked the day nurse bluntly.

Patsy eyed her with admiration. "You'd never make a press agent—or a doctor, I'm afraid; you're too truthful."

"You see," explained the old doctor, "these friends of yours are what we professional people term hypothetical cases. We'd like to be sure of something real."

ONE of Patsy's vagabond gloves closed firmly over the doctor's hand.

"Bless you all for your goodness! but the people are more real than you think," she exclaimed. "Everybody believes I went back with the company and I never bothered them with the truth, you see. I've more than one good friend among the theatrical crowd right here; but—— Well, you know how it is; if you are a bit down on your luck you keep away from your own world, if you can. There is a girl—just about my own age—in society here. We did a lot for her in the way of giving her a good time when she was in Dublin and I've seen her quite a bit over here. I'm going to her to get something to do before the season begins. She may need a secretary or a governess—or a—cook. Holy Saint Martin! but I can cook!" And Patsy clasped her hands in an ecstatic appreciation of her culinary art; it was the only one of which she was boastful.

"I'll tell you what," said the old doctor gruffly, "we will let you go if you will promise to come back if—if no one's at home. It's against rules, but I'll see the superintendent keeps your bed for you tonight."

"Thank you," said Patsy. She waved a farewell to the staff and the ward as she went through the door. "I don't know where I'm going or what I shall be finding, but if it's anything worth sharing I'll send some back to you all."

The staff watched her down the corridor to the elevator.

"Gee!" exclaimed the youngest doctor, his admiration working out to the surface. "When she's made her name I'm going to marry her."

"Oh, are you?" the voice of the old doctor took on its habitual tartness. "I'm inclined to think, my boy, that you'll have your trouble for your pains."

. . . . . .

Patricia O'Connel swung the hospital door behind her and stepped out into a blaze of June sunshine. "Holy Saint Patrick! but it feels good. Now if I could be an alley cat for two months I could get along fine."

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She cast a backward look toward the granite front of the City Hospital and her eyes grew as blue and soft as the waters of Killarney. "Sure, cat or human, the world's a grand place to be alive in."

II—A Signpost Points to an Adventure

MARJORIE SCHUYLER sat in her own snug little den, her toy ruby spaniel on a cushion at her feet, her lap full of samples of white shimmering crêpes and satins. She fingered them absent-mindedly, her mind caught in a maze of wedding intricacies and dates and whirled between an ultimate choice of October or the following June.

The world knew all there was to know about Marjorie Schuyler. It could tell to a nicety who her paternal and maternal grandparents were, back to old Peter Schuyler's time and the settling of the Virginian Berkeleys. It knew her age to the month and day. In fact, it had kept her calendar faithfully, from her coming-out party, through the periods of mourning for her parents and the rumors of her engagements to half a dozen young leaders at home and abroad, down to her latest conquest.

The last date on her calendar was the authorized announcement of her engagement to young Burgeman. Hence the shimmering samples and the relative values of October and June for a wedding journey.

And the world knew more than these things concerning Marjorie Schuyler. It knew that she was beautiful, of regal bearing and distinguished manner. An aunt lived with her, to lend dignity and chaperonage to her position; but she managed her own affairs, social and financial, for herself.

As for young Burgeman, the world knew him as the Rich Man's Son. That was the best and worst it could say of him.

"I think, Toto," said Marjorie Schuyler to her toy ruby spaniel, "it will be June. There is only one thing you can do with October—a church wedding, chrysanthemums and oak leaves. But June offers so many possible variations. Besides, that gives us both one last untrammeled season in town. Yes, June it is; and we'll not have to think about these yet awhile." Whereupon she dropped the shimmering samples into the wastebasket.

A maid pushed aside the hangings that curtained her den from the great Schuyler library. "There's a young person giving the name of O'Connell asking to see you. Shall I say you are out?"

"O'Connell?" Marjorie Schuyler raised a pair of interrogatory eyebrows. "Why—it can't be!—the entire company went back weeks ago. What is she like—small and brown, with very pink cheeks and very blue eyes?" The maid nodded ambiguously. "Bring her up. I know it can't be, but ——"

BUT it was. The next moment Marjorie Schuyler was taking a firm grip of Patsy's shoulders while she looked down with mock disapproval at the girl. "Patsy O'Connel! Why didn't you go home with the others—and what have you done to your cheeks?"

Patsy attacked them with two merciless fists. "Sure, they're after needing a pinch of North of Ireland wind, that's all. How's yourself?"

Marjorie Schuyler pushed her gently into a great chair while she herself took a carved baronial seat opposite. "Now tell me," said she, "where have you been all these weeks?"

Patsy considered. "Well—I've been taking up hospital training."

"Oh, how splendid! Are you going over with the new Red Cross supply?"

Patsy shook her head. "You see, they only kept me until they had demonstrated all they knew about lung disorders—and fresh-air treatment, and then they dismissed me. I'm fearsome they were after finding out I hadn't the making of a nurse."

"That's too bad! What are you going to do now?"

An amused little smile twitched at the corners of Patsy's mouth. "Sure, I haven't my mind made—quite. And yourself?"

"Oh—I?" Marjorie Schuyler leaned forward a trifle. "Did you know I was engaged?"

"Betrothed? Holy Saint Bridget, bless ye!" And the vagabond gloves clasped the slender hands of the American prototype and gave them a hard little squeeze. "Who's himself?"

"It's Billy Burgeman, son of *the* Burgeman."

"Old King Midas?"

"That's a new name for him."

"It has fitted him years enough." Patsy's face sobered. "Oh, why does money always have to mate with money? Why couldn't you have married a poor great man—a poet, a painter, a thinker, a dreamer—someone who ought not to be bound down by his heels to the earth for bread-gathering or shelter-building? You could have cut the thong and sent him soaring. As for Billy Burgeman—he could have married—me"; and Patsy spread her hands in mock petition.

Marjorie Schuyler laughed. "You! That is too beautifully delicious! Why, Patsy O'Connel, William Burgeman is the most conventional young gentleman I have ever met in my life. You would shock him into a semicomatose condition in an afternoon—and pray, what would you do with him?"

"SURE, I'd make a man of him, that's what! His father's son might need it, I'm thinking."

Marjorie Schuyler's face became perfectly blank for a second; then she leaned against the baronial arms on the back of her seat, tilted her head and mused aloud: "I wonder just what Billy Burgeman does lack? Sometimes I've wondered if it was not having a mother, or growing up without brothers or sisters, or living all alone with his father in that great, gloomy, walled-in, half-closed house. It is not a lack of manhood—I'm sure of that; and it's not lack of caring, for he can care a lot about some things. But what is it? I would give a great deal to know."

"If the tales about old King Midas have a thruppence worth of truth in them, it might be his father's meanness that's ailing him."

Marjorie Schuyler shook her head. "No, Billy's almost a prodigal. His father says he hasn't the slightest idea of the value of money; it's just so much beans or shells or knives or trading pelf with him; something to exchange for what he calls the real things of life. Why, when he was a little boy—in fact, until he was almost grown—his father couldn't trust Billy with a cent."

"Who said that—Billy or the King?"

"His father of course. That's why he has never taken Billy into business with him. He is making Billy win his spurs—on his own merits; and he's not going to let him into the firm until he's worth at least five thousand a year to some other firm. Oh, Mr. Burgeman has excellent ideas about bringing up a son! Billy ought to amount to a great deal."

"Meaning money or character?" inquired Patsy.

Marjorie Schuyler looked at her sharply: "Are you laughing?"

"Faith, I'm closer to weeping; 'twould be a lonesome, hard rearing that would come to a son of King Midas, I'm thinking. I'd far rather be the son of his gooseherd, if I had the choosing."

She leaned forward impulsively and gathered up the hands of the girl opposite in the warm, friendly compass of those vagabond gloves. "Do ye really love him, *cailin a'sthore?*" And this time it was her look that was sharp.

"Why, of course I love him; what a foolish question! Why should I be marrying him if I didn't love him? Why do you ask?"

"Because—the son of King Midas with no mother, with no one at all but the King, growing up all alone in a gloomy old castle, with no one trusting him, would need a great deal of love, a great, great deal ——"

"That's all right, Ellen. I'll find her for myself." It was a man's voice, pitched overhigh; it came from somewhere beyond and below the inclosing curtains and cut off the last of Patsy's speech.

"THAT'S funny," said Marjorie Schuyler, rising; "there's Billy now. I'll bring him in and let you see for yourself that he's not at all an object of sympathy—or pity."

She disappeared into the library, leaving Patsy speculating recklessly. They must have met just the other side of the closed hangings, for to Patsy their voices sounded very near and close together.

"Listen, Marjorie, if a girl loves a man she ought to be willing to trust him over a dreadful bungle until he could straighten things out and make good again—that's true, isn't it?"

"Billy Burgeman! What is the matter?"

"Just answer my question. If a girl loves a man she'll trust him, won't she?"

"I suppose so."

"You know she would, dear; what would the man do if she didn't?"

The voice sounded strained in its intensity and appeal. Patsy rose, troubled in mind, and tiptoed to the only other door in the den.

"'Tis a grand situation for a play," she remarked dryly, "but 'tis a mortial poor one in real life, and I'm best out of it." She turned the knob with eager fingers and pulled the door toward her. It opened on a dumbwaiter shaft, empty and impressive. Patsy's expression would have scored a hit in farce comedy. Unfortunately there was no audience to appreciate it here, and the prompter forgot to ring down the curtain just then, so Patsy stood helpless, forced to go on hearing all that Marjorie and her leading man wished to improvise in the way of lines.

". . . I told you, *forged.*" Patsy was tempted to put her fingers in her ears to shut out the sound of his voice and what he was saying, but she knew even then she would go on hearing; his voice was too vibrant, too insistent to be shut out. ". . . My father's name for ten thousand. I took the check to the bank myself, and cashed it; father's vice president. . . . Of course the cashier knew me. . . . I tell you I can't explain—not now. I've got to get away and stay away until I've squared the thing and paid father back."

"Billy Burgeman, did you forge that check yourself?"

"What does that matter—whether I forged it or had it forged or saw it forged? I tell you I cashed it, knowing it was forged. Don't you understand?"

"Yes; but if you didn't forge it, you could prove it; people wouldn't have to know the rest."

"All Right," Agreed Patsy; "Only Please Don't Argue"

A SILENCE dropped on the three like a choking, blinding fog. The two outside the hangings must have been staring at each other, too bewildered or shocked to speak. The one inside clutched her throat, muttering: "If my heart keeps up this thumping he'll think it's the police and run."

"Marjorie, you don't understand! I cashed that check because—because I want to take the responsibility of it and whatever penalty comes along with it. I don't believe father will ever tell. He's too proud; it would strike back at him too hard. But you would know; he'd tell you; and I wanted to tell you first myself. I want to go away knowing you believe and trust me, no matter what father says about me, and that I leave you to come back to—when I've squared it off and can explain. . . . Why, Marjorie—Marjorie!"

Patsy waited in an agony of dread, hope, prayer for the answer she, the girl he loved, would make. It came at last, slowly, deliberately, as if spoken by the foreman of a jury:

"I don't believe in you, Billy. I'm sorry, but I don't believe I could ever trust you again. Your father has always said you couldn't take care of money; this simply means you have got yourself into some wretched hole, and forging your father's name was the only way out of it. I suppose you think the circumstances, whatever they may be, have warranted the act; but that act puts a stigma on your name which makes it unfit for any woman to bear; and if you have any spark of manhood left, you'll unwish the wish—you will unthink the thought—that I would wait—or even want you—ever—to come back."

A cry—a startled, frightened cry—rang through the rooms. It did not come from either the star or her leading man. Patsy, with a vagabond glove pressed hard over her mouth—quite unconscious that the cry had escaped and that there was no longer need of muzzling—plunged through the hangings into the library. Marjorie Schuyler was standing alone.

"Where is he—your man?"

"He's gone—and please don't call him—that!"

"GO AFTER him—hurry—don't let him go! Don't ye understand? He mustn't go away with no one believing in him. Tell him it's a mistake; tell him anything—only go!" And while Patsy's tongue burred out its Irish brogue, she pushed at the tall figure in front of her—pushed with all her might. "Are ye nailed to the floor? What's happened to your feet? For heaven's sake, lift them and let them take ye after him. Don't ye hear? There's the front door slamming behind him. He'll be gone past your calling in another minute. Dear heart alive, ye can't be meaning to let him go—this way!"

But Marjorie Schuyler stood immovable and deaf to her pleading. Incredulity, bewilderment, pity and despair swept over Patsy's face like clouds scudding over the surface of a clear lake. Then scorn settled in her eyes.

"I'm sorry for ye, sorry for any woman that fails the man who loves her. I don't know this son of old King Midas; I never saw him in my life, and all I know about him is what ye told me this day and scraps of what he had to say for himself; but I believe in him. I know he never forged that check—or used the money for any mean use of his own. I'd wager he's shielding someone, someone too afeared to step up and say so. Why, I'd trust him across the world and back again; and, holy Saint Patrick! I'm going after him to tell him so."

For the second time within a few seconds Marjorie Schuyler listened and heard the front door slam; then the goddess came to life. She walked slowly, regally, across the library and passed between the hangings which curtained her den. Her eyes, probably by pure chance, glanced over the shimmering contents of the wastebasket. A little cold smile crept to the corners of her mouth, while her chin stiffened.

"I think, Toto," she said, addressing the toy ruby spaniel, "that it will not be even a June wedding," and she laughed a crisp, dry little laugh.

III—Patsy Plays a Part

PATSY ran down the steps of the Schuyler house, jumping the last four. As her feet struck the pavement she looked up and down the street for what she sought. There it was—the back of a fast-retreating man in a Balmacaan coat of Scotch tweed and a round plush hat, turning the corner to Madison Avenue. Patsy groaned inwardly when she saw the outlines of the figure; they were so conventional, so disappointing; they lacked simplicity and directness—two salient life principles with Patsy.

"Pshaw! What's in a back?" muttered Patsy. "He may be a man for all his clothes"; and she took to her heels after him.

As she reached the corner he jumped on a passing car going south. "Tracking for the railroad station" was her mental comment, and she looked north for the next car following; there was none. "When in doubt, take a taxi" suggested Patsy's inner consciousness, and she accepted the advice without argument. She raced down two blocks and found one. "Grand Central—and drive as fast as you can."

As the door clicked behind her, her eye caught the jumping indicator and she smiled a grim smile. "Faith! in two-shilling jumps like that I'll be bankrupt afore I've my hand on the tails o' that coat." And with a tired little sigh she leaned back in the corner, closed her eyes and relaxed her grip on mind and will and body.

A series of jerks and a final stop shook her into a thinking, acting consciousness again; she was out of the taxi in a twinkling—with the man paid and her eyes on the back of a Balmacaan coat and plush hat disappearing through a doorway. She could not follow it as fast as she had reckoned. Groups waylaid her; people with time to kill sauntered in front of her; wandering, indecisive people tried to stop her for information; and she reached the gate just as it was closing. Through it she could see—down a discouraging length of platform—a Balmacaaned figure disappearing into a car.

"Too late, lady; train's leaving."

IT WAS well for Patsy that she was ignorant of the law governing closing gates and departing trains, for the foolish and the ignorant can sometimes achieve the impossible. She confronted the guard with a look of unconquerable determination. "No, 'tisn't; the train guard is still on the platform. You've got to let me through."

She emphasized the importance of it with two tight fists placed not overgently in the center of the guard's rotundity, and accompanied by a shove. In some miraculous fashion this accomplished it. The gate clanged at Patsy's back instead of in her face, as she had expected. A bell rang, a whistle tooted, and Patsy's feet clattered like mad down the platform.

A good-natured brakeman picked her up and lifted her to the rear platform of the last car as it drew out. That saved the day for Patsy, for her strength and breath had gone past summoning.

"Thank you," she said feebly with a vagabond glove held out in proffered fellowship. "That's the kindest thing anyone has done for me since I came over."

"Are ye ——"

"Irish—same as yourself."

"How did ye know?"

"Sure, who but an Irishman would have had his wits and his heart working at the same time?" And with a laugh Patsy left him and went inside.

Her eye ran down the rows of seats. Billy Burgeman was not there. She passed through to the next door, and a second, and a third. Still there was no back she could identify as belonging to the man she was pursuing.

She was crossing a fourth platform when she ran into the conductor, who barred her way: "Smoking car ahead, lady; this is the last of the passenger coaches."

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When I Imitated Calvé in Carmen

My First Days in My Dream World

When I Sang for Jean de Reszke, Melba and Grau, and Visited New York and Washington

By Geraldine Farrar

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Calvé Herself in Carmen

II

MY MEETING with Jean de Reszke is stamped vividly in my memory, since he was the first personage from that beautiful dream world of opera that it was my privilege to meet. Music lovers of America need no reminder of his tremendous vogue as a man and his wonderful career as an artist. I had the opportunity to sing for him through Jehangier Cola, a Hindoo professor who at the time was interesting Boston society with his Oriental teachings. Just how I met him I cannot recall, but he had personal acquaintance with many of the artists, both here and abroad; and so one rainy morning (dismal weather always seemed to accompany such ventures) my mother and I, accompanied by Professor Cola, descended at the Parker House, where the De Reszke brothers, Jean and Edouard, were stopping.

I remember that I played my own accompaniment and sang rather indifferently; the inspiring "mood" was not to be commanded. Mr. de Reszke listened politely, probably having been bored often by many such young aspirants, and gave me sensible advice that could apply to the average girl of intelligence and enthusiastic musical ambitions. I recall that I listened attentively and seriously, quite realizing that Mr. de Reszke could hardly glean other than the most superficial of impressions after hearing a stranger for half an hour, and then hardly at her best.

Upon his advice to go to New York and consult a teacher of whom he had heard excellent reports, my mother and I made plans for such an immediate change. My father listened in passive amazement, but acquiesced, as he always has, in the belief that whatever emotional tornado should overtake me, my mother's steadying influence would maintain the necessary equilibrium.

NEVER shall I forget my excitement and curiosity upon our arrival in New York. The first thing I wanted to see was the Metropolitan Opera House. The great yellow building at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street seemed to promise all kinds of wonderful possibilities and the fulfillment of my dreams. Little thrills of hope made my heart sing and my spirits soar as I looked at the billboards and whispered to myself: "Some day I *will*, I *must*, sing there. My name shall adorn those walls and spell enchantment to the passing crowd." I walked on air, absorbed in the rosy future I was planning so confidently for myself.

The teacher who had been recommended to me for this visit to New York was dear old Louisa Cappiani, bless her! She who had been the teacher of many of the light opera singers was greatly pleased at my singing, and wanted me to sign a three years' exclusive contract with her, but my mother decided that I was too young to have my future controlled in any way.

The arrival of hot weather drove us to the country; so with great regret I said good-by to Cappiani, and we started for Greenacre, Maine, and it was there that I met Miss Emma Thursby. She occupied an enviable position in New York musical circles and was recognized as an excellent authority on voice. She was kind enough to say that she would be glad to have me study with her when she returned to New York, and so it happened that the following autumn found us back there, and I commenced my studies with her.

THAT winter of 1897–98 was full of excitement for me. In addition to my studies with Miss Thursby I went to the opera and theaters as often as I could afford it. And what a whirlwind of emotions it was! Melba in "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Lucia"; Calvé, the peerless "Carmen"; magnificent Lehmann (later to become my revered teacher and dear friend); the incomparable Jean de Reszke; handsome Pol Plançon; sprightly Campanari in the "Barber"—memories crowd in upon me!—not forgetting the versatile Bauermeister of all rôles. I rarely had a seat, but was one of the army of "standees," eager, enthusiastic, oblivious to all save the dream world these wonderful beings unfolded before me.

There was one upon whom I lavished all the ardor of my youthful, heroine-worshiping years—our own lovely Nordica, who became my ideal for beauty, accomplishment and perseverance. Later I was to owe to her friendship and that of her husband, Zoltan Döme, the valuable and timely advice that diverted my path from a provincial theater in Italy to the magnificent Royal Opera in Berlin, and subsequent friendships that have proved so potent as well as so spectacular a feature in my career.

Among the plays which I saw that winter were "The Devil's Disciple," with Richard Mansfield in the star rôle; Julia Marlowe in "The Countess Valeska," and Ada Rehan in "The Country Girl" and as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal" (how I did love her as Lady Teazle!)—all wonderful plays for a schoolgirl in her teens.

ALSO at this time I first met Madame Melba, who was in New York, and it was Miss Thursby who took me to sing for her. Much of my former nervousness had worn away. I had worked hard and was anxious for Melba's approval and her impartial judgment as to the advisability of immediate study abroad. That day, too, the sun was radiant, I was in excellent humor, and, all in all, everything pointed toward a happy and favorable meeting.

I remember Melba's enthusiasm and generosity with gratitude, though I have not seen her these many years to tell her so. I sang unusually well, to my own accompaniment, and she was so genuinely interested as to propose that I should at once sing for her manager, C. A. Ellis, of Boston, of whose opera company, in association with Walter Damrosch, she was the scintillating luminary. So a few days later my mother and I joined her there at a hotel which was the temporary home of the songbirds.

Perhaps you can picture my delight. I floated in fairyland; to lunch and dine in the intoxicating proximity of these wonderful people; to watch them, like gods and goddesses, deign to descend to the earth of ordinary mortals—it was like living in a dream.

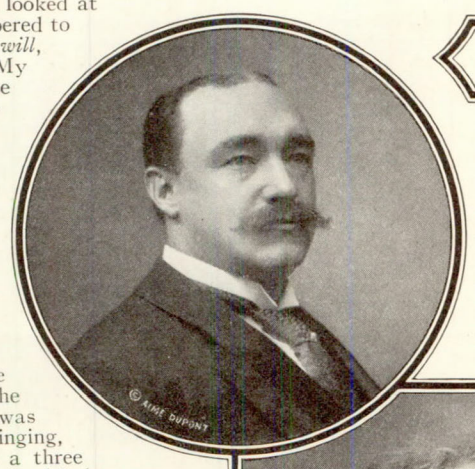
The eventful day came when I finally sang for Mr. Ellis. It was in the Boston Theater, and Melba, Mr. Damrosch and many others were present. I was a little anxious at the idea of singing in such a large, empty auditorium, and feared that my voice would not be heard to advantage there; yet, after the ordeal was over, Madame Melba took me in her arms and embraced me with enthusiasm and affection. She predicted such splendid things as even I scarcely dared hope.

I WAS elated and grateful indeed at the general commendation, for Mr. Ellis offered me an engagement, and that night, at the hotel, Melba wished me to sign a contract of several years to place myself under her tutelage and appear later in opera subject to her advice.

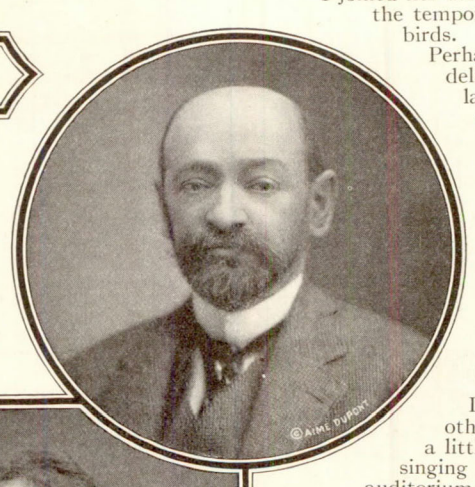
My dreams were fast becoming realities. But, as usual, my mother's good sense dominated the situation. While thoroughly appreciative of the advantages that Melba could offer me in her generous impulse, my mother felt that I was far too young to restrict my actions and bind my future career in any manner. Besides, with all the excitement of the winter, my intense emotional nature and the interest I had aroused in musical circles, she wisely thought it best

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORG GERLACH & CO.

I Think I Like This Portrait Best



Who Does Not Know and Love Doctor Holbrook Curtis, the Eminent New York Throat Specialist?



Maurice Grau, the Great Impresario, Predicted a Brilliant Future for Me in Operatic Singing

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Emma Thursby Was Recognized as an Excellent Authority on Voice

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I Shall Ever Have Occasion to Remember Melba's Generous Enthusiasm

(Page 17)

for me to be withdrawn for a time from this all-too-stimulating atmosphere, which might later prove unwholesome and detrimental to serious study. In consequence, I was placed in the household and under the guidance of a dear friend, Mrs. Perkins, in Washington, District of Columbia, to continue other studies in addition to my singing, while I was impatiently waiting to "grow up."

Through Miss Thursby I met Doctor Holbrook Curtis, the eminent New York throat specialist, and became his patient; his unfailing, kindly interest and loyal friendship did much for me. One of the amusing events of that early spring of 1898 was a society puppet show which Doctor Curtis staged in New York. There were tableaux and songs and recitations, all for charity, and then came the puppet show itself, in which I appeared as Calvé in a "Carmen" costume. Imagine a long stretch of painted canvas across the stage, with the costumes painted grotesquely beneath openings through which the performers' heads appeared. Doctor Curtis himself assumed the rôle of Maurice Grau, director of the Metropolitan, and his make-up was splendid; various other amateurs impersonated Melba, Jean de Reszke and other stars. The idea of the skit was to show the trouble Mr. Grau had in managing his company of stars. There was much amusing dialogue, and I remember my complaint, as Calvé, was that I refused to sing for nothing at all-too-many benefits.

SOON afterward, in Doctor Curtis's office, I met Mrs. Grau, wife of the famous director, and she insisted that I should sing for her husband. It was proposed to stage a big special performance of "Mignon" at the Metropolitan, with Melba as "Philine," and a star cast, for the benefit of the families of the victims of the "Maine" disaster, and Mrs. Grau thought that should I please her husband he might consider the occasion a propitious one to introduce me in grand opera, as the rôle of "Mignon" was admirably suited to my youth and vocal abilities. I had studied "stage deportment" with Victor Capoul, and knew the opera backward and forward in both French and Italian.

I own I was greatly tempted, and eager to make so auspicious a beginning. Such an offer to a sixteen-year-old girl, I think, would be calculated to twist any young woman's head awry. Fortunately, upon reflection, good sense intervened and saved me from what might have been a very unwise step. Granted that I made a successful appearance, at best it could be but the sensation of a few hours; and I had no mind to be a singing "Cinderella" for one night. When my triumph should come, if it ever did, it must be the beginning of a well-defined career, and I was far too young and ignorant to tread this difficult and dazzling path so soon.

Nevertheless Mrs. Grau made an appointment for me to sing for her husband—privately, as I thought. But, when I appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan, I found him surrounded by a great many people, members of the Metropolitan company, business associates and advisers, and others. What my emotions were when I passed in through the stage door I cannot describe. Curiously enough, this time the empty house did not intimidate, but inspired me. Perhaps I felt the encouraging shadows of the great ones hovering about me; at any rate I sang as I believe I had never sung before. To everyone's amazement I dismissed the accompanist, whose laborious efforts were more of a hindrance than an aid to my "audition," and, seating myself at the piano, I continued singing to my own accompaniment, as was invariably my habit.

MR. GRAU was exceedingly pleased with the promise I showed and especially predicted a brilliant future in operatic singing; but he seconded my mother's sensibly planned course for me to study less in public view, and wait till a few years of hard work had passed over my ambitious little head. As a kind afterthought he added, no doubt to soften the sting of my disappointment: "Would you like to sing in one of our Sunday night concerts?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Grau," I replied. (No tame concert appearances after my imagination had been dazzled by a possible début in opera!)

"But it might be valuable to you to have your name on the billboards of the Metropolitan Opera House," he urged good-naturedly.

"You will see it there some day," I replied with firm conviction.

He laughed, and certainly had no more reason to take me seriously than he had taken dozens of other young "hopefuls" who dreamed of some day storming the Metropolitan doors.

Quite without my knowledge or consent, various reports of this and other incidents in regard to my singing reached the newspapers, and I experienced a distinct shock when I read in the New York Herald the following amusing yet caustic criticism:

> If half of what Miss Geraldine Farrar's enthusiastic friends say of her vocal and dramatic talents is true, then this sixteen-year-old girl from Boston is the dramatic soprano for whom we have all been waiting these many years. With all due respect to the young lady, a lot of rubbish has been circulated as to her marvelous, not to say miraculous, vocal gifts and accomplishments, and she cannot do better than include, in the nightly prayers which all good girls say, an earnest invocation to heaven to preserve her from her friends, that she may be saved from the results of overpraise.
>
> That Miss Farrar has a wonderful gift of song has been attested by so many discreet judges that it is doubtless true. But when alleged admirers of the young singer tack on all sorts of trimmings, such as that Madame Melba wept with joy upon hearing her, and that Madame Nordica said, "This is the voice of which I have dreamed," and that Miss Emma Thursby refused to be comforted until Miss Farrar consented to come and live with her, it is about time to add, "and then she woke up."
>
> Why not confine the stories to simple facts: that she has a remarkable voice, almost phenomenal in one of her age, which is true; that her concert successes have been extraordinary; and that, if youthful evidences hold good, she will some day assume an enviable position in grand opera? Isn't that quite enough praise without subjecting Melba to tears, disturbing Nordica's dreams, or suggesting the impossibility of comforting Miss Thursby? Miss Farrar is a handsome, gifted and very earnest young girl, and if she has common sense as well as native talent, she will say that little nightly prayer, turn a deaf ear to the adulation of foolish friends, and attend strictly to practicing her scales. Then some day, perhaps very soon, this Boston girl will be electrifying Metropolitan audiences as Mlle. Farrarini, the latest operatic comet.

I was almost in tears when I read this article, tempered with kindness as it was, for the stories about Melba and Nordica had been the results of the feverish imagination of newspaper reporters who had exaggerated the truth. But the musical critic of the Herald, who penned this prophetic and caustic comment, really did me a great service—and I thank him—for from that moment I determined upon a policy of seclusion and self-effacement; my pursuit for glory should be conducted along the lines of modesty and restraint.

Alas for the miscarriage of such good intentions! Seclusion and self-effacement have hardly been synonymous with my euphonious name!

IN THE spring of 1898, when the war spirit spread over the country like wildfire, I spent some weeks in Washington with my mother, visiting friends. One Saturday afternoon we were taken to the White House to call upon Mrs. McKinley, who was an invalid. The President's wife received us in the Blue Room, while Mr. McKinley was occupied in his private office. Suddenly the news came of Dewey's great victory at Manila. The President, with the official dispatches in his hand, entered the room where his devoted wife was surrounded by a sympathetic group of friends. In turn we were each presented to Mr. McKinley, and then, thrilled by the announcement of the victory, Mrs. McKinley asked me to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

There was a piano in the room, for Mrs. McKinley was intensely devoted to music. I played my own accompaniment, and, stirred by the glorious news and inspired by the presence of the President and his wife and the compliment of being asked to sing the national anthem in the White House, I sang with all the ardor and intensity of which my nature was capable. I have sung the same song many times since, but never under more inspiring circumstances than on that day when President McKinley brought up the news of Dewey's victory, unless it was at that dramatic moment after the tragedy of the "Lusitania" when I called upon the crowded house at the Metropolitan Opera, May thirteenth (a benefit performance of "Carmen"), to join me in our national hymn. Garbed in Columbia's robes, with two Red Cross nurses at my side, the tableau awoke thunderous applause and the great house joined in the singing with a will!

THE time was now rapidly approaching which was to be the turning point of my career—a trip to Europe. Up to this time I had accomplished practically all that I could hope for in America. I had studied under the best teachers in Boston and in New York. I knew much of the grand opera repertoire, I had sung in concerts and recitals. I had just turned seventeen. The necessary training for a grand opera career was then impossible in America, and tradition decreed that foreign singers with a foreign reputation should be engaged for grand opera's holy of holies, the shining exception being our own American Nordica, then in her prime. I decided that Paris must be the next stepping-stone; but how?

To study in Paris meant a great deal of money, and my father's business in Melrose, while prosperous enough for our home needs, could not meet the strain of an expensive stay abroad. It was an understood thing that when I did go my father and mother should accompany me. The financial problem, however, seemed almost an insurmountable one.

But once more the element of luck—or Fate—intervened just at the most critical moment. At one of the receptions given by Miss Thursby, at her home in Gramercy Park, I had met a Mrs. Kimball, of Boston. She heard me sing, and was interested in the story of my ambition to study abroad. I told her that although my father was considering selling his business in Melrose, we feared the proceeds would be insufficient for the course of study that seemed necessary.

"I have a friend in Boston," said Mrs. Kimball, "who is interested in music, and perhaps she would arrange something if you sang for her. Will you come to Boston and meet her?"

WOULD I? The prospect was too alluring. A very few days afterward I had returned to Boston with my mother in response to a letter making an appointment for me to meet Mrs. Bertram Webb.

Mrs. Webb was the widow of a former resident of Salem. She was then stopping at her beautiful home in Boston, and I sang for her. I was fortunate enough to enlist her immediate sympathy and interest, and, as I was a minor, the necessary business formalities were concluded by my parents in my behalf. My father sold his store in Melrose and realized a sum sufficient to reduce materially the amount of the first loan we had from Mrs. Webb. The total sum, according to the terms of a written contract drawn up by Mrs. Webb's lawyer and duly signed by my father and mother as my legal guardians, was to be an indefinite amount, advanced as required, and to be repaid at an indefinite date when my voice should be a source of steady income. The only actual security given was that my life was insured in Mrs. Webb's favor, so that in case of my death she would be fully compensated for any loss she might sustain.

I am happy and proud to state that, although Mrs. Webb generously advanced, all told, a sum approximating thirty thousand dollars during the first few years of my studies in Europe, every dollar of it was repaid within two years after my return to America.

Upon my mother's capable shoulders fell the difficult and not always thankful task of financing and planning for our adventurous expeditions. Thus completely shielded from money worries and material vexations, I abandoned myself to the glory of dreams. I was ready to slave in passionate devotion and enthusiasm to further the career that meant my life—to conquer in song. And so, unafraid and happy with the heart of youth, I set forth to the Old World of my dreams and hopes!

NOTE—In the next—the January—number of THE JOURNAL Miss Farrar will tell the story of her introduction into grand opera at Berlin.

A REMARKABLE MYSTERY STORY

ITS title is "The Bronze Box," and it begins in the January number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The reader of this amazing story will be no less puzzled as to what the box contained than were the dwellers in Brooklyn into whose hands it so mysteriously came from the Far East.

MY CHRISTMAS GERANIUM

BY ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

ACROSS the narrow alleyway
I see my neighbor's candles shine;
She and her brood keep holiday;
But in this garret room of mine
No children's voices clamor sweet,
No threadbare stockings gayly swing.
Alas! I have no gift to greet
The coming of tomorrow's King.

Yet on my window's narrow ledge
My lone geranium blooms; I see
Its blossoms like a scarlet wedge
Strike through the growing dusk to me.
Bright as the hopes of yesteryear,
Frail as the joys that perished then,
Brave comrade that hast lent thy cheer
To my gray, loveless life, what then?

Thou art mine own; adown the stair
A sick child lifts her fevered eyes;
Bloom thou in that dark room and bare,
And bid her dream of Paradise;
Of happy meadows honey sweet;
Of birds that sing from sun to sun;
And echoes of far childish feet
That wait for her—the dreaming one.

What though my selfish eyes are dim;
That nevermore upon my sill
I'll watch thee blossom; that the grim
Walls grow without thee grimmer still?
Free-hearted do I give thee, dear;
And lo! thou bloom'st a Royal thing.
Thou art my message of good cheer;
Thou art my Greeting to the King.

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

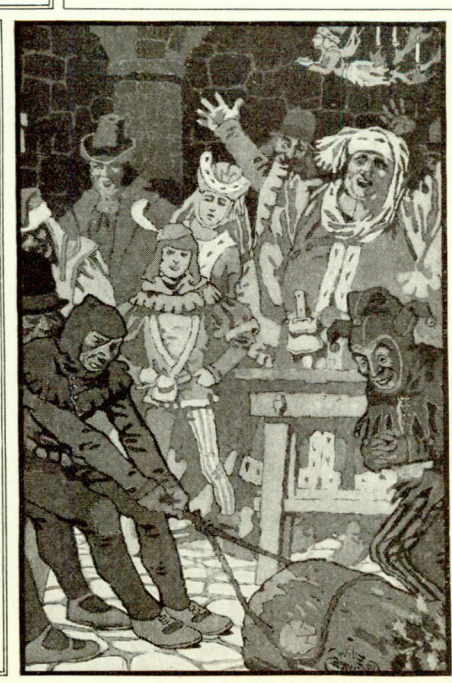
THE SPELLING SEASON

BY STRICKLAND GILLILAN

THEY'RE spelling things at our house, so Christmas must be near!
They're guarding most of their remarks from my poor childish ear.
'Twas just last night Ma said to Pa, when she was pouring tea:
"I don't think B-o-b suspects that new s-l-e-d."
Pa smiled and slyly shook his head, and answered kind o' low:
"Nor that e-n-g-i-n-e you wind and let g-o."
Of course it was a mystery, and I can never tell
What they're so busy talking of until I learn to spell!

The other day I started to the wardrobe for my cap,
But Ma jumped up and stopped me, though she'd settled for her nap.
She told me Santa'd put some stuff there on the upper shelf
And I must not "go nosing" or I'd cheat my "meddling self."
But next day when I peeked to find what had been hid for me,
It wasn't there—I s'pose it's saved to hang upon my tree.
Such things as these all make me think Kris Kringle must be near;
But that old spelling makes me know for sure he's almost here.

I'm glad I'll get some i-c-e s-k-a-t-e-s,
A c-o-a-s-t-e-r s-l-e-d, I guess;
Also a s-w-o-r-d and bright b-e-l-t—
Those are some samples of the things they're spelling 'round at me.
But I've a joke on Pa and Ma that they may not suspect:
I'm getting close to seven if they'd only recollect.
I know exactly what they'd had, hid on that wardrobe shelf—
I've learned to s-p-e-l-l a b-i-t myself!



THREE CHRISTMAS STORIES AND A CHRISTMAS SONG

My New York:

LITTLE TALES OF A BIG CITY

By Kathleen Norris

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER," ETC.

III—Two Old Men and Christmastime

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

Little Bears and Tiny Clicking Motor Cars Trip You Up

CHRISTMAS, like the seasons, like success, like one of her own blizzards, comes suddenly in the big city. Autumn is over and so are the big football games. Thanksgiving is over, and the little turkeys have vanished from the confectioners' windows. The big theatrical success of the year is beginning to get into its stride. It is dark now when the matinée crowd pours out into Broadway, and the women fling their furs about their throats and glance up at the lowering sky; no doubt about it, that cool wind, rustling with dead leaves, means a storm.

Suddenly the town blossoms with colored posters, red chimneys, red Santa Clauses, red berries; the curb is lined with toys. Little bears and tiny clicking motor cars trip you up on the sidewalk; boys rush by you on the slippery pavement with great wreaths of green on their arms. Shop windows glow with red and silver, rain drips from the Elevated trains, the "extras" that boys are shouting are wet.

Inside the stores are perfumed warmth and dazzling lights and Christmasy odors. Columns, rising above the flutter of color below them, are twisted with green, and every counter has its holly-decorated card, "Gloves for Christmas," "Gift Suggestions," "Special Sale of Gift Clocks." The crowd surges back and forth tirelessly, short women struggling valiantly in the crush, tall women reaching over heads and shoulders. The air is odorous of violets and cologne, of wet woolen materials and wet furs. Fresh faces are spattered with rain, and every time the street door opens a rush of cool, wet air sweeps across the close warmth of the big store.

"I have been waiting here a long time," a woman standing by the candy counter says reproachfully. "Can't you sell me these little favors? Two of the pigs, one Santa Claus, one of the kewpies ——"

"There'll be a lady here directly," says a stockroom girl, who has nothing to do with the sales. "Miss O'Brien, could you wait on this lady?"

"Did you see any more of those ballet girls?" asks Miss O'Brien in a tone of utter distraction. "I put three of them here in a box. I'm sorry, madam, but they're gone. Three of the others? Forty-five, thank you. One moment, madam ——" She dashes away. Another girl stumbles through the confusion behind the counter, says, "Annie, Lulu—did any of you girls see my book?" and stumbles away again.

"I have been waiting here a long time," says the first speaker, adjusting the sharp strings of her bundles on her cramped fingers.

In the doll department a saleswoman raps sharply on the counter with the end of her pencil. "Mr. White!" she presently shrills; "will you O. K. this? Charge and delivered."

Another girl rises from groping under the counter. "Was you the lady who wanted the dollar doll with dark hair?" she asks wearily. "No? Well, I guess she's gone."

THERE was a special sale of neckties, one Christmas week, in the "Gents' Furnishing Department" of one of the largest stores—one-dollar ties at sixty cents; seventy-five-cent ties at forty; fifty-cent ties at twenty-five. For each tie there was a holly-decorated box, and about each counter all day long there was an eager crowd of buyers.

In the aisle was a long table hung with thousands of the twenty-five-cent ties, and by this table there stood a gentle, shabby, stoop-shouldered old man. He was quite oblivious of the crowd and noise and confusion about him, although now and then he glanced about to be sure of the neighborhood of a certain brisk, gray-headed woman who was waiting for a purchase at the counter. The ties had charmed him; he held up one after another in his lean, old, knotted hand, comparing their colors, testing their textures between fingers and thumb. The green one with black spots, the blue one striped with white, the reddish brown one with red oblongs patterned across it; he obviously admired them all. But it was upon the last that his heart suddenly became set. He drew it from the rack, spilling others, which he instantly and nervously replaced, as he took it down.

Once in his hand he had a moment of misgiving, but only a moment; he took a silver quarter-dollar out of his pocket and held it upon the tie. Perhaps the sight of the money alarmed him a little, for he presently put it irresolutely into his pocket, but, when the saleswoman stopped near him, he became eager again.

"I want to buy this tie, please," he said in a husky, kind old voice.

"Just-*one*-moment," said the girl, hastily snatching a selection of green ties before she rushed away.

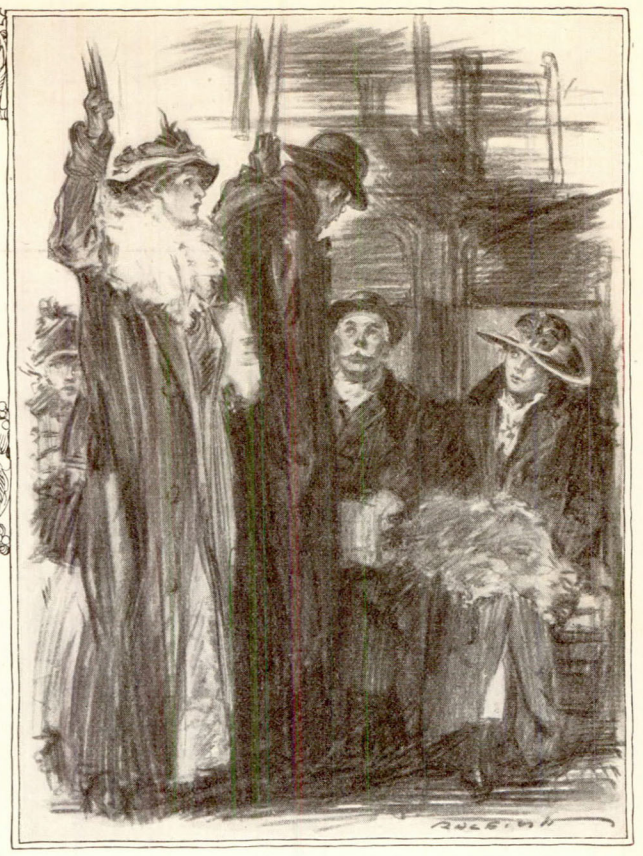
The old man, holding up his money and his tie, waited patiently, his blue eyes, still with something young and helpless in them, fixed vaguely upon space.

HE WAS still waiting when the gray-headed, brisk woman came up behind him and gave him a quick twitch of the arm. "Twenty minutes to twelve," she was saying, half to herself. "Now the writing paper, that's on this floor, and that's all! Come, Pa!" she added out loud. "That's all I want here; come on!"

The old man opened his mouth to speak, but she was already pushing her way through the crowd. He put the brown tie patterned with red oblongs back into the rack and slipped the money, almost with an air of stealth, once more into his pocket. Perhaps he sighed once, but there was a gallant straightening of his thin old shoulders as he followed.

The surface cars in Madison Avenue were packed to their doors at three o'clock on the day before Christmas. Snow had made the streets impassable for motor cars, and women who had started down town at ten o'clock for half an hour's last shopping were coming home now laden with bundles, wet, weary and excited. Snow was still falling, and the crowds on the street corners battled with a wet wind as well. A man, attempting to board the car with a child's coaster in his arms, was repulsed by the conductor. Passengers turned to look sympathetically at him through the frosted windows as he returned disconsolately to the curb.

WEDGED tight into the very corner of the car, I could but hear the conversation of my two neighbors,the man who sat next to me and the man who, standing, leaned over him. The two were not unalike in type, both were middle-aged, well-dressed, and prosperous in appearance. The standing man looked as if he might have made a small fortune in—say, insurance; the other had the appearance of a successful doctor, a clean, bright color, kind, bright eyes, and under a drooping, grizzled mustache a strong mouth that was especially attractive when he smiled.



"Knows! What Does a Little Girl Like That Know?"

"That looks as if it might be something for Margaret, George," said the insurance man, indicating a large, square package in the other's lap.

The doctor sighed sharply, smiled with a rueful shake of his head. "Wedding announcements," he said briefly.

"No? Is that so?" the broker asked with quick concern. "Well, well, well! It's all settled, eh?"

"On the twenty-eighth, her birthday," said the seated man gravely. "Her mother and I have given in. Very quiet; you'll be asked in a day or two."

"That is hard," said the broker sympathetically. "That is very hard. Margaret's—let's see ——"

"Nearly nineteen," her father answered with a sigh. "She's of age, of course. She's put it off a year because her mother and I asked her to. We can't seem to grasp it at all. I—I assure you, Van, I would rather lay her in her grave than hand her over to that fellow. Twice her age—his boy is ten years old ——"

"Where's the first wife?" asked the broker.

"Married again. But it's not merely that, Van. If she were older, if she had ever looked at anyone else, if we hadn't been so—so careful of her ——"

"I know," said the broker with a quick nod.

"I'VE done what I could," pursued the doctor presently. "I told her what I heard of him; she knows the divorce laws. Knows!" He broke off in mild impatience of his own phrase. "What does a little girl like that know? He's been ill-treated, he's misunderstood, he needs love and sympathy. I'm unfair to him. Unfair! He can't even support her!"

"Funny for Margaret," mused the broker. "She's always been such a demure little thing. How about locking her up?"

"We've practically done that. Her mother cries—all that sort of thing. She took her up to my brother's camp in Maine last summer—lots of college boys, dancing, tennis, moonlight; it didn't do any good. All she wanted was to write letters and go for the mail. I forbade the fellow the house two years ago; my orders were: No flowers and no letters to Miss Margaret until I saw them. She got sick, wouldn't go out, lost flesh ——"

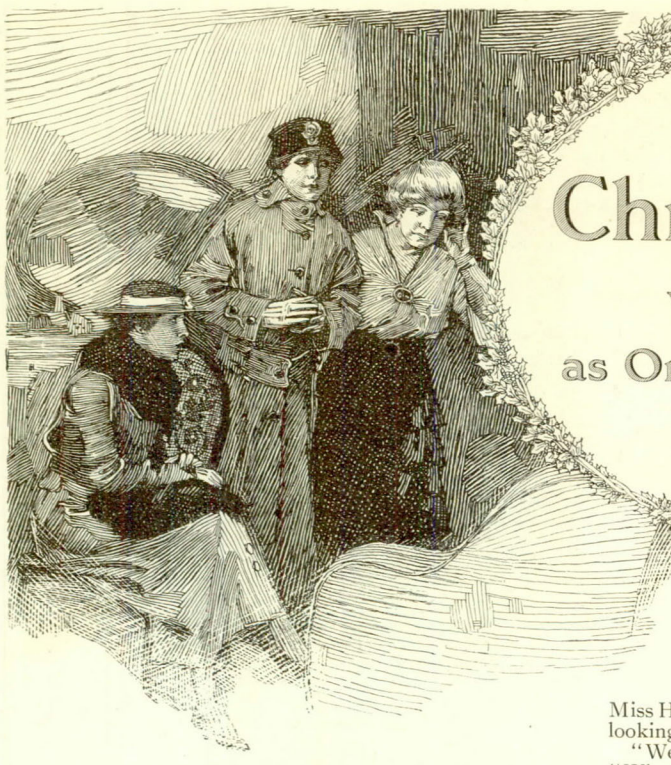
"I remember," nodded the broker.

"Of course you do. So then I got her promise: no engagement until she was eighteen, no wedding until she was nineteen." He shut his lips, shook

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 73

The Old Man Waited Patiently, His Blue Eyes Still With Something Young and Helpless in Them

(Page 19)



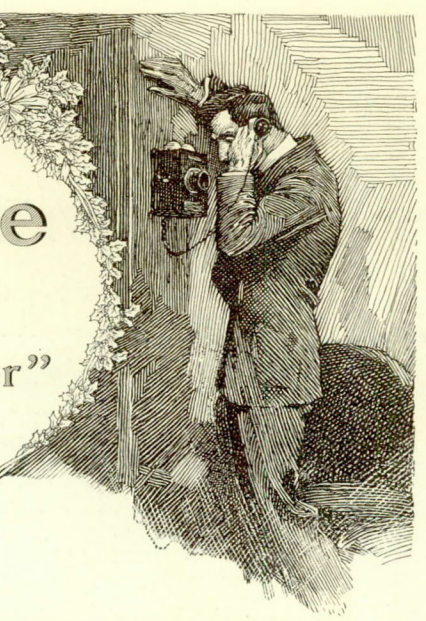
Miss Herter's Christmas Adventure

When She "Did Unto a Man as One Man Would Do Unto Another"

By Louise Closser Hale

AUTHOR OF "MISS HERTER'S YOUNG COUPLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH



WHEN the members of the theatrical touring company presenting "The Antagonist," of which Miss Emmons Herter was the character woman, reached Chicago they disintegrated as a unit upon quitting their car and became separate entities in search of a place to rest their individual heads. Most of the players squeezed themselves into omnibuses, but Emmy Herter took a taxi. This was an extravagance, with Christmas only a few days off and few presents bought; but she was a long way from home and needed the solace of luxury—a not unusual argument for theater folk.

The cabs were driving in a swift circle from their stand with an automatic precision that swept up the waiting fares as though they were part of the mechanical system. Emmy flurried the routine for an instant by entering a cab at the same moment that a mild little man opened the other door, and, as the French put it, "made to enter." She recognized him as one of the arrivals who was in advance of her when she descended the steps, and by all the rights of precedent she should have backed out of the cab and taken another one. Yet she did not. She smiled as women do who want a thing very much, and she said she was sorry. The mild little man declared that it was "all right," backed down himself, the door banged, and that was the last she ever saw of him. But the incident left an impression. She was not at all happy about it.

"Why can't a woman play the game?" she communed with herself fretfully. "We want to be treated like harem pets, yet have all the freedom this age gives us as well. Now I claim perfect equality with that poor little man, yet I had the nerve to take advantage of my sex to get this cab out of my turn."

THE mental arraignment restored her somewhat to her usual serenity, and before she reached the hotel she had formally decided that she would, as soon as the chance presented itself, do unto some man not as some man would do unto her, but as one man would do unto another. "It's a little mixed," she concluded as she marched to the desk, "but I know what I mean."

Before she was definitely settled in the hotel she wished to do several things to the room clerk, for the best accommodations offered her were cheerless and the room on which she finally decided was the worst of all. Yet as she stood in front of the mirror, fluffing up her white hair, something happened that for all time preserved him from the knowledge of her scorn.

The "something" was a bump against the door that connected her room with the one beyond. A voice followed up the bump—a young man's voice, telling the bell boy to be careful of that bag, as it was an only child and he should hate to lose it. Then it would seem that the boy was asked if he could change a dollar, and while the small wretch counted out nickels in the effort to find himself at least a quarter short the voice observed that the lace curtains were the "best worst" in the world.

In time the bell boy went away, evidently by his joyous thanks having secured the quarter, and Miss Herter, who disliked doors with invisible neighbors on the other side and had started for the telephone to have her room changed, sat down in the armchair for a moment. Like all players she was sensitive to voices, and she enjoyed being next door to an agreeable one. She listened for further demonstrations of exuberance; but for the next few minutes the young man succeeded only in deepening her interest. Like a good American he attacked the telephone as soon as he was alone, jaunty enough as he gave his number; but when he spoke again even the actress, accustomed to changing cadences, caught her breath at the anxious note that called for "Howard."

It was Jones who was speaking to Howard—Jones in the next room, she gathered, telling Howard that he had just arrived, the deal had fallen through, and he was down to his last dollar—to his last seventy-five cents, the improvident youth admitted. Then Jones asked Howard if he could pay him back "the fifty." "You can't—I thought perhaps you might—oh, I understand—I'll get along—Christmas and the kids? that's reason enough, I guess—I wanted it for a particular—you see, I'm engaged—hello, hello, hello——" But Howard had hung up the phone.

MISS HERTER forgave the hotel clerk. How could she leave until she heard more of poor Jones's engagement! Was it to a girl or to some future work? She tried hard to hope it was to the work, but she failed; she hoped it was to a girl.

Going to her work was but a simple business of stepping across the alley from the hotel baggage room to the stage door, and she was thankful for this as it would permit her to keep more closely in touch with Jones. "You see," she told Miss Barnard, with whom she was dressing, "I'm scared to death for fear I'll miss something."

"He won't stay in his room," replied the sage little *ingénue;* "if he's hard up he'll hang about the hotel lobby or take long walks."

"The thing to do," called Johnny Lawrence through the flimsy partition, "is to keep himself occupied. He must see shows."

"And spend his seventy-five cents!" shrieked Miss Herter. "Oh, my goodness! I ought to be in my room looking after him this very minute."

"Well, he might see our show," suggested Miss Barnard. "Why don't you send him a seat for tonight, Emmy?"

"I'll do it!" exclaimed Emmy, wrapping her kimono about her in preparation for an onslaught on the business manager. "I'll ask for a pass, and our property boy can tuck it under his door."

"Yes, and I'll get him one for the Comedy Theater tomorrow night; I know the manager," Johnny Lawrence sang out.

The property boy was willing and the manager nearly so, and before the curtain was up Mr. Jones, slightly bewildered but deeply grateful, made one of the audience.

BY NOON the next day both Miss Roland, the leading woman, and Bessie Barnard had called upon Emmy and had carried on a whispered conversation, in strong contrast to the clear voice of Jones, who was too concerned over his present condition to remember that walls have ears.

"It's dreadful!" Emmy had confided to the *ingénue,* who was the first comer. "He has only sixty-five cents left. I had no sooner reached my room last night than I heard him order ice water. You know that ice water means ten cents."

"Why didn't you call through and tell him the hydrant was cold enough for anybody?" suggested Bessie.

"I did get as far as the door, and then I remembered. But he's growing more careful. He ordered more ice water this morning, and then called that he didn't need it."

They were interrupted by Jones's voice at the phone, and they listened with growing admiration while the young man called up three business firms in quick succession and in a tone brisk with prosperity asked if they happened to have a place for him. They did not happen to, although one office wished him a Merry Christmas, and Jones replied that he expected to have one, "and the same to you." It was after the *ingénue's* departure—sent on various Christmas missions for Miss Herter, who dared not leave—that Jones once more took down the receiver and asked for long distance. And this time it was the girl! (Emmy already knew that it was a girl to whom he was engaged by the simple deduction that it could not have been a job, since he was in search of one.) She was Martha, dearest Martha, and his Martha, and, Miss Herter gathered, she was only an hour out of Chicago.

Martha was as glad as the young man that he was so near to her, and she saw no reason why they could not, within an hour's time, be much nearer. But Jones could not go immediately, for, he told Martha, business detained him. Oh, yes, he would be out there by Christmas Eve, and to thank her mother for the invitation, but it couldn't be—just yet. Then Jones in a very soft voice, but not too soft for the alert Emmy, asked Martha if she loved him, and upon receiving assurances that she did, the boy hung up the phone and banged himself about the room in misery.

"Don't you see," whispered Emmy when the leading woman was in aspirated conference with her half an hour later, "he hasn't even the fare to get out there and, besides that, he can't carry his bag out of the hotel without paying his bill? How they let him 'charge' everything without a trunk is beyond me anyway!"

"It's his pleasant face," said the imaginative Miss Roland, quite forgetting that neither of them had seen him.

"It seems to me Howard might do a little something for him. It's just as much Christmas time for Jones as it is for him."

AS IF in response to that projected thought of hers, Jones did ask Howard within the next two minutes if he couldn't manage twenty-five, but it was made plain that Howard could manage nothing at all.

It was a very melancholy character woman that night who, in response to the demands of her rôle, stuck putty on her pretty nose and prepared to be funny. She had not left her room until Jones had started to the Comedy Theater. It was only fifteen minutes before the rise of the curtain when the ticket was poked under the door. Jones's neighbor heard him cross to pick up the envelope, heard his explosion, "Well, I'll be hanged!" and had enjoyed his cheerful burst into whistling as he seized his coat and hat and quitted the room.

But her enjoyment was short-lived. Once in her workshop, theatrically retailing the latest news, she relapsed into gloom over the dismal outlook.

"Isn't there one gleam of hope?" pressed Johnny Lawrence, who was cheerful by nature.

"Yes, there is one gleam," admitted Emmy. "At four he called up the United Fuel Company—I wish you could have heard him, as brave and prosperous as a lion—and they told him to drop in at about five."

"Did he get the job?" asked one.

"How do I know?" almost snapped Miss Herter. "He went over to see them. He's game. Catch him going too soon and showing any anxiety! But at ten minutes to five he hadn't made a move, so, surmising that he didn't have a watch, I set my traveling clock ahead—it strikes, you know—and held it close to the door. You should have seen him fly out of the room," completed the emotional Emmy ecstatically, "his dear face all alive!"

It began to snow the next morning, as it should do on the day before Christmas. The skies diligently clothed Chicago in garments of white, and the spirit of the holiday floated over the city.

As far from Jones's door as possible Emmy worked upon the delightful task of tying up her outgoing parcels. She sat far from him that he might not hear the rustling of the tissue paper or the soft whirring of the silken ribbon as she unwound the bolts. Her heart ached for her neighbor who was neither sending out nor receiving these cheering packets.

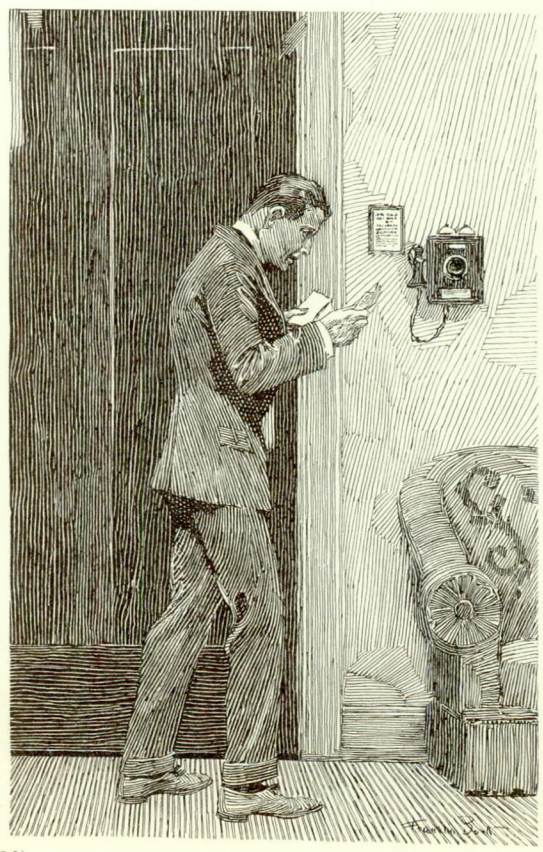
JONES'S concern with paper was but slight beyond hotel stationery. She had heard him order this to his room the night before, enriching the bell boy by ten cents. He had discovered over the phone that a letter posted before midnight would reach Martha's village in the morning, yet to make assurance doubly sure he had commanded a "special" stamp with the writing paper, and these two expenditures had, according to Emmy's calculations, reduced his hoard to forty-five cents.

She was glad that Jones already had a two-cent stamp in his possession, as her mental arithmetic was feeling the strain of this continual subtraction; although to the young man there could be little difference between forty-five and forty-three cents when Martha was one hour out by rail—and waiting for a Christmas gift.

At eleven-thirty-five Jones was called up on the long distance, and Martha must have told him that she was sorry he could not get out for overnight, but that she was sure he could manage the whole day on Christmas, and, as a delightful surprise to him, she had decided that she would run in to Chicago that afternoon and they could have some fun together.

Both Miss Roland and Bessie Barnard were in the next room at the time, and they were grateful, yet concerned, that Jones in his agonized condition of mind repeated Martha's words as he endeavored to manufacture assuring yet guarded replies.

As Johnny Lawrence phrased it later, Jones "sparred for time" with Martha. He could be out by noon tomorrow. "Oh, surely!" ("Walk out!" interrupted Bessie, and was pinched into silence). But as for the afternoon—he was sorry, Martha—"Martha dear." It was business, always business. "Oh, Martha, don't be hurt; trust me—Martha? Martha? Martha?" The girl had closed the interview.



The leading woman left tragically to hang Emmy's gifts upon the company's tree and the *ingénue* departed to find a seat for some gay play for Jones's Christmas Eve. But Emmy stayed on to hear the distracted lover, in a voice hot with shame, ask Howard for ten dollars—even five—and, Howard remaining obdurate, despair fell upon the two.

"It can't be any worse anyway," Emmy consoled herself.

YET it could be a little worse; for Jones called up the United Fuel Company to find out if they had decided upon giving him that opening the first of the year, and thus she learned that the interview at five the preceding day had not been entirely satisfactory. Nor was it then. The president was not in, and they would have to let him know "later," but "any time would do" for Jones.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 68

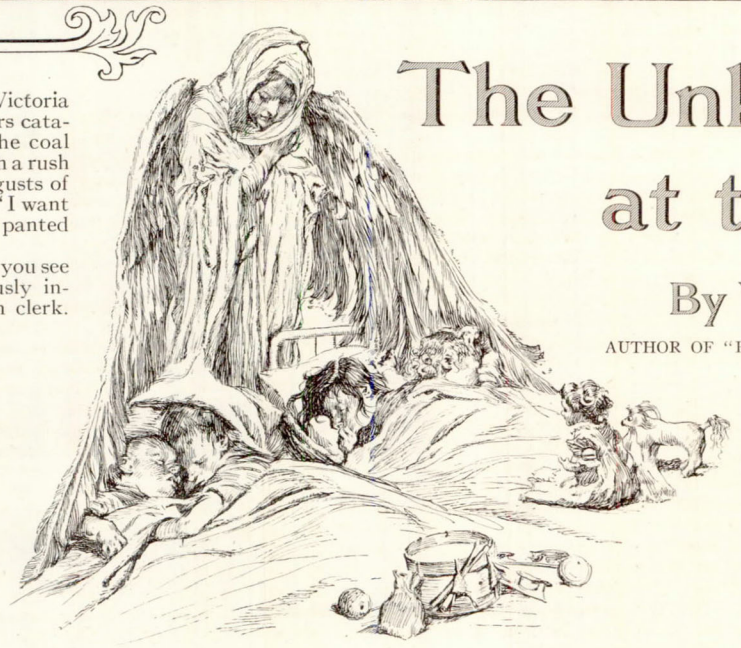
"'It Was Me That Dressed the Jesus Baby,' She'd be Tellin' All the Other 'Women'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

The Unknown Woman at the Nativity

By William S. Walkley

AUTHOR OF "BILLY SMITH AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST," ETC.



LONG-LEGGED Victoria Regina Watters catapulted into the coal company's office with a rush that brought great gusts of icy air in with her. "I want Jem Watters!" she panted breathlessly.

"Know him when you see him, Vic?" facetiously inquired the youngish clerk.

Victoria Regina's thin face flushed with anger and her black eyes snapped. "Don't get fresh," she admonished with the aplomb of seven years. "We want the doctor quick!"

"Jem'll be here in a minute, old Pepper Box," laughed the clerk as he pressed a button. "What's the trouble now, Vic?"

"Oh, ma's sick," sighed the girl. "Christmas Eve too. What do you know about that? Spoils everything."

Watters came in, and father and daughter breasted the searching gale around the corner into Front Street where, at Number Three, top floor, Jem had lived for seven years. Front Street is really neither street nor thoroughfare: merely an open space which bumps its nose into the grimy flanks of a stove foundry, and stops short. On one side stands a huge, dark red pile splotched with squares and rectangles of lighter red—like newly healed scars—where great doors and loft openings were bricked up in the process of converting an old warehouse into a warren for human occupancy.

The warehouse faces the contracted open space ending in a low stone wall, which prevents the street from spilling over into a basin of black water, aforetime the berth of great sailing packets with cargoes of cutch and gambier, logwood and mahogany, spices, tea and rare fabrics from strange shores, but now journey's-end for squat, black barges discharging thousands of tons of coal into the pockets on the far side of the slip, where Jem worked.

Jem found his woman in a state of mind. What with it being Christmas Eve, the scrubby little spruce tree not decorated, odds and ends of holiday shopping yet to be done, and, worst of all, full four weeks out of reckoning, it was a most inconvenient time for Mrs. Watters.

Jem attempted a discussion of the impending domestic crisis, but Mrs. Jem fixed him with an eye of scorn.

"Have done with your noise, and go for the doctor!" she commanded crisply. "I know what I know."

Jem sighed fervently and set forth without further ado.

AT ONE hour past midnight the Watters kitchen was the scene of greatest activity. Being a generous slice of the upper loft of the old warehouse, it was a room of large proportions; the windows were solid rectangles of thick white frost, for the night was bitter cold, with snapping timbers and creaking snow and a moon which hung an incandescent disk in a black sky sprinkled with star-brilliants. The roaring stove, cherry-red on top and casting a warm red radiance on the floor before it, was doing its level best to make the place comfortable for the very newest member of the Watters family, who at the moment was being soused in a small galvanized iron tub under the capable hands of Mrs. 'Arry Biddick, who had just "'urried to 'elp 'Arriet, poor dear."

The reek of ether, harbinger of woman's pain and peril, eddied through the open door of a bed chamber opening into the kitchen.

"Beastly stuff—heether," sniffed Mrs. Biddick between splashes. Jem, armed with a poker, sat beside the stove and prodded it to its best endeavor, betimes surveying the scene with a sprightly cheerfulness remarkable in the father of five. "Wot'll you name 'im, Watters?" demanded Mrs. Biddick, swashing the protesting infant around like a mop in a pail. "But seein' as how 'e took you by surprise, maybe you ain't ready."

"That I ain't," admitted Jem somewhat shamefacedly. "He's the first one to get here ahead of his name though."

"Lively there with the ta'ackum powder, Watters!" exclaimed Mrs. Biddick, transferring the baby, a beautiful scarlatina-red by now, to her capacious lap. "And, man dear, ye're scorchin' that blanket by the stove."

"But," said Jem, resuming his seat and his intellectual perplexities, "there was a matey of mine—Bill Dike—shot through the stummick and dead in Beljum. Dike was a fine lad and died for his king. I knew 'im well; and so that there hinfant you're a-powderin' and a-pinnin' up 'll be William Dike Watters, God bless 'im!"

WHEN the doctor stood in the doorway of the ether room and stared around the dingy kitchen, at the stack of soiled dishes in the sink, at the oilcloth-covered table littered with the débris of supper, at Jem and Mrs. Biddick, the scene found scant favor in his eyes.

"Wretched hole," he grumbled. "Can't for the life of me see why such people keep on having so many children. I wonder what Jem Watters gets out of life, slaving at a coal pile all day long and then coming home to this old warren. Nice Christmas present for a man with four children."

The doctor was tired and cross, having missed his supper and the fun of trimming the tree for his own two rosy youngsters at home, and he was inclined to take it out on Jem Watters, who had lapsed into a brown study after the supreme effort of naming the baby.

"Well, Jem," the doctor demanded a bit gruffly, "what are you dreaming about?"

"You'd never guess, doctor," said Jem with a rare smile; "never in the world—would you now?"

He was a little man with extremely broad shoulders, deep, earnest, dark eyes, and a peaked face ending in a weak chin.

"I'm too tired to guess, Jem," confessed the doctor. "Out with it."

"You see, sir," began Jem after a reflective moment, "I was just a-thinkin' how wonnerful it is that Jem Watters should 'ave a son born to him on Christmas, just like Jesus was. I consider that a wonnerful thing and I'm that proud—it may be a sign for the little chap. And the missus's named Mary, though we call 'er 'Arriet ever since the little Mary comes to us. But, doctor, that weren't all."

In a flash of memory the doctor recalled having stopped for a moment in the public square to watch a band of Salvationists, and of having seen Jem, clad in a dark blue uniform with red pipings, stand forth in the circle of men and women with flags and drums and exhort all hearers to repentance in a frenzied outburst of queer English. Even now something of that fire was beginning to burn in Jem's dark eyes as he talked.

"No, that weren't all," he continued. "It's curious that I never heard it talked about, and I doubt if you, doctor, ever even thought of it. Just come to me while I was sitting 'ere watching Biddick's woman washing the hinfant over there."

THE doctor slipped into a chair beside the stove, and Jem's face lighted with pleasure.

"It's about the borning of Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem, with all the folks from the inn and the animals there—sheep and goats and donkeys and camels. I was thinking it all over, and how hard it was for the Virgin to be crowded out of the inn and no other place to go but a stable. And then it comes to me, Who was the woman what washed and dressed the little Jesus baby that night, just like Mrs. Biddick's doing over there? Rest assured, some woman did it; they'll do *hannything* for a babby, women will. And so I was wonnering who it was what first swaddled and cuddled and quieted the newborn Lord. She was a good woman, and somehow we could have been let in on who she was and what her name was. Don't you think so, sir?"

The doctor nodded. He did not speak, through fear of breaking the thread of the naïve recital of the unknown woman at the Nativity.

"You see," pursued Jem earnestly, "almost every person that ever did anything to 'elp Jesus 'as got his place in the Bible. Take the shepherds watching their flocks; they didn't *do* anything for Jesus, but they're in. And the Wise Men—rich men, mind—carried gifts, which was easy for them, and they're prominent. But the poor woman what did more for Jesus'n the woman what washed His feet with her hair—why, we don't know nothing about her.

"It's me that I'm sorry for, not her," said Jem presently; "an' I'm not finding fault with the Bible, understand; it's the grandest Book. The woman got her reward, I know. Can't you imagine 'ow proud and pleased she was when she found out all about the little fellow she'd fixed up? Man, yes! 'It was me that dressed the Jesus baby,' she'd be tellin' all the other women. And maybe she held Him in her lap when the Wise Men came in with their Christmas presents. Ah, it was a glorious night for the woman, I'm thinkin'!"

The man's face positively shone as he visualized the scene in the lowly Bethlehem inn and saw with his own eyes the radiant face of the unknown woman who, rapt and glorified, was strangely like Mrs. 'Arry Biddick.

IT WAS Mrs. Biddick herself who dissipated the spell. "Jem Watters," she broke in with determination, "'old yer jaw for now, will yer? The doctor, poor man, is tired to death, and it's two o'clock Christmas morning, and I'm going 'ome before them young villyuns of mine wakes up and

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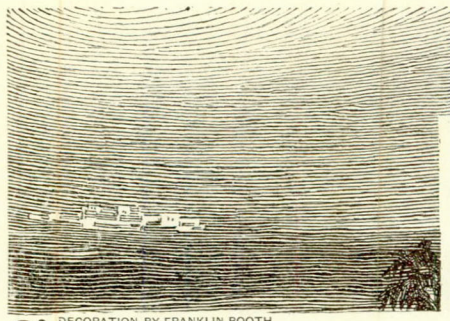
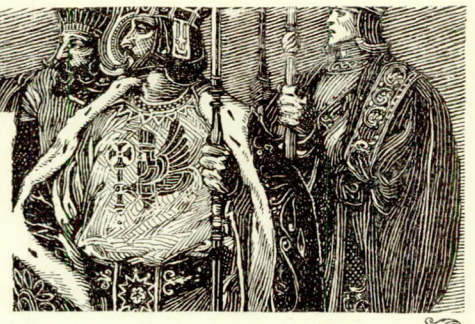


The Angels' Song

Words and Music by F. Lester Price



DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

Andante

Voice

Piano

1. High in the East - ern sky there shines A bright - ly beam - ing star; While strains of sweet ce - les - tial songs Come ring - ing from a - far. "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the an - gels sing! "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the voic - es ring! Glo - rious tid - ings of peace they bring — Tid - ings of tri - umph from heav'n's great King! "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the an - gels sing!..... "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the voic - es ring! Glo - ri - ous tid - ings of peace they bring!..... Tid - ings of tri - umph from heav'n's great King!

2. Long years a - go that glo - rious song Rang high o'er Ju - dah's plain; From far and near came the mes - sage clear, Of peace, good - will to men. "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the an - gels sang! "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the an - them rang! Ev - er and end - less re - ech - oed the strains — "Heav - en has tri - umphed, Mes - si - ah reigns!" "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the an - gels sang!..... "Hal - le - lu - jah!" Oh, how the an - them rang! Ev - er and end - less re - ech - oed the strains — ..... "Heav - en has tri - umphed, Mes - si - ah (*omit*) reigns! Heav - en has tri - umphed, Mes - si - ah reigns!".....

dim. *p* *rit.* *f* *a tempo* *rit. e cres.* *Slower and in steady time* *allargando* *ff* 1 *D. S.* 2

In the Land of Michael O'Leary

An American Girl Goes to Tipperary, Drinks Tea With the Father and Mother of Ireland's Hero, and Sees the Land of Shamrocks in War Time

By Catherine Van Dyke

AS I STEPPED off the boat at Dublin, at four o'clock of a moisty morning, my heart sank as I handed over my passport. It had been visèd by most of the consuls of Europe. It had passed muster in the Netherlands, France, Germany and England, but I had been warned of a rigid examination that would probe my remotest motive for visiting Ireland in war time. So I sighed deeply as I looked at the genial crowd, some still clasping the rosaries they had told so loud as we crossed the dangerous Irish Sea.

I was a young girl alone with no better defense for my visit than a wish to see the "auld land" that is a motherland to every merry heart in America. But now, cold, hungry and dreadfully sleepy, I grasped my suitcase — my only baggage for three months in warring Europe—and felt my heart quake at the thought of a long, tortuous examination. Then I heard a voice ring like a bell through the fog: "Well, you're from the States, are you, miss? Then welcome to Ireland, and proud I am to say it!" and with that I looked up into the kindest blue eyes that ever shone under officer's cap.

"She's from America, this little lady!" He turned to the gold-braided officials beside him. "From America," he repeated; and such a smile lit up the group that, quaking heart and chills and suitcase, I surrendered on the spot — the most voluntary prisoner Ireland had taken since the war began.

"Ameriky, is it? She's from the States indade!" I heard my shipmates whisper excitedly as they, too, beamed at me; and one old body, with a gray shawl over her head, said: "To think I sat there eatin' me bread and not offerin' her a bite atall, atall; but I didn't drame she was from Ameriky, with me three b'ys there this day." She nodded her apologies to me and then they all smiled again—that sunny, wistful smile which convinced me that if laughter was discovered by Peter Pan a smile was born under a shamrock.

The customs officer handed back my passport. "It says you're just five feet one," he added. "Now that is too small a lady to keep out when you've got such a big country behind you, but mind"—his face lengthened sternly—"you tell them over there in the States that they don't come over often enough to Ireland, and glad I am this time to put the shoe on the right foot."

It proved a lucky shoe for me. Everywhere I went that magic word "Ameriky" was an open-sesame to all the good will I could dispose of. Good will—and questions. Oh, those questions! How they came from every man, woman and child who ever had a relative "gone out to the States." I wish I could give the roll call as it pursued me around Ireland. Didn't I know Annie Kelly, from New York; Michael O'Grady, from Chicago; Dennis Malloy, "himself that left intindin' to be Prisidint but took a place in a canning factory betwane times"; or "Mollie O'Donnell, that hasn't written home for a year and I'll be pullin' back by the hair of her head if she doesn't say where she's at"; or "is it true that Danny Mahan has passed beyont, and if so why weren't we told about it?"

BUT my first adventure in Irish hospitality came when in search of a hotel at half-past four in the morning. I am now firmly convinced that the owners of Irish trains, boats and hotels are descendants of some old tribal feudists which keeps them from making any possible conjunction in business. There was a mere gap of five hours between my ship's landing and the first train from Dublin to Cork—and the station hotel was discreetly closed until seven.

But the station master was full of resources. He spied my American flag in my coat lapel and promptly took me under his wing. "'Tis all right, miss," he assured me. "I have a sister in the States, so ye've come to the right one to look afther you." Then suddenly he bent way down and whispered tremendously in my ear: "If you raly want to see Dublin I don't advise ye goin' to a hotel atall. Ye wouldn't see anything in the hotel but the hotel," he added with the serious conviction that I came to know as typically Irish. "Now I advise ye to take a jauntin' car and drive about. The mist is clearin' and ye could see Dublin by sunrise. 'Tis a grand sight"—he stepped back and regarded me—"I see it every day meself except when it rains, which is often."

"But I didn't want to tour the hotel," I laughed; "I wanted to sleep and eat in it."

"And right ye are, miss," replied my undaunted friend; "but ye can't be slapin' and seein' Dublin at the oncet. As for atin'—that comes handy any time, and right now I'll take ye to the soldiers' buffet."

WHEN I came into the station I was told that a trainful of soldiers had pulled out half an hour earlier (before the boat arrived), so my first entrance into Ireland looked decidedly peaceful after the strenuous stations of other countries. The station master led me to a buffet where sandwiches and coffee are provided for soldiers by one of the women's war societies, and there he bowed profoundly to the ladies serving. "We have here a visitor from the States," he declared grandly, as if I were a delegation, "and a bit of breakfast is what she needs as much as any soldier of the lot."

I had difficulty in restraining them after that. But I did not realize the full perils of Irish hospitality until I tried to swing on to a jaunting car to make my tour of Dublin at sunrise. Once I had driven in a Quebec *calèche*, and when by some miracle I emerged intact, I vowed it was "never again" for native vehicles whose management is inherited, not acquired. But the art of a jaunting car is neither inherited nor acquired. It is thrust upon you!

"But how will I get up?" I called to my driver, perched—forgive it—so jauntily upon his high seat.

"Juump!" he said laconically. "Jist juump!"

I jumped and I jumped until there wasn't any jump left in me. Still I could not get my foot on the high step, and my man—apparently—could not leave his reins free to help me. Then suddenly I heard a grand rush and, with a "The saints bless ye," I was swung on to my Seat Perilous, in which I could just turn far enough to see my friend, the station master, bowing himself off. It was the only effective anticlimax to a farewell I have ever witnessed.

Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V. C.

I braced myself against the seat which runs parallel to the horse and which has no arms to clutch, and then, commending my soul, began my last wishes. But you have small time in which to wish on a jaunting car, that delirious delight inspired by devils and fairies. First you sway, then you jerk and then you jiggle. Next you thump, then you bump and then you giggle. Then, just as you are thrown into the very vortex of despair, you do get the rhythm, and there you are, peaceful as a pan of milk, with just a gentle, creaking motion to churn your thoughts about the landscape, of which you may become a part at any moment.

NOW I know now why my driver said: "So long as I can drive a jauntin' car I will never lave Ireland. But when I can't longer drive a jauntin' car I won't stay and watch another man drive one."

As we spun around Dublin that wonderful top of the morning, with the rosy fingers of the sunrise unlocking the gray streets with their old historic buildings, I felt I had attained the height of all romance. Never city looked so fair, never courtier was so courteous as my driver, and certainly no chariot ever was so *dashing* as my jaunting car.

Round and round we spun, over half of Dublin's twelve bridges, up to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity College, Nelson's Monument and the statues of Grattan, Burke, O'Connell and Goldsmith, who, I soon learned from my trip, were only a few of Ireland's great. My man told me that a jaunting car makes one either a fool or a philosopher. On that drive I became an Irish stoic, and when I nearly tumbled off my seat I nearly tumbled on again.

As the full sunlight settled on the opening shops and the awakening streets, with the hucksters crying their quaint wares, I saw to its full glory the wonderful spirit of Ireland in this war. These posters, plastered on the public buildings or strung across the streets, were so distinctly different from the posters of Germany with their cryptic commands, the polite admonitions of France or the flaring appeals of England! As recruiting posters, too, they were psychologically different from all the others of Great Britain itself.

The posters of Ireland did not appeal to Irish loyalty or logic—"For King and Country." They went straight to the Irish heart. They said: "A little country needs your protection. Its suffering people call to you, 'Help Belgium.'"

Mrs. O'Leary and Himself

(Page 23)

IT WAS so that Kitchener—himself an Irishman, as is the fighting half of Sir John French and as have been a galaxy of "English" generals since Wellington—it was so Kitchener sent the call to Dublin and Cork and Limerick—"the city of the violated treaty," to Ulster and Belfast, and to all the little white towns and green valleys still ringing with the talk of midnight meetings and hidden arms.

"For martyred Belgium" all Ireland leaped to its feet. With that impulsive chivalry that is so quixotically Irish I saw them in their ranks of brand-span khaki, those boys of the bright eyes and the swift feet, wearing shamrocks stuck in their caps; and with the wearing of the green they sang: "God Save the King." Perhaps it was just as my jaunting man said: "Yes, me father would roll over in his grave if he thought I was going out to fight for England, but he would rise up and smite me if I didn't."

In war time, when life is reduced to the essentials, you see so clearly just what is necessary to a country. In Ireland I found romance as indispensable as potatoes. It was romance that made the wonderful Celtic imagination clothe even the skeleton of war with some of its medieval glamour; romance that decked the country with quaint posters; that made the orators on the recruiting stands burst into long poems of tripping melody, and the people declaim Ireland's new hero in perorations that would have prostrated Burke. But, then, Edmund Burke never knew Michael O'Leary.

Now I had heard of Michael O'Leary all over Europe. The Germans called him "The Irish Giant," and the French said "O'Leary of the singing sword," but it remained for Ireland to give him the grandest wake it has ever held for the living. Everywhere I saw the posters with Michael's boyish face vignetted on his Victoria Cross, and underneath—generally in verse—an account of his fight that has made Ireland a blaze of patriotism, and has done as much for internal peace as it has for recruiting. From all who sang or told me the story I gathered that he was none less than old Brian Boru himself, reincarnated under the name of Michael O'Leary.

BUT in that wonderful attack at Cuinchy, when, at the turn of a losing fight, Michael leaped out from the Irish Guards, and, with a cry of "God Save Ireland!" dashed through forty yards of hailing mitrailleuse, down into the enemy's trench, there to pick off five men single-handed and capture two while he gained the first machine gun and the Guards darted in after him, the stripling became a giant, and the cheer for "O'Leary, O'Leary," rang around the world.

But it was Michael's description of his method that proclaimed him a true son of Erin:

"And now will you give us your own account for the official record?" the colonel asked. "How did you fight five men, capture two and take a machine gun single-handed?"

"Faith, sir," said Michael humbly, "I surrounded them."

Like a bomb of glory the news burst on Ireland, and then, being on Irish soil, the bomb got bucolic and, instead of scattering forces, united them. An Irishman had won the first Victoria Cross of this war, and he had given his method as only an Irishman could. The country went wild with joy. Everywhere the new posters went up, and now they said "Help O'Leary," or "O'Leary wants more men."

And what they asked for they got. There were cheers and jubilations and a grand burst of Hibernian harmony. For the first time in history the Unionists and the Nationalists, the Home Rulers, the Laborites, the Orangemen, the Sein Feins, the North Ulsters and the South Ulsters, the McCarthys, the O'Neills, the McDonnells and the O'Gradys shook hands instead of fists, and the editors of the "Irish Times" and the "Freeman's Journal" found that by ill good luck they had both written editorials in praise of the same person.

THAT noon, as I returned from my hotel, now as neatly washed and combed as an orphan, I turned from a poster on which was rimed the latest version of Michael's prowess, to catch the queer bit of music at the street corner. There a young chantress was twanging a small druid's harp and bewailing some verses that rose to a startling treble crisis at which she would sway and bend to the ground. The black shawl over her head was pulled close to her shy, serious eyes, and as I looked at her lovely bare feet I remembered that Trilby O'Farrell was Irish. My chantress might have been some old banshee for all the intensity with which she was rendering her dirge, but at the last rime of each couplet she would glance out from the tail of her eye with inimitable drollery. Then, with a smile that had a brogue of its own, she would sigh and throw out the name of Michael O'Leary with a heartiness to which the bravest hero would surrender.

It would take any other nation a hundred years to befog the epic background Ireland has already given Michael. In my young Trilby's song, as rendered by those enchanting young chantresses who are bewailing their hero all over Ireland, Michael is a giant who dropped out of the clouds at an odd moment and, grabbing a couple of the enemy's regiments by their long hair, thundered, "Be off wid ye, ye haythen!" and dragged them down to nether regions.

None of the street audience laughed at these Nibelungen triumphs. They were as serious about romance as I discovered them to be about humor. The old man next to me kept nodding his head and tapping his shillalah with a merry melancholy. He had a long, lean face, with a wide upper lip like a horse's, and as the last wail went up he said to his neighbor, without turning his head: "It's a grand song; it *is* that. And himself's a grand hero."

"He got no more than he deserved," said another old man, and from the way he snapped his eye he might have been very angry at Michael's deserts.

That soft Irish noon I sat on an old stone bench and sunned myself, a little beggar in the mellow land of romance. Across the square the Irish boys of Kitchener's new army were drilling by the crossed flags of Erin's green and the Union Jack. Softly, almost tenderly, they sang the old songs we had sung so often in the parish-hall concerts or school celebrations at home. "The Young May Moon" they sang—that historic song of the Connaughts, "The Minstrel Boy," and "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms." Then the band burst into a grand flare of "Tipperary," the song that will make all the world bless Ireland, because it has taught so many to dance gayly and some to die bravely.

Think of it—hearing "Tipperary" played in Ireland! No wonder I sat up straight and thrilled and thrilled. I suddenly remembered the first time I heard it played—at a college dance—and how the beat of it got into our feet. How many times I have heard it sung since then—at home dances, in music halls where the sparkling colleens tripped its measure in scintillating shamrock gowns, at the farewell parties of my military friends abroad, and on the first gay march out with the new regiment, when the ceaseless drumbeats held all the glamour and excitement of military life and the whole world seemed to march to the tap of "Tipperary."

ONCE I heard the merry French *piou-piou* sing *"C'est bien loin à Tipperary";* I heard it whistled in Germany, and even a Japanese had told me how they sang it at home. Glibly and very seriously he rendered it for me in his high falsetto and translated the words as they understood them literally in Japan:

> It's a long way to Miss Tipperary,
> It's a long way to go to her;
> It's a long way to Miss Tipperary,
> She is the sweetest girl that I can know of.
>
> It's a long way to Miss Piccadilly,
> It's a long way to Miss Russell Square;
> It's a long way to Miss Tipperary,
> But my heart wants her most.

"We think it is very beautiful to sing so of ladies," he said, as if it were a serenade.

I had heard it in the hospitals too—oh, so pitifully murmured by the delirious, or merrily by the convalescent! For the soldiers of Europe "Tipperary" is the slang of the war. When a soldier was trying to describe the retreat from Mons to me, he suddenly broke off and snapped his thumb. "Oh, it was like this," he said, and began to whistle "Tipperary," putting the despondency he could not fit with words into the tune. To me it seemed as if the very soul of the war had gone into "Tipperary." Women have danced and have wept to it, men have marched and fought and died to it, and yet it is always sung when no other song could be suffered.

But no town in the world could hold less associations with war than sweet Tipperary, where the very peace was fragrant. If you have sung or danced the "long way to Tipperary" be content and do not investigate farther; at least, not until it is regularly inked on the tourist's map. To begin with it wasn't on my map at all, nor on any the station master produced, although I once got a clew by hearing there was a military barracks outside the town. My friend shook his head: "Ye'll have to run into it before ye discover it," he said. "I don't believe a soul outside of Tipperary, and many that's within, knows where it is."

MAYBE it was wonderful to be the first tourist to Tipperary, although I was the only tourist in Ireland last summer, and the first visitor to many shrines made by the war; but there were times enough when I sighed to be regularly "Cooked" as I tried to discover the end of my thread which spun out like a spider's. When at last my crisscross pursuit brought me to the little town that is natively rolled off as "Tipp'rary" I could only totter into the quaint inn and sink into the arms of a beaming maid by the name of Mollie, who acted as proprietor, "service," guide and intimate friend.

Mollie's tea would have revived anyone, but an efficiency expert would have gone quite mad over her "lost motions" as she cheerfully pushed her lagging steps three times down cellar during that one eternal operation of tea. First she went down for the milk and then for the butter and then for the marmalade. I was thankful that the sugar was kept in the off pantry. When I looked vaguely about for the hot water she shot the most bewitching, devil-inspired glance from her lovely blue eyes and said, with Juno's complacency: "Do you really want the hot wather, miss? So many drinks their tay strong, and they say it's quite good." And there Mollie sat. I never found why my Mollie of the Lost Motions always kept four knives beside my plate, but I concluded that she was the descendant of some old Celtic clan whose "hospitality had its intentions."

As I sipped my tea, to the music of Mollie's delicious murmurings about the town where nothing ever happened, I looked out into the little street where the beautifully tinted plaster houses were glorified with climbing roses, or the humbler huts stood with their shutters ajar like arms resting on their contented hips, while their open doors smiled a placid welcome, and I saw, despite the rusty-haired, very freckled little boy who began to push (not lead) a belligerent donkey down the street, that the town of Tipperary was as strangely devoid yet pregnant of its song as a still talking-machine record.

PRESENTLY Mollie stood beaming beside me with her thumbs twisting in her apron. "May I be so bold as to ax ye a quistion, miss?" I thought of all the relatives she would probably accumulate in "Ameriky," and sighed at the remembrance of those misleading letters on my suitcase. Then Molly lifted her sweet eyes and whispered, in a way that always went shivering down my spine instead of into my ear: "Miss, it's about a song I do be hearin' they call 'Tipperary.' I heard they sing it in the battles and to dance by in the States. The praste says 'tisn't dacent for Irish girls to be singin' about Piccadilly and Leicester Square, so 'tis forbidden in these parts. But, miss, I would love, indade I would, miss, to be hearin' the tune of it—jist oncet, miss."

Who could refuse Mollie, the little maid of Tipperary, who had never heard the song that put her town on the lips of the world? But harder than teaching "Tipperary" to a native was showing Mollie of the Lost Motions how to one-step to it. If an efficiency expert would have gone mad at Mollie's method of waiting on the table, he would have been exasperated into sanity again at her method of including every sharp furniture corner into our dance. Not the most fervid ragtimist could have syncopated Mollie's motions, and she jiggled me around that dining room until, gasping and protesting, I had to stop.

CAN'T you imagine those days I spent with Mollie in discovering Tipperary? It was Mollie who pointed out the two blacksmiths' shops, with just a brick wall between them, and their doors almost touching with a menacing friendliness, as the "one of O'Donovan father" and the other of "O'Donovan son." You can imagine the old story that went into the setting up of that brick wall where the younger generation asserted its rights, and the older generation smoked its pipe and said: "If ye should talk ye head clane off entirely I wouldn't hear a word ye said; but so long as we're neighbors, me b'y, mind this, that I'll be comin' over for a bit of tobaccy when I'm out of it."

It was Mollie who took me "down a piece to see the most wonderful tombstone iver sit up to a woman in Ireland." As we stood before the enormous redstone cross she told me that stirring story of the Irish boy who was betrothed to the sweetest girl in Tipperary. But he wanted to make a bag of gold before he was married, and so he set out for Californy and she got no word of him. So she went sick with longing, and when she was dying she called out to him: "Dennis, *avic,* come to me before I make the journey."

And because she was dying he heard her and he came, and he said: "I was only diggin' gold for ye, *mavourneen,* and now ye must get well, for I am rich there in Californy. I never forgot the ways of ye oncet, and now I'll take ye to Ameriky and make ye a queen, for I am going to be an alderman in San Francisky."

But she said: "'Tis late for me, Dennis; I'm at the turn of the road."

Then he told her to remember this: "We'll have the grandest cross above ye that ever woman laid under. So rest asy in your grave."

Then Mollie told me the name of the Irish lad who left his love in Tipperary, and it was one well known in American politics. He is an old man now, and he is richer than the fabled bags of gold sounded. I knew he had married, and his daughter was a social queen, indeed, in the West; but I wondered what the old man thought when he first heard the song of "Tipperary."

FINALLY it was Mollie of the Lost Motions who ambled with me to the store where she besought the owner to tell me if ever there had been fought a battle of any sort in the town. He sat down heavily on a soap box and thought a long, long time. Finally he scratched his head very slowly and said: "Yis, there was oncet a battle in Tipperary."

In a brogue much too thick to spell he told me that wonderful story of the battle; but instead of its being between the Danes and the Celts or the English and the Irish, it was a neighborhood battle between the McGintys and the McCarthys, and it was the reason for the unique division of old and new Tipperary.

It began the night the McCarthys gave a grand wake and did not invite the McGintys because a McGinty had met a McCarthy, and the McGinty had said: "I wouldn't be weeping for a McCarthy that was too poor to even lave a widdy." The McCarthy had avenged the insult by holding the wake up under the very nose of the McGinty's hut, and then the McGintys had retaliated by holding three grand wakes in one year, to none of which the McCarthys were invited. Then the McCarthys rose up against the McGintys, and said to all the families of the town: "Choose your sides. Will ye be for the McGintys or for the McCarthys? There's no gobetwanin'."

All the families for the McGintys went to one side of the town, which was called "New Tipperary," and the families for the McCarthys stayed in "Old Tipperary." But the McGintys were lazy, and anyway the McCarthys had all the good pigs. The McGintys got very poor and of a Sunday would stand by the great fence putting their noses over to smell the McCarthys' roasting pigs; but small good it did them, for never were they invited to a wake or a wedding, nor did they ever speak to the McCarthys.

THEN once they had a great feast and you could smell the roasting miles around, and it was very cold and all the McGintys were very hungry. Then one McGinty was extra cold and hungry and thin in his clothes and he slithered through the fence, and there the McCarthy's daughter picked him up and she said, "God love you, you're starved," and she dropped her eyes. But, though his hand was on his stomach, as he looked up into her face he said: "Would a McCarthy marry a McGinty?" And she said: "If a McGinty would marry a McCarthy."

So the McGintys and the McCarthys made it up and the two had a grand wedding, and all ate and danced heartily. But, though they took down the fence, the path stayed worn between Old Tipperary and New Tipperary.

It was right that I should leave lovely Tipperary by a jaunting car over the Golden Vale. As we jogged through the fragrant woods ringing with bird songs, then out into the sunlight and up and up to the cliff, where suddenly the valley lay smiling before me through a veil of amethyst, my heart leaped, for I had never seen so beautiful a sight.

YOU do not know how handy the old school-books and home albums are until you go quoting their verse all around Ireland. Leaving Tipperary, as we sped across the glen, one suddenly leaped to mind:

> Now God watch over you, Shameen,
> And the blessèd Mother Mary!
> 'Twas you that had the lightest heart
> In all sweet Tipperary.
>
> Such scores of times in the mornin' bright
> You sung this very road,
> You med the mare's heart bate so light
> She never felt her load.
>
> 'Twas you could lilt wid the thrush's trill,
> Ah, well, *avic machree,*
> God grant you may be singin' still
> In that lonely far counthrie!

When I finally boarded a train for Cork, the train that came in on the delightful Irish schedule of "Once upon a time," it was crowded with soldiers. As they looked at myself and my suitcase they all gave me such eager, shy smiles that I was dying to stop and talk with everybody.

I knew what the magic "U. S. A." meant to most of them, who had either been to America themselves or had brothers there, but I was overcome with the subtle compliment they paid the American girl when, seated in my compartment, I caught familiar refrains sung in those clear, high Irish voices. They began with "Dixie" and went through every song I ever heard, and as the train pulled in they were concluding "Old Black Joe."

Again I was thankful to the old scrapbook as I leaned over the bridge in Cork that still afternoon and heard a sweet chime sound, with a peculiar cadence and memory rippled in rime, the old classic that has held so many a school audience enthralled. But not the most fervid reciter ever trembled with greater emotion than mine when first I heard those

> . . . bells of Shandon
> That sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I haven't space to recall my adventures of not kissing the Blarney stone, after I climbed up within two feet of it, but I only want to say that, after looking over and above and around and below that stone, I will take no one's word that he has kissed it, but I must have a photograph of the act and an affidavit saying that the film itself was not merely inverted.

And so I came to my last adventure in Ireland and, being the last, I am glad it was the greatest. When in Cork the station master, who had been willed to me by the old station master in Dublin, strongly advised me to run out to Macroom and see the mother of Michael O'Leary. And I did want to see her, the mother of the great hero of Ireland, and tell her how proud I should be to go home with a word from Michael's mother. So, because I was in Ireland, land of the fairies, I started out to see Mrs. O'Leary, who lived "somewhere handy back of the mountains that is back of Macroom."

BUT in that journey I saw wonderfully what I had seen everywhere else in the country, the prosperity of Ireland. As we dipped into the green valleys carpeted with trim gardens, or rolled up the fertile hills spread with potatoes or wheat, Ireland looked more of a market country than even Normandy before the war. And it was that intensive cultivation of small, one-acre plots that only comes with individual ownership.

I dived into my book for information. As I read of the Agricultural Society organized by Sir Horace Plunkett in 1894, and realized that now 600,000 farmers own their own land, and there are today 50,000 cottages that rent for from 12 to 50 cents a week, with the rental applied for purchase, I would look from my window and see what this regeneration of Ireland means. Absentee landlordism is a thing of the past. Everywhere I saw beautiful little cottages, with running water and state-inspected sanitation, replacing the old sheelings of the oppressed laborer. Particularly in the creamery districts of Cork and Waterford I saw how closely related the farmer's prosperity is to his home. In these districts, whose butter-and-egg supply rivals Denmark's, the enforced sanitation has pursued the dairyman, and the little cottages were as clean as a Bavarian's.

EVERYWHERE activity and purpose replaced the "dreamy eyes and hands without purpose" once poetized by Yeats. Cheerful, happy faces looked up from their work, and Ireland, who once bewailed herself as childless after the potato famine of '47, is now ringing with the laughter of the young. I saw the boys and girls everywhere, and they were in the public libraries in the evening as well as at the moving pictures.

Macroom was as droll a little town as ever winked at the hills, but

> 'Twas nate and dacent
> And quite adjacent
> To come from Cork on a summer's day.

As I came up the easy-going street, whose business seemed to be keeping the roofs of the opposite houses together and their back-slanting doorsteps apart, an old man and woman prodded a reluctant pig with long, forked sticks. As they prodded the pig they muttered fiercely to each other, and shook their fists now at the air, now at the pig. I wondered what domestic tragedy I should witness if by any chance these sticks crossed each other. The porker marched on with that tremendous dignity of an Irish pig who always looks so conscious of his superior ham and bacon.

In Michael O'Leary's town there were no posters of him. Only one modest tribute I saw in an old arithmetic book spread open in *the* shop window. On it was written the one significant word: "O'Leary's."

At one end of the street was a recruiting stand and the half-dozen children who immediately appeared at my lodgings to take charge of me said it was "spache day." They accompanied me in state to hear the fiery orator who almost literally beat the air with his figures of speech as he called on the men of O'Leary's county to enlist. As two hundred have already gone out from the small town, this appeal was to the mountain folk.

As we listened a fiery lad leaped through the crowd and, tearing off his rough jacket, twisted himself at the orator's feet like some old Bible character possessed of the demon of war. "Tell O'Leary I'm comin'! If he nades me, I'm comin'! 'Tisn't him that should be without help!" It was there so vividly in the boy, that Irish heart that cannot refuse an appeal for help.

"Sweet Mother Mary," the crowd murmured, with the prayer that comes so readily to Irish lips: "Jesus, protect the lad."

STRANGE irony of history, I thought, as I saw the castle of Macroom, ivy hung and legend mossed, whose high window, shining like an old, wicked eye, lit the hanging chamber of the former insurrectionists. They told me the castle was haunted by these martyrs, who dragged their chains and howled nightly. Queer ghosts not to walk, I thought, to the tune of "God Save the King" played opposite their hanging chamber on a recruiting stand. Yet because they were Irish ghosts I knew they smiled as they realized that if they were in the flesh today it would voluntarily be in English khaki.

Back at the inn they told me of that other boy who went out "to help Michael." They had been school chums and Dan had gone out to battle for his friend. But where the fate of war had made Michael a hero, Daniel had come back blind. They asked me if I wouldn't go down to see his mother. "She's just off the lane a bit, and if you're from the States, miss, it would ase her to talk wid ye, for she was once a cook in a boardin' house in New York."

I couldn't imagine why anyone who had been a cook in a boarding house in New York would want to reminisce, and I dreaded seeing the blind boy. I had seen so many blind in the countries at war.

His little room was so dark I could just distinguish his outline from the door. He talked cheerfully enough and even laughed when I told him of my struggles to find Tipperary; but, as I knew there was no hope for his recovery, I afterward asked his mother: "Why is the room kept so dark?" She took me out by the side of the cottage where the eaves' pipe ran down into a green rain barrel. "He has asked for it," she said slowly. "It is the sunlight he misses most. He fancies, miss, if the room is kept dark, even if he had his eyes, there would be no sunlight to see. It kapes him more asy in his mind."

IT WAS tea-time when I swung on to a jaunting car—I was swinging off and on now. I had taken my highly recommended Paddy's word that Mrs. O'Leary's was "just about a mile away, at the turn of the mountain," but then I hadn't measured an Irish mile. Now an Irish mile is made of elastic. It begins with a minus and ends with a plus. It is grounded on good intentions and leads anywhere.

After our car had jogged through about ten American miles of glistening green fields fenced with pink hawthorn hedges, the dew-distilled perfumes changed for the pungence of the peat fields that lay before us cut to the shiny black ooze. From the men and women walking homeward with their digging spades across their shoulders I turned in alarm to Paddy. "Paddy," I said, "how much farther must we go?"

"Oh, about a mile, miss," he answered.

On we went into the mountains! The dusk fell and the corn crakes sent up their weird, melancholy cries. Primitive mountain folk passed us in ruts so narrow that once we had to let an old man climb up on our jaunting car and then get down on the other side. "Paddy," I cried with the despair of "Sister Ann, Sister Ann," "how much farther is Mrs. O'Leary's?"

"Oh, about a mile," he answered, in the tone of one who believes that "if ye can't be asy, be as asy as ye can."

"But look down there at that dreadful chasm. Supposing we fall over in the dark," I ventured.

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ARRAH, GLORY! MIKE O'LEARY

ARRAH, glory! Mike O'Leary, you're the grandest boy at all;
Sure, there's not a sowl in Ireland, from Macroom to Donegal,
But is proud of you, and prouder than a peacock of his tail,
Arrah, bravo! Mike O'Leary, you're the pride of Innisfail.

Faix, the colleens nate and charmin' will be crazy, one and all,
Whether dressed in frills and feathers or a homely plaided shawl,
To be payin' their respects to ye, with roguish eyes of blue—
Arrah, glory! Mike O'Leary, 'tis myself that envies you.

We can boast of many heroes and the glory of our race,
But the greatest deed performèd now must take a second place;
For you did the job completely, and you've spelt the Kaiser's doom—
Arrah, glory! Mike O'Leary, Mike O'Leary of Macroom.

Troth! 'tis you're the proud possessor of a most historic name,
A descendant of the Chieftain Art, who won undying fame;
When we think how your progenitor responded to the call,
Arrah, glory! Mike O'Leary, sure we're not surprised at all.

The Later Troubles of Susan Clegg

By Anne Warner

AUTHOR OF "SUSAN CLEGG: HER FRIEND AND HER NEIGHBORS," ETC.

I—Susan Goes Boarding

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. M. BRETT

Alone and Unassisted Susan Wrestled With Her Packing

MANY things against which we protest bitterly at first we come eventually to accept and possibly even to enjoy. It was that way, to a degree at least, with the reconstruction of the houses of Susan Clegg, spinster, and her old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Lathrop; neither lady being particularly charmed with the idea when it was presented by the now affluent Jathrop Lathrop, son of the one and once, in Susan's early orphaned and heiress days, suitor for the hand of the other. But the plans were accepted, nevertheless, after some alterations, and by easy stages Susan and Mrs. Lathrop arrived at that degree of philosophy which enabled them to face with commendable composure the fact that they must vacate their dwellings for an indefinitely extended period. Jathrop's glory as a millionaire, so effulgently demonstrated in many directions since his return from the Klondike, was now so strongly to the fore in the minds of both that they bowed, individually and collectively, more or less resignedly to his wishes.

"I must say I d'n know how this thing is going to work out in the end," Susan observed to Mrs. Lathrop as the date set for the beginning of the work drew nearer. "My own opinion is as it's all very well to build over most anything, but if your house is to be built over you've got to get out of it, and I must say as I don't just see as yet when we get out of our houses what we're going to get into. Jathrop says we can go to the hotel and that he'll pay the bill. Well, I must say it's good he'd pay the bill, for I'd never go to any hotel if somebody else didn't pay the bill—I know that. But even if I haven't got the bill to pay I don't feel so raving, raring mad to go to the hotel. They take very little interest in their housekeeping in hotels, and no matter who's eat off of what, if they can use it again—and they generally can—they always do. Why, they churn up the melted odds and ends of ice-cream and serve 'em out as fresh-made with that cheerful countenance as loveth no giver. And what we'd throw to the cat they scrape right back into the soup pot, and glad enough to get it. I don't suppose you'd mind what you ate, nor what kind of a cloth had dusted your plate, but I was brought up to be clean, and I don't want to sleep with spiders swinging themselves down to see how I do it. No, Mrs. Lathrop, I can't consider no hotel, not even in common affection for Jathrop. Live in a hotel I will not, and you can write and tell him so, for *I* don't want to hurt his feelings. But all kindness has its limits, and if I let a boy architect run through the heart of my house I consider as I've done enough to prove my Christian spirit for one year."

"I Can't in Christian Courtesy Deny That to Live With You Would Drive Me Distracted"

"What ——?" ventured Mrs. Lathrop. But Susan Clegg went right on:

"I DON'T see where we're ever going to put our things while they haul our walls down and rock our foundations. That young man says there won't be a room as won't have to have something done to it, and I don't want my furniture spoiled, even if I do have to have my house built over against my will. My furniture is very good furniture, Mrs. Lathrop. It's been oiled, and rubbed, and polished ever since it was bought, and none of the chairs has ever had their middles stepped on, and nothing of mine has got a sunk hole from sitting—no, sir! my mattresses is all slept even from side to side, and there ain't a bottle mark in the whole house. It's a sin to take and wreck a happy home like mine. I shall have untold convenience hereafter, but I shall never take any more real comfort. That's what I see a-coming. And where under the sun we are going to put our things the Lord only knows."

Mrs. Lathrop was one of those who rarely take a question as a personal matter. She made no suggestion; she just rocked.

"I can see what I've got to be doing," said Susan, a clearer light breaking. "I've got to be getting up and seeing where you and me can go, and where we can put our goods. I don't want to live under the same roof with you if I can possibly help it. And not to do it's going to be hard; for, knowing we're such friends, folks is going to naturally plan to take us together. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mrs. Lathrop, and yet I can't in Christian courtesy deny that to live with you would drive me distracted. Still, I can't live far from you, for we are old friends, and the brother that leaveth all else to cleave to his brother wasn't more close when he done it than I am to you. And so it goes without saying we've got to be close together. But not too close together."

All these premises were so undeniably true that the passive Mrs. Lathrop could not have gainsaid them even had she been so disposed; which she wasn't.

ACCORDINGLY, upon the very next day, Susan began her search for an abiding place, and the right abiding place was—as she had predicted—not to be easily found.

"There's plenty of places," said Susan when she returned from her task, "but they don't any of them suit my views. You're easily suited, Mrs. Lathrop, but I'm not and never will be. I'm of a nature as never is to be lightly took in vain, nor yet to be just lightly took either. And no one isn't going to put me in a room as'll be sunny in July, nor yet in one as will be shady in September. No room as is pleasant in September can help being most hot in summer; and although I'm willing to be hot in my own house I will not be hot in any place where I pay board. Mrs. Brown would take us until young Doctor Brown and Amelia gets back, and Mrs. Allen would be glad of the very dust of our feet; but I couldn't go either of those two places. Mrs. Brown would have to have both of us, for there's no one else to take you, and Mrs. Allen would want to read us her poetry. It's all right to write if you ain't got brains or time for nothing better, but I have, and I ain't going to knowingly board myself with no one as hasn't."

Mrs. Lathrop made no comment. She was a simply ideal exponent of the theory that all things come to him who waits, and so she merely rocked and waited.

"As for our things," Susan continued, "I've found where we can put *them*. It wasn't easy, but I never give up, and Mr. Shores says he's willing we should have all the back of his upper part. I told him as I should want to be able to go to 'em any time, and he said far be it from him to desire to prevent no woman from visiting what was her own. I could see from his tone as he was thinking of his wife as run off with his clerk, and it does beat all how you can even make a misery out of a woman's visiting her furniture if you feel so inclined. So the goods is off our minds, and now it's just us has got to be put somewheres till our own doors is opened to us again. I must say I'd like to know where we'll end."

ON THE very next day the solution was effected.

"I've got it all fixed," said Susan, returning, dovelike, with the evening shadows. "Mrs. Macy'll take one of us and Gran'ma Mullins the other. Gran'ma Mullins says, with Hiram gone to the Klondike and Lucy gone to her father, either you or me can have their room; only for the love of heaven we mustn't look like Hiram in bed; for her heart is aching and breaking, and the car wheels of his train ain't grinding on any track half so much as they're grinding in her tenderest spot. Now the question is, Mrs. Lathrop, which'll go which? It goes without saying I wouldn't choose to live with Gran'ma Mullins, nor Mrs. Macy, nor nobody else if I had my choice. I'm too much give to liking to live alone with myself. Of course Mrs. Macy is a pleasanter disposition than Gran'ma Mullins, for she ain't got Hiram to wear my bones into skin over; but I feel as living with Mrs. Macy all summer will surely lead to her trying to make it come out even for the rent up to next January, so I would have to worry over that. Then, too, even if Gran'ma Mullins is wearing, she's soothing, too, and I shall need soothing this summer. I declare, Mrs. Lathrop, I can't well see how I'm ever going to pack up my things! I can't see what's to keep 'em from getting scratched and the corners knocked. How can I fix a toilet set smooth together? A toilet set don't never fit smooth together; the handles always stick out. And the frying pan's got a handle, too, and a clothesbar ain't any ways adaptable to nothing. Chair legs is very bad and table legs is worse, and there's mother's wedding-present clock as found its level years ago and ain't been stirred since. Father give it to her, and it's so heavy I couldn't stir it if I wanted to nohow. But I don't want to stir it. It's my dead mother's last wish, and as such is sacred. I wasn't to stir father nor the clock. It's a French clock and it's marble. It's a handsome clock. It was father's one handsome present to mother. And now I've got to put it in storage. Oh, Mrs. Lathrop, this is going to be a awful business! Think of the carpets! Think of the window shades, and my dead mother's lamberquins! Think of the things in the garret! And the things in the cellar! And the things in the closets! I don't know, I'm sure, how we'll ever get moved."

"Nothing but the Floor Stopped Me From Falling Through to China"

As the days went on, the slow trend of life brought the problem still more pressingly to the front. Susan decided to lodge herself with Gran'ma Mullins. Gran'ma Mullins, whose heart was still very heavy over Hiram's escape from the home nest, would have preferred Mrs. Lathrop. Mrs. Lathrop's capacity for listening would have meant much to Gran'ma Mullins in these hours of bitter loneliness; but Mrs. Macy wanted Mrs. Lathrop, and Susan didn't want Mrs. Macy, so the outcome of that question was a foregone conclusion.

WHEN all was settled Jathrop dispatched emissaries who, with a deftness and dexterity possessed only by the hirelings of millionaires, descended on Mrs. Lathrop and in the course of a single afternoon transferred her, her rocker and the whole contents of her bedroom to Mrs. Macy's. The emissaries offered to do the same thing for Susan Clegg, but she rejected their aid. Alone and unassisted Susan wrestled with her packing. Her struggle was valiant, but toward the end she had to call on 'Liza Em'ly and Sam Durny for help. When, on Saturday night, Susan arrived at Gran'ma Mullins', her first observation was that when the Lord got through with the creation it was small wonder He arranged to rest on the seventh day.

"I d'n know as I shall ever get up again," she said to Gran'ma Mullins, who was watching her take off her bonnet. "A apron as has been used to carry things in for six days is bright and starched beside me. Oh, Gran'ma Mullins, pray on your folded knees as Hiram won't come back rich and want to build you over! Anything but that."

"Oh, if he'll only come back it's all I'll ask!" returned Gran'ma Mullins sadly. "To think he can't get there for four weeks yet! And think of Hiram in a boat! Why Hiram can't even see a mirror tipped back and forth without having to go right where he'll be the only company. And then to be in a boat! A boat is such a tippy thing! I read about one man being drowned in one last week. They're hooking for him with dynamite to see if they can even get a piece of him back for his wife. His wife isn't much like Lucy, I guess. Oh, Susan, you'll never know what I've stood from Lucy! Nobody will."

"Last Night She Was Up at Two to Tell Me How Hiram Used to Shut His Eyes Before He Went to Sleep When He Was a Baby"

Miss Clegg shook her head and looked about her with an eye that was dubious.

"I've got some eggs for supper," said Gran'ma Mullins, "one for you and one for me, and one for either of us as can eat two."

"I can eat two," said Susan, who thought best to declare herself at the outset.

"Is your things all out of the house?" Gran'ma Mullins asked as they seated themselves at the table.

"Oh, yes," answered Susan, "everything is out!"

"Did you get the clock out safe?"

Susan's expression altered suddenly. "The clock! Oh, what *do* you think happened to that clock? And I didn't feel to mind it either."

"Oh, Susan, you didn't break it!"

"I did. And in sixty thousand flinders. And I'm glad too. Very glad.

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DRAWN BY HERBERT PAUS

Christmas Bedtime Stories

For Mothers to Tell Their Children

By Georgene Faulkner, the "Story Lady"

The Christmas Story

MANY hundreds of years ago God promised His chosen people a Great King, and as they waited for his coming they told stories and sang songs of this King who should rule all the earth and bring love and joy to the world. At last the promise came true and the Great King did come to all the waiting people, but he did not come in splendor as the people had imagined.

In those days the Romans ruled over all that part of the land and they made a law that all the people should be taxed and that each one should go to his native city to pay these taxes.

Now Joseph was a poor carpenter who lived in a humble little home in Nazareth, but Joseph belonged to the royal family of King David of Bethlehem-Judah; so when the rule went out that each should be taxed in his own city, Joseph was obliged to take his young wife Mary and go to his old-home town of Bethlehem.

It was evening when they arrived and the little city was filled with travelers, so that, when Joseph asked for a room at the inn, the innkeeper was forced to tell him that there was no place for them. Joseph did not know where to go and the kind-hearted innkeeper felt so sorry that he said: "You may take your young wife to my hillside stable and there you may find shelter for the night; it is all that I have to offer you."

And there in that humble stable God sent his Gift of Love to all the world, for there the little Christ Child was born, and his mother "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

Now in that part of the country there were shepherds out upon the hillside keeping watch over their flocks by night, when they were startled by a bright light which shone about them, and an angel of the Lord came down to them. The shepherds were very frightened, but the angel spoke to them and said: "Fear not, for I bring to you good tidings which shall be of great joy to all people. For today, in the City of David, is born a Savior, who is Christ the Lord; and you will know the babe, for you will find him wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly the heavens opened and there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host who were praising God, saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

When the angels were gone from them into heaven the shepherds said to one another: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see this Child of which the angel has told us." And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. The shepherds knelt before the little Christ Child and worshiped him, and they brought to him their gift of love, the tiniest lamb of the flock, and placed it at his feet. Then they went out and told everyone all that they had seen and heard.

In the distant East, far, far away from Palestine, there lived three wise men in different parts of the land. Each had heard the story of the promised King, and, as they read and studied the stars, they believed in the story and they watched for a star that should be a sign to them that the King had come.

At last one night they saw a brilliant star in the eastern sky. Then they started on their long ride across the desert. It was a hard, wearisome journey, but, as the star guided them, they felt happy, for they knew that the promise of God had come true and that the "Light of the World" had come to lead them out of darkness.

When they reached the great city of Jerusalem they went at once to the palace of King Herod and asked: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Now when Herod heard this he was troubled, for he was afraid that this Child might some day be made King in his place. So Herod called some of his scribes to him and he asked them: "Where should the Christ be born?" And they answered him, saying: "In the City of Bethlehem-Judah, for thus it has been told by our prophets."

Then Herod questioned the wise men about the star, and he said: "Go to Bethlehem and search for the young Child, and when you have found him bring me word so that I may come and worship him also."

After Herod had talked with them the wise men left Jerusalem and went toward Bethlehem, and the star which they had seen in the east went before them until it came and stood over the place where the young Child was. When they came into the house they found the young Child with Mary his mother, and they bowed down and worshiped him.

The wise men had expected to see a King dressed all in royal robes of splendor sitting upon a throne in a palace, and the star had led them to a tiny babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, whose throne was his mother's knee and whose palace was a stable. Yet they never doubted that this little Christ Child was their promised King, and so they gave him royal gifts—gold and frankincense and myrrh.

And so each Christmastime we give our gifts of love to the Christ Child. It may be that, like the shepherds, we have only the tiny lamb of the flock to offer, or it may be that we can give gold and the other precious presents of the wise men; but whether our gift is small or great, if it is given in the spirit of love and "In His Name," then it will be found acceptable in His sight.

The Elves and the Shoemaker

(Retold From Grimm's Fairy Tales)

THERE was a shoemaker, once upon a time, who through no fault of his own had become so poor that he could buy no more leather. At last he had only enough left to make one pair of shoes. That evening he cut out the shoes, laid them on his workbench and went to bed. In the morning, when he made ready for the work of the day, he was amazed to find the pair of shoes all finished standing upon the table.

"Wife! Wife!" he called loudly. "See, the leather that I cut out last evening is now all made up into shoes! How could it have happened? Who could have done this?"

"I don't know, I am sure," answered his good wife. "I can't understand it."

Then they examined the shoes very closely and found that they were beautifully made. Not long after a customer came in and when he saw the beautiful shoes he was so pleased with them that he paid more than the usual price.

With this money the poor shoemaker was able to buy enough leather to make two pairs of shoes. So that evening he cut them out carefully and the next day he went to his bench to work, but to his surprise there were the two pairs of shoes standing all finished, and they were as neatly made as the first pair.

And so it went on day after day, until at last the good man had so many customers and so many pairs of shoes to sell that he was no longer poor.

Now it happened one evening, not long before Christmas, when the cobbler had cut out his shoes as usual, he said to his wife: "Let us sit up late tonight and watch to see who it is that comes and makes up the shoes for me."

"Yes, indeed, we will watch," agreed his wife.

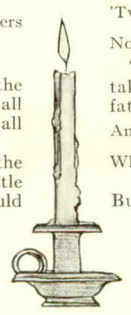
So they hid behind a curtain in a corner of the room. Just as the clock struck twelve two little elves came dancing in, sat down upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to pound and stitch. "Rap-tap-tap, rap-tap-tap," went their hammers; and as they worked they sang:

Oh, we are two elves who know well ourselves
How to make shoes so neat, you can wear on your feet.
So we stitch and we sew, and our hammers will go,
A rap-a-tap-tap, and a rap-a-tap-tap.

The elves worked busily through the night until the shoes stood on the table all ready to sell. And at daybreak when all was done they ran swiftly away.

The next day the good wife said to the shoemaker: "Husband, those wee little men have made us rich and we should find some way to show our gratitude to them."

"You are right, my good wife," answered the man; "but what can we do for those little men?"



"Why, husband, didn't you notice last night that those poor little men ran around without any clothes on; they must be almost frozen with the cold. Now I will make each of them a nice warm shirt, a coat, a little waistcoat and a pair of trousers, and I will knit for each of them a pair of nice warm stockings and a little cap, while you shall make them each a pair of small shoes."

"That is a good plan, wife," said the man, "and we will go to work at once." So they worked busily for some time, and when everything was ready they laid all the presents on the table and then hid behind the curtain to wait and watch for the little men.

It was Christmas Eve, and just as the little elves came dancing in the clock struck twelve. "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" they shouted; and, taking hold of hands, they danced round and round. When they went to the table to find the leather to make into shoes they were very much surprised to see the charming little clothes.

"These garments must be meant for us," they said to each other. "Let us try them on and see if they will fit." So they put on the warm shirts and the little trousers, waistcoats and coats, they pulled on the stockings and shoes and last of all they put on the little caps. They smoothed their new clothes down with great care, then they went skipping and prancing about the room, laughing and giggling with glee. They jumped over chairs and tables and then they rushed out of the door, and as they ran away they sang:

With a rap-a-tap-tap, good luck you'll not lack,
But we'll never come back with a rap-a-tap-tap.

And the happy elves, dressed all in their Christmas clothes, never came again to the home of the shoemaker. But their song came true, for the shoemaker and his wife had good luck ever after.

Squeaky and the Scare Box

ONCE upon a time there lived in a hole in the pantry wall a family of mice. There were the father mouse and the mother mouse and three little baby mice. They were called "The Velvet Family," because their fur looked like soft, gray velvet. One little mouse was named "Sharp Eyes," only they nicknamed him "Sharpy" because he could see everything even in the darkest closets and holes. One was named "Sniffy," because he could sniff and smell anything good to eat wherever it might be hidden. And the tiniest little mouse was named "Squeaky," because he had such a squeaky little voice. He was constantly singing "Ee-ee-ee."

Now the mother mouse was very wise, and she taught her babies to scamper and hide whenever they saw the old cat tiptoeing about; and she had also warned them to beware of the trap. The little mice answered: "Ee-ee-ee! Yes, mother, yes." And they promised to obey their mother.

I could not begin to tell you about all the frolics that those mice had together, but I will tell you about their Christmas party.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The last touches had been put upon the tall Christmas tree in the living room. The father and mother had gone upstairs.

And the children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced through their heads.

But in the hole in the wall the Velvet family were all wide-awake.

"Ee-ee-ee," squeaked Squeaky. "Why can't we creep into the big room and see the tall Christmas tree? We have heard the children talking about that tree for days and we have never seen a Christmas tree."

"Well," said father mouse, "I will go out first and look carefully about and then I will let you know if it is safe for us all to go."

So father mouse crept softly through the pantry, down the long hall and into the living room. But the old cat was nowhere to be seen, for the house people were afraid she might brush against the tree and break something. So poor Mrs. Puss was spending her Christmas Eve down in the cellar. When father mouse could not find the cat he came back to the pantry and called out:

"The coast is clear! Come, children!"

Then all the Velvet family came scrambling down from the hole in the wall, their whiskers fairly trembling in their eagerness, and when they saw the wonderful tree they ran round and round about it, examining everything.

"I smell something good to eat," said Sniffy. "Let us climb up into the tree and have some."

So they climbed up into the tree and nibbled the popcorn chains and the candy canes, when suddenly Sharp Eyes called: "Come here, I see a mouse, I see a mouse, but he doesn't belong to our furry family!"

"I should say not!" sniffed Sniffy; "he smells so good."

"Why, he is good to eat," squeaked Squeaky, and they all began to eat the chocolate mouse until "Bang!" suddenly the door was thrown open, and the electric lights were turned on.

With a squeak of warning the Velvet family came scrambling down through the branches of the tree, scampered pell-mell across the hall through the pantry, and back to their home in safety. There were father mouse, mother mouse, Sharpy and Sniffy, but what had become of poor Squeaky? Now as Squeaky tried to climb down the tree he fell heels over head down, down, until he was caught in a funny square box. An ugly-looking man with black hair and black beard seemed to be hopping right out of the box, and when Squeaky saw the lights turned on he thought it best to hide under the skirts of this queer man. He heard voices. The house-people were talking.

"Yes," said the children's father, "it would have been a shame to forget this train," and the father and mother began to arrange tiny tracks and switches. When all was in place the mother looked once more at the tree.

"Why, look at that Jack-in-the-box!" she said. "It is hanging out. That would spoil all the fun; I must fix it back in place." Then she pushed the Jack down in the box, and shut and locked the lid.

As Squeaky felt the springs close tightly about him he squeaked one shrill "Ee" of fright. The father said: "I never heard such a perfect squeak. It is wonderful the toys they make for children." Then he turned out the lights and followed his wife upstairs.

"I am in a trap," moaned poor little Squeaky, "and they didn't even give me a mite of cheese to eat. I wonder if this queer man will ever let me get out again; I want to go home." Then Squeaky cried himself to sleep.

In the morning he heard shouts of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" and the big tree trembled in all its branches as the toys were taken down one by one. Then such a noise was heard—drums beating, horns tooting, children shouting: "Oh, see my new train, how fast it goes over these tracks!" "See this dolly open and shut her eyes, and she says 'mamma, papa,' whenever I pull the string."

"Ee-ee," groaned poor Squeaky. "I can squeak 'mamma, papa,' that way, too, if only I could go home to my mamma and papa." As if in answer to his wish Squeaky suddenly felt the box lifted down from the tree.

"Come here, Teddy," said the children's mother, "and we will have some fun with our new scare box." Teddy leaned against his mother's knee, watching closely. "One—two—three!" the mother counted as she opened the lid. Out jumped the man with the black beard and hair and with a loud squeak of joy out jumped Squeaky.

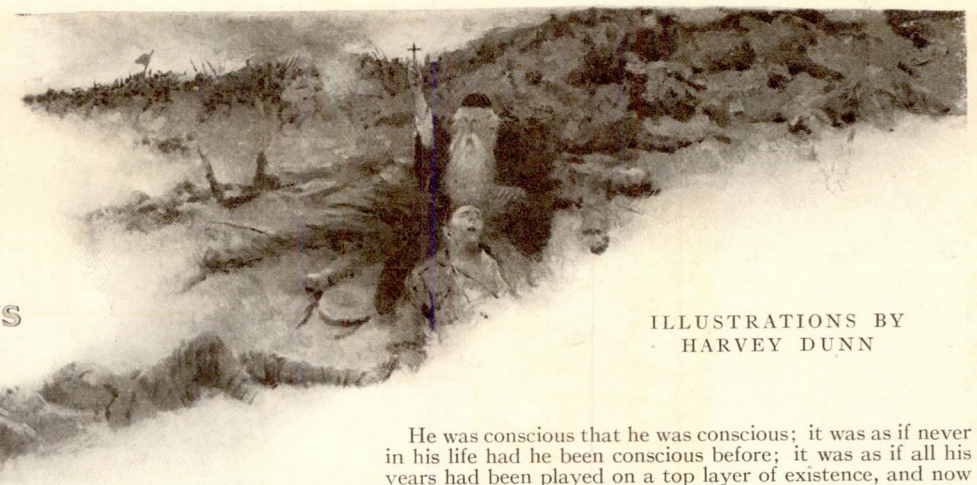
"Ee-ee-ee!" said Squeaky. "Eee!" said the Jack-in-the-box. "Whee-ee-ee!" yelled the small boy in delight. "Oh, Ee!" shrieked the mother as she threw the box on the floor, and, holding her skirts up high, she climbed up on a chair screaming: "A mouse! A mouse!" "Where? Where?" they all shouted in a chorus.

But little Squeaky whisked away so fast that they caught only a glimpse of his long tail as he dashed across the long hall back to his pantry home in safety. Squeaky told father mouse and mother mouse the whole story, and there was great rejoicing among the Velvet family over the return of Squeaky.

NOTE—Miss Faulkner will be glad to have the readers of this page write to her and tell her what stories the children in their care like best—the ones they ask for most often, and what stories they would like to have in THE JOURNAL. Perhaps you dimly recall some story your mother told you in your childhood, on which you would like to have your memory refreshed that you may tell it to others. Miss Faulkner will also send, upon request, a list of Christmas stories to read to children. Kindly inclose an addressed, stamped envelope with your request. Address Miss Faulkner, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Three Things

The Forge in Which the Soul of a Man Was Tested



By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

AUTHOR OF "AUGUST FIRST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARVEY DUNN

Conclusion

THE day wore on. And toward evening shells began to whistle overhead; to explode now and then in the poor little harried town of Dixmude. There was the rumble, the crashing and tearing, of falling walls; once the very dust of masonry came in a cloud through the one window of the hidden room in the loft, where Philip and the tall, fair-haired Belgian girl had been in hiding since morning, and almost choked them. It was not so much better to be killed by one's friends than by one's enemies, Philip reflected; the English were shelling the town. Then, far down the streets, one heard the noise of an engagement, the levity of the machine guns, rifle shots, shouts of men, and once, dignified to a stern courage, the air of "A Long, Long Way to Tipperary," in a menacing chant as they marched on the German column.

A roar of sharp battle, and "Tipperary" went under. But not the English advance; the two, listening dry-lipped, came to know that the war-torn village had changed masters again.

They lifted the trap door and hurried down the steep stairs. The old peasant woman of the full skirts lay dead at the foot of the lower flight. Philip lifted her and laid her on her own bed, and bent and kissed her mouth. "For Meggy," he whispered. Then he caught the girl's hand and they stood in the door of the house as the first English lines came by.

The girl was safe in the hands of the Red Cross before he left her that night, and, as he told her good-by, a thought struck him. He scribbled hastily in a notebook and tore out a sheet:

"You might—want to go to America. This is a word to my mother. She would look after you if you gave her this."

The child smiled at him for the first time, a radiant, adoring smile.

"One has the father," she said proudly. And then: "M'sieur is good." She took the paper; the bright head bent quickly, and she kissed his hand.

As he swung away Philip rubbed the back of his hand, where her lips had touched, against his trousers. Nasty feeling, to have your hand kissed. Yet there was a warmth about his heart which had not been there since the day Lefty was killed, and suddenly he was singing.

. . . . .

The Germans held the Yser; the regiment was ordered to cross. This was three days after the episode in Dixmude; Philip had forgotten about Dixmude, about the girl. One has small time to remember, soldiering. One obeys orders, eats, fights; between times one drops dead. Living is the utmost the human machine can accomplish in that life of superhuman strain. The regiment marched toward the canal, and Philip was aware only that there was a thing to do and that he was there to do it; alive only to the fact that at any moment he must be ready to fight.

AND with that the air was full of the singing sound which he had come to know well, and out of the trenches, across the narrow stream, poured a torrent of never-ending gray uniforms; one was attacking with the bayonet. On the banks, in the water, one attacked, one defended, one fought, trampled, pushed, plunged through as if a human life were a clot of mud to be used only for reaching that bank over there a few yards away, a few hundred lives away.

They were bayoneted, thrown down, trampled into a bridge, the boys with mothers at home, men with wives, trampled into a bridge for the crossing of a mad multitude behind.

Philip, a berserk in his young fury—roaring, clean mad—reached the bank over that horrible bridge; reached it and fought on—his regiment at his side—beyond, priceless yards beyond; and fell. Fell and felt no pain; only, struggle as he might, he could not rise; something did not connect; the muscles that had been steel springs, if steel there might be vividly aware of power, these same muscles gave no answer to his frantic commands.

He lay, and the fight streamed. The British pushed on, on. Rifle shots filled the air; artillery boomed far off; shells burst close; men whirled, fell dead. White, innocent puffs of shrapnel rose in the distance; one heard the curious whistling as it came near; men fell; the ground was heaps of fallen men. He saw them, heard them, and slowly with his ebbing blood the delirium of battle ebbed, and he knew these were men, hurt.

Then a figure stepped into the scene which might have come from a medieval romance—hawk-nosed, dusky, sorrowful-eyed, dressed in a long black cassock, a black skullcap on the white long hair. The Jew worked his way among the fallen figures, peering into faces, looking for men of his race to help. "Water!" gasped a wounded Irishman, and the Rabbi drew out a flask and lifted the man's head as he drank. The man saw the black dress. His fast-dimming eyes made no fine distinctions.

"Father," he whispered—"crucifix."

PHILIP saw the Rabbi start; from somewhere a hand held out something; the long fingers caught it, and with Terence O'Shaughnessey's head heavy against his breast he held high the sign of a faith not his, before dying eyes. And as he held it yet another shell burst above the battlefield, and the Rabbi lay dead, the dead Irishman in his arms and the cross of Christ gripped in his hand. So all faiths are the same in death, and the greatest of them all is love.

Then to the American boy the world darkened and went under, and for many hours he knew nothing, and a day passed and a night before the tenacious life in him came on top and his eyes opened. Clouds swept across a low sky. He opened his eyes on them, facing up, lying across an uneven surface; opened them wide on angry clouds reeling over the sky.

He was conscious that he was conscious; it was as if never in his life had he been conscious before; it was as if all his years had been played on a top layer of existence, and now his personality had dived into a reality, a terror, a glory of living—and he knew it. The Philip of his young years, his only self so far, seemed removed from him; he was himself, but himself was something he had not known. The universe was spinning, yet in the center he was firm in that strange, profound, ecstatic agony of himself.

WITH that he heard a voice speaking through his lips—his voice? Yes, and yet a thing beyond himself was saying the words. These were words he had heard time on time in long-ago years when he went to church, a little lad, and held his mother's hand, his head against his mother's shoulder. The voice spoke. It was loud and slow and clear, this voice that spoke from his lips; the words came in a manner of chant:

"Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord," the voice spoke. "O Lord, hear my voice." And again that strange loud chant of the age-old words: "Out of the depths—O Lord, hear my voice."

The unevenness under him heaved—groaned. Philip's staring eyes coming from the sky gazed about. There were men everywhere; piled up hundreds of men. He was lying on men heaped on each other. There were limp forms—sprawled, twisted, doubled up; there were writhing, hiccoughing, moaning figures; there were horrible bleeding things too awful for human eyes; Philip stared at them all calmly. There was no emotion in him; the shock of his wound had knocked out all that. And again came from his lips that unearthly, detached intoning:

"Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord ——"

"Damn—damnation! A thousand damnations on your sniveling, lying preaching!" screamed a man, struggling halfway from under two dead men. "There isn't any God. Hell—I know it! There's hell, and this is it. If I could get back and kill—kill ——" the voice broke into a cough. But it went on again: "If there was a God could there be—this? There's only hell, and I'd like to send more Germans into it to suffer as I am suffering!"

"Out of the depths," Philip's chant began again, calm, unmoved; and the man yelled like a wild thing across the words. But somewhere in the dreadful assembly, yards away, another voice had caught, repeated them:

"Out of the depths have I called unto Thee, O Lord," the weaker, strained tones were answering, and yet another, gasping, and still another came into the solemn choir: "O Lord, hear my voice."

Then from somewhere through the groans rose sonorously a trained chant, the chant of a singer in a cathedral:

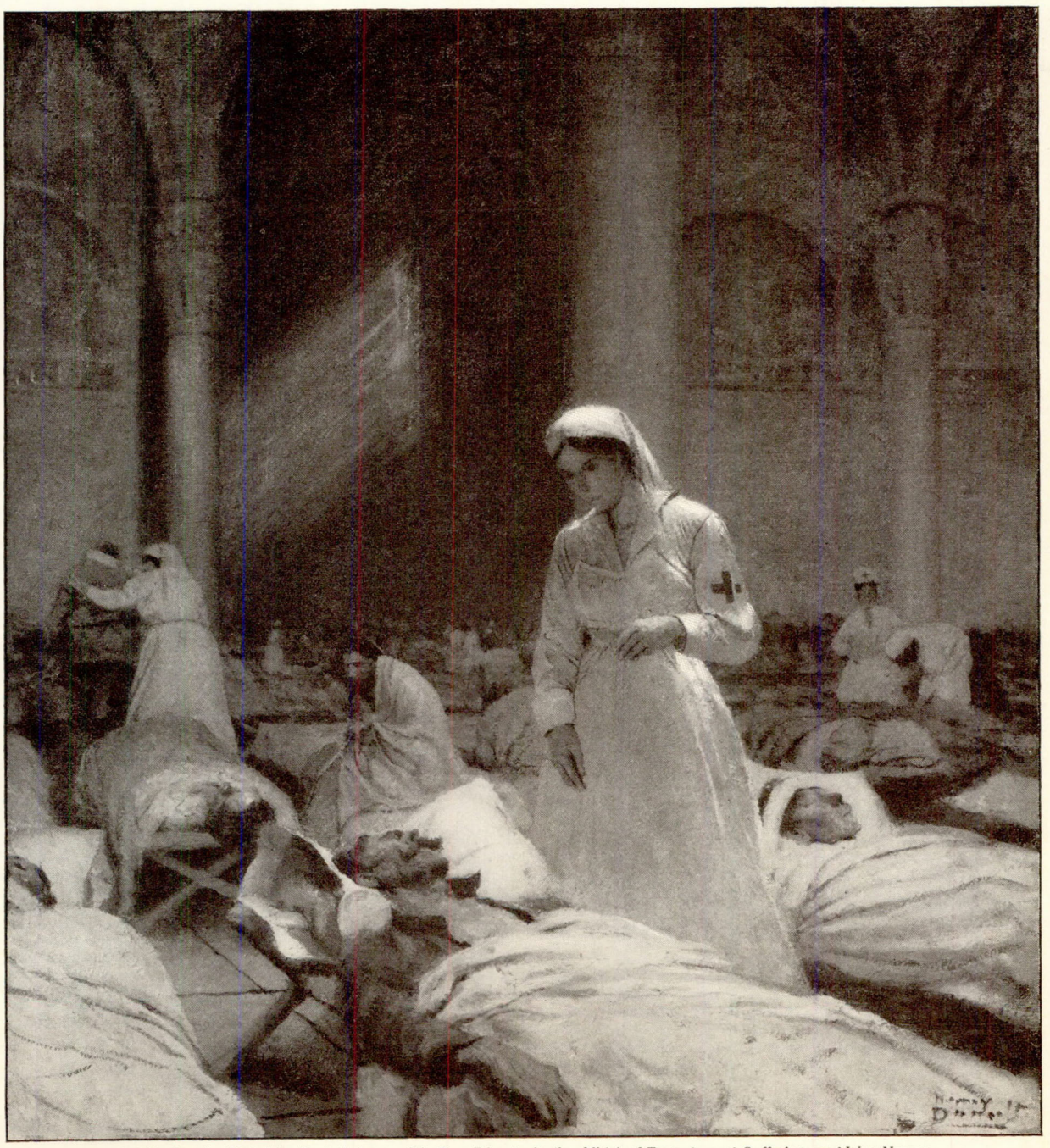
"*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine*——" and behold from all about men's voices followed him, strained, broken, calling from the last ditch upon their God.

SUDDENLY Philip's stunned nerves burst into horrible life; he was suffering as he had never thought of suffering; he was awake, back in his normal consciousness, yet the words which he had been saying held him still; and with that he was praying. The men about him meant nothing; this was prayer at its most real. He needed desperately what he asked for, and that he had not believed in God before was not more to him than a straw in the wind. He knew now; from that bottomless consciousness which had flowed into him, out of the depths he knew.

"O God!" he prayed—and though he did not know it, prayed aloud—"O God, save me. Give me back my life. So that I can use it for Your work. I will. Help me. Save me. God help us all."

And with that there was a mad, unthinkable sound—the man who had screamed curses; he was sobbing so terribly that even in that awful spot Philip's heart stood still.

"There is a God," he broke out, shaking, writhing, sobbing horribly.



So He Lay in His White Bed, Between His Two Friends, in the Midst of Tragedy and Suffering, and Was Happy

(Page 27)

"I have to give in. Ask him to—to help—me. I believe—O God!" The arms flung up; he was dead. And with that Philip's shivering consciousness lapsed again.

When he came to himself the next time he lay comfortably in sheets. He turned his head; all about were narrow white beds; a hospital. It was peace; peace and comfort and cleanliness; he was too weak to want more; contentment held him. Drowsily he saw a nurse with a red cross on her cap moving toward him; he shut his eyes for fear she might speak to him; the effort of a word, of a smile, was to be avoided.

So he lay for an hour, three hours, feigning unconsciousness from sheer dread of taking on his weak shoulders the least fingerweight of the burden of living. One had crowded a good bit of living into those days before the fight on the Yser; there was a margin to his credit; one had no desire for activity yet awhile. But inevitably life began to pulse back. A vague interest dawned in the other narrow beds, in what the nurses and the doctors were doing to the men in them, in the men.

Tentatively he moved his hands; they were right; eyes unhurt too—that was a miracle of joy; he tried to turn on his side and agony caught every nerve in his body. "It's not done," Philip whispered, trembling, smiling oddly; one had found the weak spot; he lay still and his eyes wandered to the bed next. A boy was there of perhaps seventeen years, fair-haired and fresh-faced; looking, amid the whiteness, like a child. "What a shame!" Philip thought from the height of his twenty-three years.

THE boy's eyes were closed, and with that he began to talk in his sleep—to talk German. A spasm of disgust caught the American; he shook with the repulsion which the sound of the language stirred in him. "The unspeakable German!" he whispered. The sleeping boy murmured on. The ward was quiet; only a nurse's dress rustled as she moved, yards away; Philip, who had a knowledge of German, could not help listening to the boy.

"The mother," he said, "she should not come so on a battlefield. It is no place for women. *Ach!* I'm a thickhead; it is not a battlefield; see—the orchard; the little sister coming home. Gretel! Her braid is caught in the rose bush—wait, child. Careless *Mädchen*. to tear the good, yellow hair. Down, Nagler! How the foolish dog is glad to see thee back from school!—*Ach!*"

The boy stirred, woke; set his teeth as he twisted with the pain that had wakened him; smiled through the pain into Philip's eyes.

But not yet could the American smile back at one of the accursed. He turned his head away. He heard a sigh and the catch of a moan; the boy's wound had hurt him. Philip was not cold-blooded; the cry pluckily smothered, the picture of the blond head among the pillows, of youth and suffering and courage, hurt him also, yet he turned without a sign of sympathy.

In the bed on the other side lay a man of fifty-five or so, grizzled, haggard. Dark eyes under heavy brows gleamed at the ceiling. Philip, looking, saw that the man's face was concentrated in endurance. The muscles were rigid; it seemed that with one ounce more of pain the will must break and he would scream. But the will held, and slowly the muscles relaxed; the spasm has passed. A nurse came.

"Ah," she said reproachfully, "you should have called me, Baron! I could have given you a hypodermic. Why didn't you send?"

The man was shaking with what he had been through. "Pardon, nurse," he said. "You were—busy."

AND Philip tossed up a hand in distaste—the man spoke English perfectly, but his accent was German. He shut his eyes then and looked to neither right nor left; he, the German-hater, who had come three thousand miles to help punish the "race of *canaille*," lay between two Germans.

The quiet hours went on. Pain, peace, hope, endurance, despair; these were about him, were with him in his narrow white bed. His own suffering, as long as he lay still, was not severe, but at any movement of his body the wound in the hip was fire and knives.

Then behold there was a letter, an event of excitement and joy, a letter from his mother. The nurse lifted his head on two pillows, and as he read his face brightened, softened with the changing storm of interest; he did not know that the man on his right was watching. It was a long letter; as he finished the first sheet he tucked it under the pillow, and an edge caught and he reached with his left hand to free it, and the two other sheets fell and blew close to the bed of the German officer.

Philip almost cried. There was no nurse near; could he bear it to wait till someone came? Might not the precious papers even blow away and get lost? It was bitter to lie there and see that scrap of home in reach, yet beyond his power to reach.

Suddenly the grizzled, massive head in the next bed lifted: a bony arm went overboard and caught the papers and held them out; the glance of the two met: Philip's young, unforgiving glance and the composed, older look.

"It would be too bad to lose your mother's letter under these circumstances," spoke the officer in easy English.

Philip's eyes widened. "Thank you very much," he said coldly.

HE READ on absorbed; as the end came he was aware of a stir; there were nurses bending over the Prussian officer. "You must not ever do it again," one was saying. "I saw you reach and bend. It might have killed you. It was madness."

The other nurse injected something into the knotted arm. Philip saw that the man was in the grip of another attack of frightful pain.

"It was madness," the first nurse repeated.

The officer looked up; his face was drawn; black lines were under his eyes; the nurse wiped away sweat. He looked up at her haggardly, whimsically. "The boy wanted—his mother's letter," he whispered.

Philip, the letter clasped under the bedclothes, shut his eyes and thought; a long time he thought. First of his mother; of that sunny afternoon in the big library at home, with the pink phloxes outside and the bee buzzing in at the open window. Of the three things which he had specified on which they could never be agreed—class pride, religion, race prejudice. Of class pride; he thought of that and then of Lefty; he had buried that in Lefty's unknown grave; that was wiped out.

Then he thought about his unbelief; he considered the hour of consciousness on the field by the Yser canal; that voice, his and not his, which had spoken adherence to a belief; that strange choir of the dying which had chanted faith and hope out of the depths; his own prayer and his promise if he were saved to live his life for the Lord's work.

He considered how something had happened there which transcended his cocksure atheism of a college student; he had got to the profounder places of life and found there—God. Yes, unbelief was wiped out too. That was the second thing on which he and his mother had differed, as he thought, irretrievably. Those two were wiped off the slate.

NOW he was facing the third. Christianity had gentleness for everything alive. His mother could believe in such a thing as a good German. And he? His heart, for all of his young, set mouth, was soft to the man who had risked death gallantly to do a kind deed for an alien enemy. Like a blacksmith's hammer on red iron that thought wrought at his softened soul and bent it painfully into a shape not expected.

It came to him that this was the first test of the promise made on the battlefield; the first fight to carry under his flag of faith. "Forgive your enemies"—that was the command. One lives on deep levels, one takes sharp turns in a time like war; Philip, in a shock of clear vision, saw that the *noblesse oblige* of his old code as much as loyalty to his vow asked one thing of him and asked it now. He turned his head, shot his hand toward the Prussian officer.

"I want to thank you, and to tell you how sorry I am," he threw at him. "It was wonderful of you to make yourself that suffering. I'd gladly have taken the suffering." Was this Philip talking to a German?

The officer shifted his look slowly till it rested on Philip's face. "The attack was of little importance," he said quietly. "One gets used ——" he stopped. "You wanted the letter."

"How did you know it was from my mother?" Philip demanded impetuously.

The officer smiled. "I have boys of my own," he said simply.

"It was wonderful of you," Philip repeated, a bit unevenly; and then: "We are—enemies, of course, but"—smiling, embarrassed—"it's 'Love your enemies,' don't you know; and—that was an awfully white thing you did. Would you—could you without hurting yourself—shake hands with me, sir, and—and be friends?"

The grizzled head turned farther and the deep eyes of a scholar stared into Philip's. "You have conquered two enemies, my lad, in these five minutes," the German spoke; "I saw your look when I gave you the letter; it was not friendly. You have conquered yourself. And I am"—he laughed a little—"ah, youth and charm and generous blood! I also am the captive of your bow and spear." The strong fingers went out and the clasp that held the hands together was not for time, perhaps, but for a peaceful eternity.

PHILIP wakened that midnight to the sound of a low rhythm; he turned his head toward his new friend; the officer lay as usual with the cavernous, shining eyes of him gazing upward as if at vistas seen through the whitewashed hospital ceiling; he was repeating words in English, over and over, in a burring soft whisper; it was as if an organ far off were played in a wood. The boy listened.

And all through life I see a cross—

the Prussian officer repeated—

Where sons of God yield up their breath;
There is no gain except by loss;
There is no life except by death;
There is no vision but by faith;
Nor glory but by bearing shame;
Nor justice but by taking blame.

Philip went to sleep to the low sound of that soldier's creed in the deep, brave, gentle voice. And as his eyes opened in the morning they met the blue gaze of the German lad watching him wistfully. Philip smiled. The boy's face shone.

"I hope your wound is not very bad," said Philip.

"*Ach*, no—a nothing," the boy answered. "A foot only."

"Will you—will you rejoin your command?"

"No," the lad said. "One will not walk decently again."

"You'll be sent home?"

"*Ach*, yes."

Philip drew a breath of relief. "I'm glad," he said.

The childlike eyes inquired, understood. Then: "It is a shame for the Fatherland to lose a soldier when I am unhurt otherwise. But ——"

"But what?" Philip asked curiously.

NOW the innocent blue eyes asked questions of Philip's eyes, then suddenly trusted the older boy. "I do not know if it is wrong," the German lad confided, "but the terrible noise and dirt and blood to me seem ugly. Also not useful. I hate it. It is heavenly to think that I may honorably go back to the mother and the farm and the little sister. One foot—it is a small price. And perhaps I may some day be the Herr Oberschaffner, or the Herr Stadt-Musik Direktor—for I know a little my music—because of being wounded for the Fatherland. I am lucky." He wriggled about in the bed. "But even so the foot troubles. It seems not to understand that it is lucky." Beads of perspiration stood on the smooth forehead, but the lad grinned. This little soldier was no coward.

"The pain will pass," said Philip, and he put out a hand—a hand to a German fighting man.

The boy caught the hand, crushed it in his grip of a peasant. "Mein Herr is very good." He had not missed the caste of the American.

A throb of pain, a memory, pulled at Philip's soul—Lefty. "Do not bother about 'mein Herr,' lad," he spoke quietly. "We're all brothers here."

"*Danke, Bruder*," smiled the little fellow, and from that on Philip was called "brother" quite simply by a German common soldier.

SO HE lay in his white bed, between his two friends, in the midst of tragedy and suffering and personal pain aplenty, and was happy. But one is not kept in a field hospital long. With his friends yet to east and west of him it was ordered that the American should be sent to England. The wound in the hip was healing, but the same shell had done something to a great knot of muscles below the knee, and the doctor told him briskly that the bursa was gravely injured and that it was a question if he would ever walk "decently," as the German boy put it, again. Not for a year or two at best. So he was honorably discharged.

There were people in England anxious to be good to him, and into their hands he was delivered, a skeleton on crutches, in the early spring. It was late May before the ocean crossing could be considered, and on a June afternoon he hobbled for the first time into the wide, quiet library at home, windows being open and roses blowing pink where pink phloxes had blown last August. They sat on the great sofa, the boy and his mother, hand in hand, and said nothing contentedly.

Then by slow stages, a little at a time, they fell to talking, till after a while the boy had told about Lefty and the field of the Yser and the two enemies in the hospital cots who had so become his friends that his voice wavered and stopped as he told. He had lived, this boy; he had got down to realities.

"MEGGY, the three things which I specified as being different forever for you and me—I've come around to you on all of them. I was a narrow cad, don't you know; but I've learned my lesson and I'll try my darnedest to remember it. I paid—fairly high for that lesson," the boy considered.

"I did too," spoke softly the woman who had stayed at home. She looked at him, the same boy as last August. The young bloom gone, jaw squared, lean cheeks colorless, hollow eyes shining with a new look, intense, at peace; a soul had come into its own. "Out of the depths," the boy's mother spoke and could speak no more.

Leaving the things unsaid which need no saying she drew a long breath and began in another tone: "There's one friend of yours you haven't told me about."

"Huh?" Philip demanded.

"The Belgian girl you saved in Dixmude."

"By gum!" remarked Philip. "I forgot all about her. How did you know? Did I write you? Anyhow, I didn't save her; we only stuck in the attic."

"She thinks you saved her."

"She thinks ——" Philip's eyes widened.

"She's here."

"Here?" He certainly was surprised. "You mean she came over—to you?"

"Her father was killed. She had no one left. You had given her a note to me."

"I remember."

"Did you think that note, in pencil, on a torn scrap of paper, from you—did you think it would mean nothing to me?"

"Meggy! You looked after her? You lamb! Was she a horrid nuisance?"

Margaret Landicutt hesitated. "She's—I think she is the most heavenly human being I've ever seen."

"You don't say." Philip was pleased but not greatly interested. "What did you make of the heavenly human? Adopted daughter or seamstress—By ginger! Here's Uncle Jemmy. Hello, Uncle Jemmy! How are you? Looking fit as a fiddle. Years younger than this veteran. Treat me with respect, please; I'm old and war-worn."

UNCLE JEMMY put up his tortoise-shell glasses and stared at the boy; took them down, took out his handkerchief and rubbed them; left them swinging on the silk ribbon and dropped the handkerchief. He gazed down at immaculate shoes and appeared to see dust on his gray silk stockings, which he flicked at with the recovered handkerchief. He stared again at Philip. Finally: "Those roses of yours are immensely better than mine, Margaret. My man is a lazy fool." With that he snatched Philip's hands. "My boy, I'm glad—I'm glad——" he stopped abruptly and discovered more dust on the blameless stockings.

With that Mrs. Landicutt took charge and in two minutes they were talking calmly. Uncle Jemmy seated, stately and cool, as if no soft-heartedness had shipwrecked him.

"We were talking," Philip pronounced in a society manner, "about some salvage of mine—*a* salvage, to be explicit—in the girl line. It seems I salvaged her by heroically sitting in an attic ten hours along of her. I'd clean forgotten. Meggy allows she's the queen of the archangels."

"Have you seen her?" inquired Uncle Jemmy.

"No."

"An extraordinary beauty!" Uncle Jemmy permitted himself to remark, and proceeded at a sharp angle to other topics. "I hear that you're going into philanthropy."

"Social work," Philip amended cheerfully.

Uncle Jemmy smiled—indulgent, amused. "It's a departure for a man of our family, but not discreditable. You'll come back to the business. There's a large amount of money in steel in the next decade."

"I don't need any more money," Philip stated.

Uncle Jemmy lifted his eyebrows. "That's a contradiction in terms," he spoke gently, in his clean-cut, cultivated tones. "Everybody needs more money, as long as there is more." Then, with a visible effort at shifting to the boy's point of view: "If you wish to be philanthropic, my lad, the safest way is to amass a large fortune and use it for charitable purposes. Some of it," qualified Uncle Jemmy.

"WE'VE got a large fortune, Meggy and I, already amassed. The point is how to get rid of most of it."

"Get rid—good Lord!"

"Uh-huh," Philip nodded. "Uncle Jemmy, look at it the way it is. I haven't come out of this six months the same as I went in. It would take me a week to explain, and then you'd think I was dotty, so I'll cut that out. But I'm no American Hohenzollern any more—I don't believe in the divine right of a Landicutt to all the chances."

"What!" demanded an outraged Uncle Jemmy.

"I don't. I'm going to do my prettiest to give some other chaps a chance, who have as good a right as I. You see"—Philip cleared his throat, and a slow red flushing his thin face showed that he was doing a hard thing; he went on in tones a bit wooden for the effort it was to get them out—"you see, one day when I was rather close to death I made a promise. I promised—the Lord—that if I should have my life back I'd use it to do His work on earth. And I've got it back. And a gentleman keeps his promise. Gentleman!" He laughed a little. "I thought I'd got beyond that old shibboleth."

"Old shibboleth!" Uncle Jemmy was distinctly offended.

"Oh, I don't mean"—Philip smiled with that newly acquired old-young smile which brought

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 76

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROS.

THE CHILD'S BIRTHDAY

BY ARTHUR H. GLEASON

BEST of all birthdays, Christmas is the birthday of a Child, and in His birthday all birthdays of children are commemorated. All fathers, all mothers, everywhere, bring their good will to crown this day of the heaven-born, the happy Child who scattered love among men. All races, all sects, are united in homage to the Child.

In happy, fulfilled homes still the ancient song is sung. Peace still floods the little house where a babe is laid in sleep. Hatred and bickering tongues are hushed around the sensitiveness of a child. We must keep the world good for his coming. What glooms of an ailing heart would darken the sweet carelessness of his play? What worry can live in the shattering of his care-free laughter?

Fortunate the household whose year is star-studded with the birthdays of children. Then something lovely comes to us out of the silence and dwells among us, making fresh beginning. Our weariness of endless striving finds its meaning in the child. Our broken faiths are there remade. We dreamed and were disappointed. Our little one shall go forward and conquer. His glad freshness will carry him far, on this earth of huddled sadness.

No room for the newcomer? A crowded world? Room must be found! He comes as the messenger from an unseen love.

The Christmas Party

And New-Year Frolic

A Combination Nut or Bon-bon Cup, Place-Card and Favor

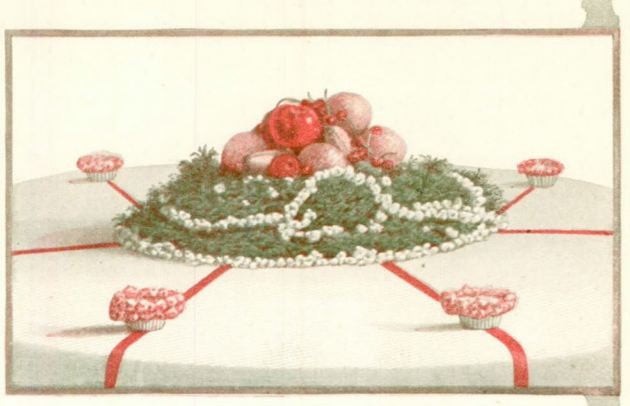
A Dressed-Up Horn Favor

This Snow Man is Also a Horn

Greeting Place-Cards Reach to the Guests From This Easily Made Wreath Centerpiece

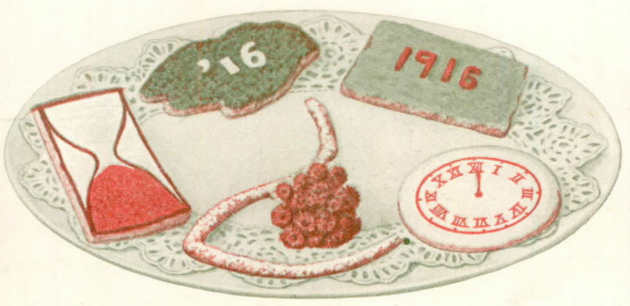
Sledloads of Nuts and Raisins for the Boys and Girls

Especially Designed Merry-Christmas Candle Holders for a Party Cake



A Fruit-Filled Dish Concealed by Ropes of Ground Pine and Popcorn

Snowball Boxes Containing Gifts or Candy



For Watch Night, Cakelets Take the Forms of Father Time's Scythe, Hourglasses, "Tick-Tocks," New Leaves and Date Wafers

Racket Favors for the New-Year Party

WE HOPE everybody will be invited to a Christmas Party and have a good time, or else will plan a party and give other folks some fun. We want to make some of these good times possible because

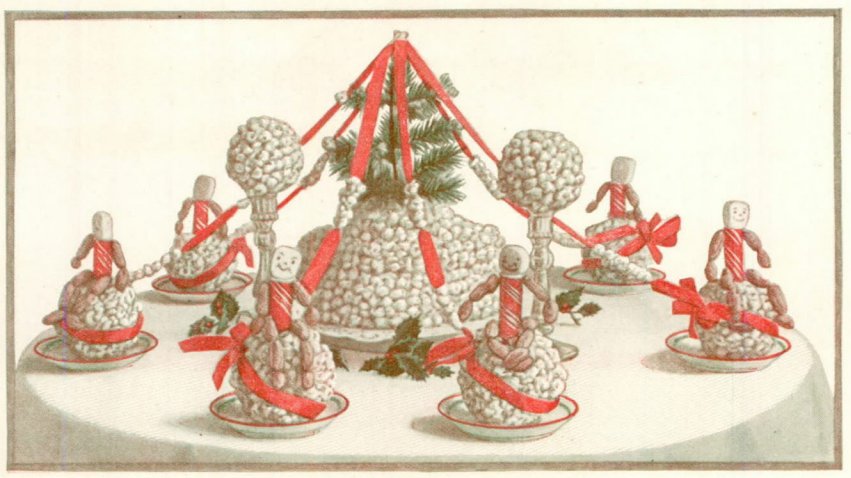
Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,

and it is worth while to take time and trouble to please our friends when we invite them to our homes.

DETAILED information regarding the novelties on this page will be sent to you upon request, accompanied by an addressed, stamped envelope. Games and pastimes for the party will also be supplied or suggested if you desire them. Address

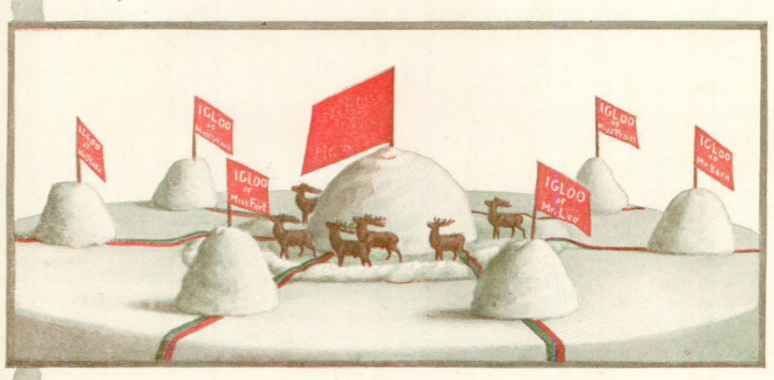
THE ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA

A Picture Cake is One of the Newest and Most Adaptable Ideas. It is Easily Applied to Individual Cakes



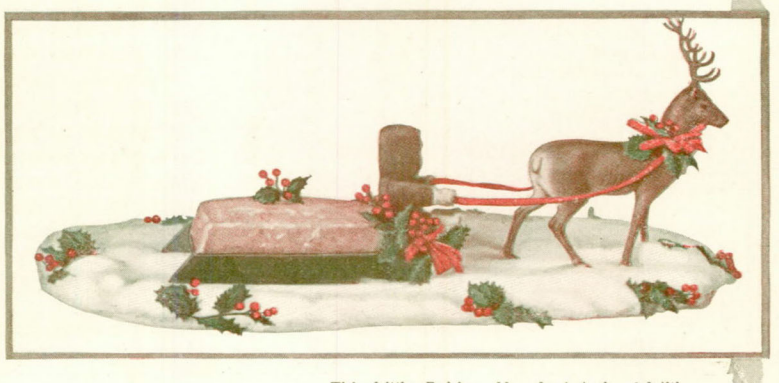
The Popcorn Table Makes All the Guests Smile When They See its Funny Stick-Candy People, With Marshmallow Heads and Peanut Arms and Legs

Rose Cup, Made of Preserved Raspberry Ice and Pistachio Cream, is Very Festive. Holly May be Substituted for the Bud



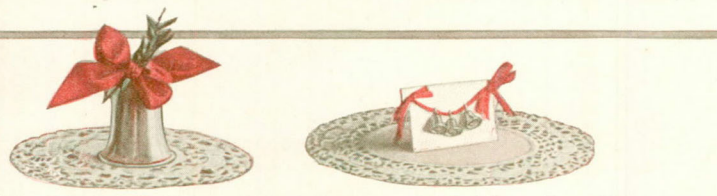
The Center Igloo is a Jack Horner Filled With Inexpensive Christmas Favors. The Individual Igloos Cover the Servings of the First Dinner Course or of Ice Cream

A Stick-Candy Baby in Tarlatan Bag

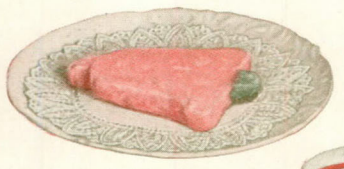


This Little Eskimo Has Just Arrived With a Christmas Cake Upon His Sled. He Could be Used With the Igloo Table, and With the Ice-Peak Cake Below

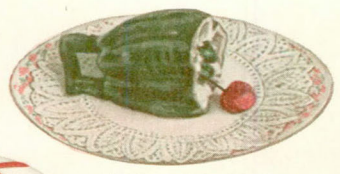
Jam-Filled Snowballs Rolled in Coconut are as Good to Eat as They are Pretty to See on Your Table. Decorate Them With Angelica Leaves and Candy Berries



Merry Bells Actually Ring on This Place-Card, as the Bell Favor Does Also



Bell Ice Cream



Unique Bell Salad

A Bell Party for Christmas Belles, With Sandwiches, Salad, Ices and Cake All Carrying Out the Idea. A Bell Program Has Been Arranged for This Entertainment

The Farthest-North or Ice-Peak Cake. The Icing is Sprinkled With Crushed Rock Candy Which Resembles Ice Crystals. Polar-Bear Favors Add to the Effect

(Page 29)

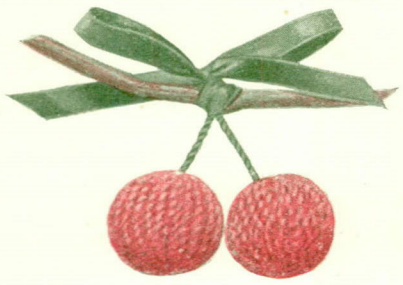
Christmas Gifts in Christmas Colors

Useful, Too, All the Year Round

THE NEW YEAR in needlework will give to readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL a variety of designs in illustrated pages of the newest things, ranging from simple to elaborate patterns for both personal and household use.

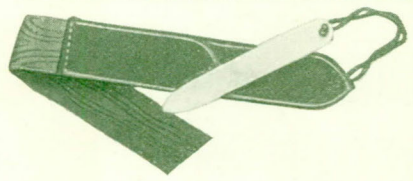
Three of the Prettiest Crocheted Baskets for Christmas and the New Year

THE BEST HELP we can give our readers in copying these designs has been prepared in carefully written descriptions which will be sent if a stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed to the Needlework Editors.



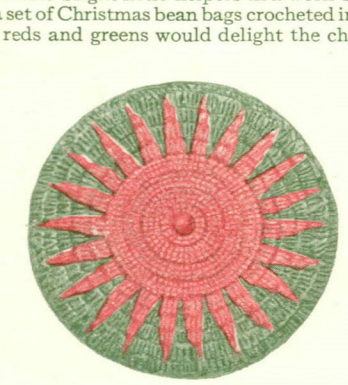
Christmas Cherries are Ripe—in Emeries

WINTER beauty of the barberry bush is shown in the sprays illustrated above, and just now they bring a real Christmas touch, grouped in a green vase. Crocheted cherry emeries make bright little helpers in a work basket, and a set of Christmas bean bags crocheted in alternate reds and greens would delight the children.



A Quick Finder of the Right Place—a Bookmark

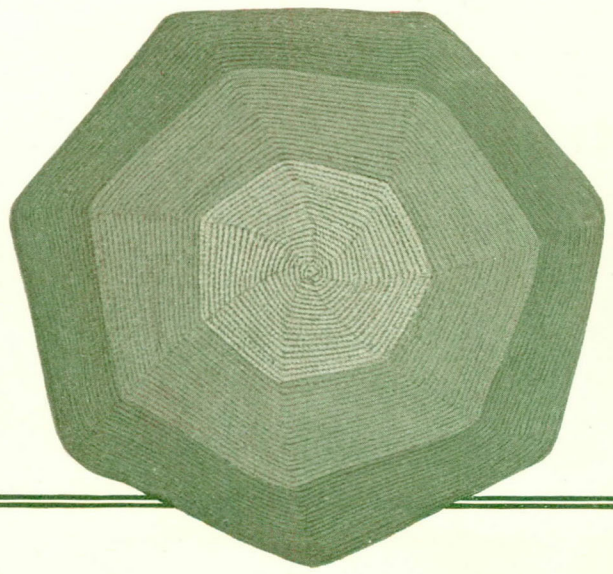
IVY sprays will grow in water if they are given a fresh supply regularly and kept in the sun for a while each day. Together with a lovely vase they make a pleasing gift. Crocheted dishes for the table offer the same durable quality in gifts as do their predecessors, the doilies, and nuts, candies, cakes or sandwiches may be served in them for any occasion. Among the latest in motor cushions is the shaded-green crocheted design, though brown is also a favorite.



A Merry-Christmas Bean Bag in Crochet

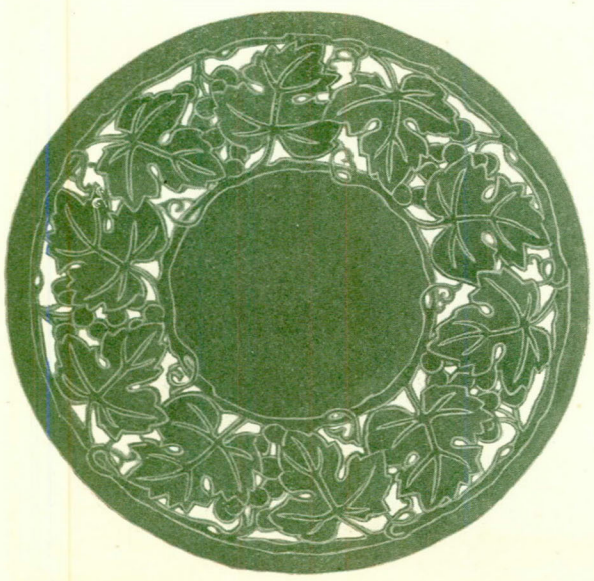
Horse Lines Catch the Christmas Spirit

Fill This Witching Basket With Sugar Plums



Cheer Your Motor Friend With a New Cushion

To Carry a Feast of Nuts and Candies or Small Fruit



Handsome Oak-Leaf Design for a Library-Table Lamp Mat

A Christmas Cushion Slip Cover Adds One More Festive Note to Holiday Decorations

(Page 30)

Happily Designed for a Fruit-Tray or Punch-Bowl Doily

The Mysterious Christmas Tree

By C. Durand Chapman

$50 for Guessing the Contents of These Packages

ISN'T this a wonderful Christmas Tree! I am sure every little girl and boy is fairly bursting with eagerness to guess what is inside of these mysterious packages. Lovely gifts for each member of the family are here. Can you guess what they are? If you can, cut out the blank below and follow carefully the directions at the other side of the page.

The Christmas Gifts in These Packages Are:

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

5 _____

6 _____

7 _____

8 _____

9 _____

10 _____

Name _____

Address _____

Directions for Sending In Your Answers

WRITE on the lines in order (or on another sheet of paper) the contents of each package. The package number and the line number must correspond. After you have filled in the blank send it to the Christmas-Tree Editor before December first, so that all the awards can be made before Christmas Day. You must send also a short story of not more than one hundred words, written on one side of the paper only, telling us how you are planning to make other people happy this Christmas.

It's lots of fun to have Saint Nicholas remember us at Christmastime, but the jolly game of playing Saint Nicholas yourself is still greater fun. Try this year to see how many people you can make really, truly happy. It will be lots of fun. But tell us in your story how you are going about it.

The contest is open only to children, and the stories and answers must be in the children's own handwriting.

For the correct answers and the best stories, we will pay Fifty Dollars in prizes:

One Prize of $5
Five Prizes of $2 Each
Thirty-five Prizes of $1 Each

The Good-Wish Christmas Letter

By Eleanor Colby

YOU children cannot go into the shops and buy the things that you would love to give as Christmas presents, but you can have a splendid make-believe shopping tour right here on this page, and then send the articles you select with a Christmas letter that will express your good wishes and tell what you wish you could give. First cut out every one of the pictures very neatly. Then think what you would like to give to Grandma, Grandpa, Father, Mother, Sister, Brother and Baby, and sort the gifts into little piles. Perhaps you will substitute "Cousin" or "Friend" or "Chum" for some of the ones given here. You can easily change the rimes to suit yourself. Next take a sheet of letter paper for each good-wish rime, copy the rime in your very best writing, and then decorate the margin with the things you would like to give. Fold the letters and seal them with the round Christmas stickers on this page and lay them under the napkins on the Christmas table.

FOR MOTHER

Oh, dearest, sweetest Mother mine,
I'd like to send you gifts as fine
As these; but, though it may seem funny,
The best things can't be bought with money,
And loving wishes such as these
Surely your mother-heart will please!

FOR FATHER

Dear Father, how I wish that I
Such gifts as these could really buy
For you; but I am very glad
I am not poor in love, dear Dad,
And so much love I send today
That "excess charges" you must pay.

FOR GRANDMA

If I had money, Grandma dear,
These are the things I'd buy for you;
I'll paste their pictures all right here,
And send them with good wishes true.

FOR GRANDPA

Oh, Grandpa, when I am grown tall,
Perhaps I'll buy you things like this;
But now my income's rather small
My gift shall be a loving wish.

FOR BABY

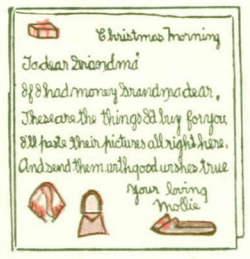
These are the things I'd buy for you
And many other things, 'tis true,
If I had lots of gold, and maybe
You'd be a "spoiled child," dear Baby.
But love has never harmed the smallest
A bit more than it has the tallest.

FOR SISTER

These pictures pasted here so neatly
Show how I'd fit you out completely
With lots of things if I had money;
But, oh, dear Sister, it's quite funny,
My pocketbook is empty quite,
And love's the only thing in sight.

FOR BROTHER

Whenever in the stores I go
I see the things you'd like, I know;
Things such as these I'm pasting here.
That I don't buy them may seem queer,
But then my Christmas wish, dear Brother,
Is just as real as any other.



THE KING'S BUSINESS

How it Can be More Effectively Done

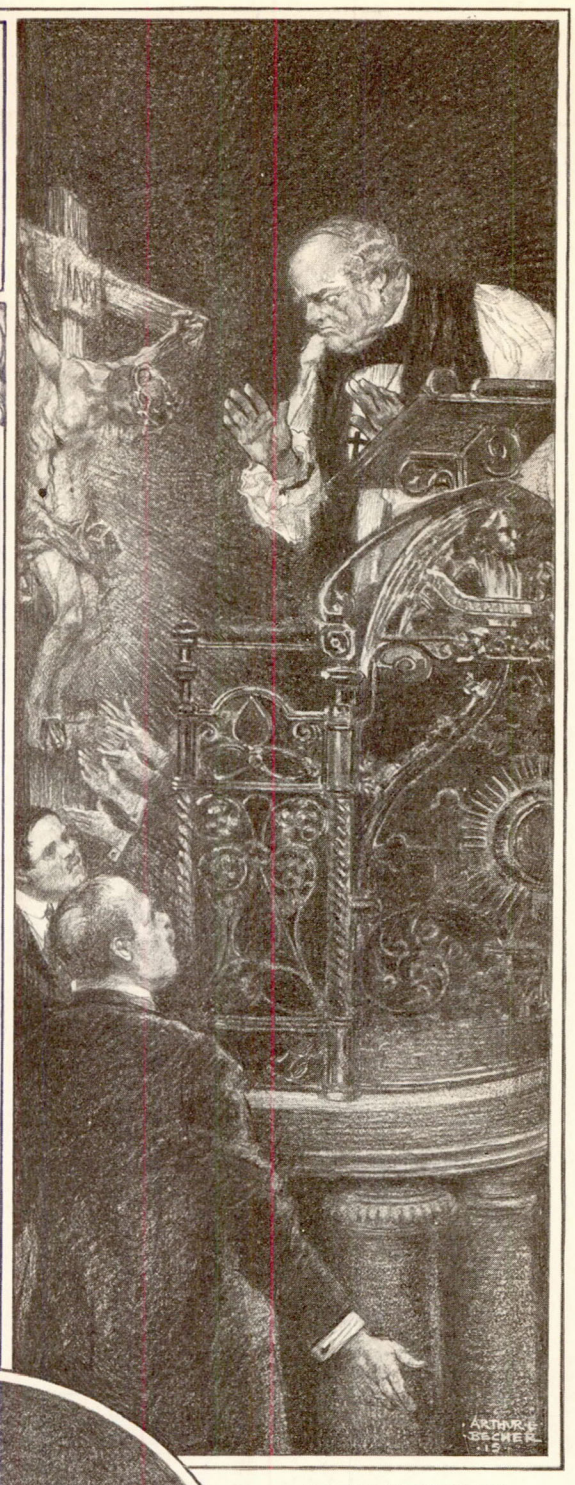
Told in a Series of Constructive Articles by Practical Writers

Suppose They Did?

Suppose a Thousand Men Decided Tomorrow to Give Up Their Lives to the Churches to Do Active Christian Work, What Would the Churches Do With Them?

By George Innes

How I Tried to Break Into the Church



DECORATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

THIS article constitutes, perhaps, the most serious arraignment of the modern churches that is possible of conception to a practical mind: Ministers constantly asking for men, and yet when the men come they are not only discouraged but actually told that there is no work for them. And the ministers know this when they plead for men. A serious question naturally arises in the mind: What is the matter with the churches that such a condition exists? The present article is the third in the series entitled "The King's Business." The first, defining "The Minister's Job," appeared in the October JOURNAL; the second, "The Wife of the Minister," was published in the November number. In the January JOURNAL the subject treated will be: "Should a Church Advertise?"

THE EDITORS OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

I ALWAYS went to church from the time that I was a little chap. I should have had to go whether I wanted to or not. But the fact was I did want to go. From as early an age as I can remember the only thought that came from the man in the pulpit that I could understand or that got hold of me was that God wanted me. I didn't know why He wanted me or what He would do with me. The only tangible thing I could see was to join the church, and I joined. I argued that when I had done that I had done all I could, and that it was what was wanted of me.

As I grew older, however, I felt I had not done enough. But what more could I do? I knew that some of the other fellows of my acquaintance were wanted for preachers, but it was pretty plain to me I wasn't wanted for that. Still, every preacher I heard kept saying that the church wanted men. Nearly every sermon I heard said that men were wanted in the church.

One day I was asked to be a steward of the church. I thought, "There it is," and said: "Certainly." I was elected a steward. I felt exhilarated. I thought to myself: "Now it is settled; now I've found out what the preachers meant." I felt distinctly virtuous.

I was soon made a delegate to a conference at Sioux City, and there I met another business man who, like me, was trying to give his life to Christian service. But he wanted to go to the general conference at Chicago the next year. That was a new thought to me, and I said: "That must be the last word in the surrender program." I made up my mind to watch this man and see what he did and how and where he came out. The man went to Chicago. "He voted lots," he said, and afterward heard some wonderful speeches and sermons about men devoting their lives to the church. But, try as he might, he couldn't seem to find anything particular for him to do, further than to go to things, to vote and to listen to speeches. And so he came back to his town and slid down behind his desk in his little office and resumed his business.

After a while I got dissatisfied with the steward idea. It didn't seem to lead anywhere. I talked with my wife about it; she had been at Sioux City with me. Finally we concluded that being a steward wasn't spiritual enough; the steward never got a chance to pass the bread and wine at the Sacrament, for instance.

CIRCUMSTANCES soon caused us to move to Minnesota, and there we got into another kind of church where they didn't have stewards; they had elders. The elders helped to administer the holy communion, and I thought: "There, that is it." Soon I was made an elder.

After a few months of being an elder I began to be mentally and spiritually restless again. I couldn't see where my program of life was essentially different from before.

One evening I went to church in St. Paul to hear a great preacher. He had a great reputation and he preached a great sermon. He said God wanted men's lives. Now I had heard some people say that the church didn't want people's money—just wanted their lives—but I always thought that was nonsense. This preacher said that the church needed money, and he said it good and strong, but he laid particular emphasis on the fact that it wanted men's lives more than it wanted men's money. I had made plenty of money now and I had given liberally to the church, but I realized I had not given myself. So I talked it over with my wife, and I decided to give the rest of my life to the church. I went to friends and said:

"Now, how am I to give my life to the church? What shall I do?"

"Why, give it to others," they replied.

"Yes, but how?" I asked.

"Oh, go into some unselfish undertaking and promote something that will help the race," was the answer.

"Yes, that's all right. I understand that," I replied. "But it's for the church I'm trying to work. Now, tell me," I asked, "is there anybody actually giving his or her life to the church?"

"Why, certainly."

"Who?"

"Why, the clergymen are."

"Yes? Who else?"

"Missionaries."

"Yes, but who else?"

"Oh, lots of people."

"Well, how do they manage it? How can I set to work?"

"Why, just go to work."

"Where?"

"Why, anywhere."

So one day when a minister had said this to me, I replied: "All right, here I am. The church can have me for the rest of my life. What shall I do?" The minister looked at me and said: "Why, what do you mean? What are you doing?"

"Why, I'm taking off my coat. I'm ready to work for the church."

"What for?" he asked.

"What for?" I repeated. "I'm going to give my life to the church. I don't know what I'm going to do. You are the fellows to tell me that. You've been asking me for thirty years to do it. Now here I am."

"Well, I know," said the minister. "But, good gracious, man! Don't get excited. Put on your coat, keep quiet; you mustn't take us as literally as all that."

THEN I *was* puzzled! This from the man who said from his pulpit, the Sunday before, that the church wanted men!

I went to another man. He wasn't a minister. He had been a merchant who twenty years before had just pitched in as a Christian worker. He told me that it was glorious—wouldn't give it up for anything—but he wasn't sure there was any room for me!

No room for me! And yet again and again the ministers in the pulpits had said that God wanted men's lives—the church wanted men, men, men!

From one to another I went and with the same result. Nobody wanted me, for there was no work. And yet here I was a successful business man with plenty of money to give to the work and no end of energy; the most desirable kind of a man to work for and with, and in any institution, to my way of thinking.

After a while the thought came to my practical mind: Is it that the church has asserted its right to direct all the work for itself as a sort of coöperate body, and that it isn't planning to do any more work than to care for its established trade, for which it had enough workers?

One clergyman told me frankly that he thought the best thing I could do was to keep right on making more money and giving all I could afford to the church!

But I told him that wasn't quite my idea.

Men are giving money. In one year the men of the United States gave away one hundred and forty million dollars in sums of five thousand and over, but less than ten per cent of that amount went to the church or even to religious causes! Not the least among the reasons to my mind why the church got so small a portion is the idea men have that the church wants their money but don't want them.

I read the church papers faithfully and looked for chances there. They had no classified advertisements, "Male Help Wanted." I couldn't find an employment agency in the church, couldn't find anywhere or in any shape a list of the things that were waiting to be done in the church.

SOME years before, when I wanted to change my business location, I traveled thousands of miles looking about for the best location. So I naturally reasoned, as a business man: If the best kind of a location is to be found in church work, likely one might find it in the same way: travel about. We did. We traveled thousands of miles, my wife and I, actually trying to break into the church and work. But everywhere it was the same story. Everybody said: "Sure, God and the church want men." But when I said: "All right, here I am—money, ability, health and the willingness to work—what shall I do?" there was no practical answer.

In other words I found it practically impossible to do what I had repeatedly heard ministers ask me and other men to do—to give my life to church work. The church had the work to do, but it did not know how to give it to me.

What next? I thought.

I now bought tickets for my wife and myself for a tour around the world, to see for myself what the churches in other countries were doing, and what the American churches were doing.

We went to thirteen different countries. Anything to be done? There certainly was. Could business men do it? They certainly could. There was room for a million men. This looks more like it to me, I thought. Here is work and plenty of it, and work that I can do. I know they will want me, for all I want is to help; I won't ask to be an officer; I won't ask for salary. I'll ask for nothing save a place to work.

So we returned to America, but to my amazement the churches told me I was not needed; no new campaigns were coming on; nobody was needed, for every place was full. I went to district headquarters. I thought I knew the ropes there, for I had been to Sioux City, but again I was told there were not any plans on; nobody was needed. I went to State headquarters, but no vacancies there.

NEXT I went to National headquarters. Sorry, they said, but things were quiet and nobody was needed. I traveled across seven states several times actually asking to work for the church and being denied a chance on every hand.

What was the final result, so far as I am concerned? Well, I persisted for two years and then finally I found a place. A man had been shifted and I took his place. Of course there was plenty to do and I found it, and I have found it ever since. That is years ago now.

Are conditions any different now?

Not a bit.

Now what really *is* the trouble?

The truth and the trouble are this:

The first root of trouble is that the church is suffering from ecclesiasticism. By that I mean that many men in leading positions in the church regard their positions as personal acquisitions the chief value of which is to reflect credit to themselves and to be regarded as marks of deserved recognition to them for faithfulness to the organization. This professionalizing of church positions which culminates in an offensive ecclesiasticism is the unique enemy of the Christian church. I should say that professionalism and ecclesiasticism work more harm than does even the measure of false or liberal teaching in the churches of America. The former is for one thing so much more difficult to deal with. Very often those who are the most conservative and orthodox in their doctrine are the most objectionable ecclesiasts and professionalists, many of them even taking the rigid position on doctrine for professional reasons.

The second root of difficulty is denominationalism. The very nature of denominationalism is such that it requires to

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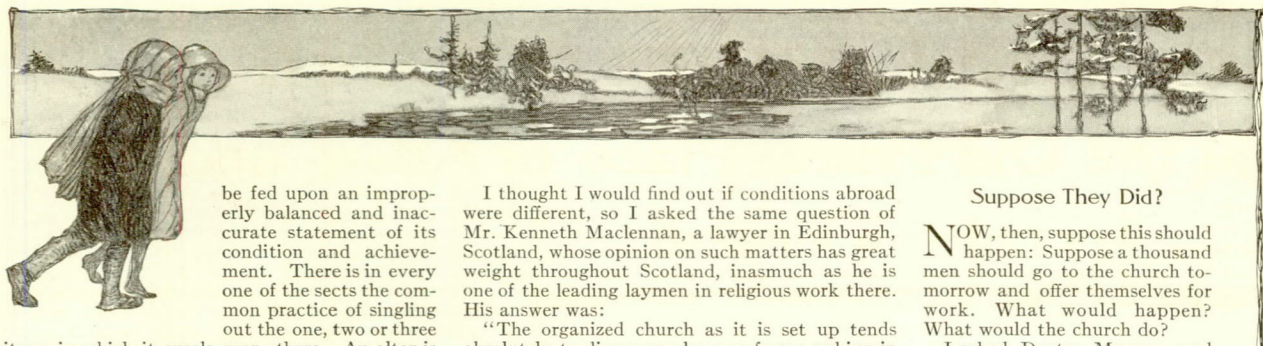

be fed upon an improperly balanced and inaccurate statement of its condition and achievement. There is in every one of the sects the common practice of singling out the one, two or three items in which it excels over others. An altar is set up, and, with these items as fuel, incense is burned to denominational glory, and a spirit of complacency and self-satisfaction is created which cuts the nerve of endeavor.

Who, for example, in a sect whose almost exclusively distinguishing mark is that it practices baptism by immersion, believe that those who differ only in that they baptize by sprinkling do not have eternal life?

Who, in a sect that differs chiefly in believing that its clergymen are direct spiritual successors of Christ's disciples as other clergymen are not, believe that they alone are born again?

What member of a sect that praises God by singing psalms exclusively believes that those of other denominations who sing hymns are unsaved? They don't. They used to believe so, and those were at least consistent then.

Yet all these and the multitude of other sects whose differences are as unjustifiable refuse to be joined together and to recognize the integrity and worthiness of the whole, and by that unrighteous refusal create a condition which dries up the life streams and leaves a field difficult of cultivation and calling for but few laborers whose wish would be only to produce fruit.

Is My Experience Unusual?

MY EXPERIENCE was not a particle unusual. Other men have been through exactly the same disheartening attempts to break into the church for work; scores of men are experiencing it today.

Not wishing to rely upon my own experience, observation and opinion—and I have had a wide personal experience and observation—I went to several men who ought to know and I put the question to them.

I went, for instance, to George C. Shane, who was secretary of the committee that conducted the "Billy" Sunday campaign in Philadelphia—a church worker, a business man, a man who knows the subject from beginning to end. I asked him if he had brought any definite convictions on this subject out of his close contact with the situation in his city, and what he was thus prepared to say about men's readiness to undertake Christian work. Whether there were many men who could afford to do work without financial help, and if so whether they were willing to do it. His reply was that not fewer than twenty thousand men in his city were both able and willing to offer themselves at that moment.

"What keeps them back?" I asked.

"Men do not offer themselves," said Mr. Shane, "because they do not know what to start to do. They do not see any place where they can fit in. Most men are in their particular business through accident. When they were boys they took the jobs they could get. Now, however, they are men and want to do something for which they feel they have some special ability; they are not satisfied to start in at chores. There being an unlimited amount of work to be done, and unlimited numbers of men capable of doing it, the trouble seems to be lack of planning. The planning is mostly left to the minister, and there is not one minister in a hundred who can plan for, organize and direct men.

"But this is not altogether the minister's fault. Often he comes from a small country place, he is assisted through college and seminary, and has never been trained in the art of leading men. One man, in speaking on this subject, said: 'The ministers ought to consult with the laymen in regard to their sermons.' I think this is good, and that they should consult in regard to every branch of the church work. The ministers cannot develop plans to use these latent powers, and the laymen won't plan unless asked to do so; but perhaps the ministers could plan to have the laymen plan."

"YOU ask if any of the great numbers of men who gave large service during the 'Billy' Sunday campaign declared themselves as willing to continue to do so, and what happened to them. There were some of these men who distinctly expressed the desire to continue to give time to Christian work, and they banded together to do so and have had good results in gospel team work. They have won a great many to Christ. But, not having any recognized relationship with the church, it is difficult to extend and continue their work. I presume it was impossible for them to have been recognized by any one church inasmuch as they were from a great many different denominations. Of course such efforts would succeed better if there were not so many denominations, or if denominations did not insist upon recognition."

I thought I would find out if conditions abroad were different, so I asked the same question of Mr. Kenneth Maclennan, a lawyer in Edinburgh, Scotland, whose opinion on such matters has great weight throughout Scotland, inasmuch as he is one of the leading laymen in religious work there. His answer was:

"The organized church as it is set up tends absolutely to discourage laymen from working in the church. It looks with suspicion upon any initiative on the part of business men to do Christian work."

Mr. Maclennan agreed that it was well for the organized church to be careful of the attempts of untrained workers, but that in this caution it went so far as to deprive itself of the help of business men in large ways. It had a tendency to make the church ecclesiastical and to lead it to think that it must face all problems as ecclesiastical problems to be solved only by an ecclesiastical organization, instead of situations upon which to release new life and service. He frankly acknowledged that the assumption was not only correct that the church was not alive to the fact, but that great numbers of men were available.

I ASKED Mr. Maclennan: "If, when the war is over, a lot of men come forward to enlist in Christian service as they are now going to war, will the church be prepared to use them?"

"No," he replied. "They will be told to go back home; that there is no work, and no idea when there will be any work for them to do."

Next I went to interview the Reverend G. Campbell Morgan, D. D., in his study in Westminster Chapel, London. "Doctor," I asked, "are there many men in England financially free to give their whole time to church work if they wanted to?"

"Yes," he replied; "a great many men who have made all the money they need and have quit business."

"Do you think," I asked, "a considerable number of these men would undertake a spiritual task if it could be made to fit their capacities and be attractive as a worth-while undertaking?"

"Yes," he replied, "if they were assured they were free from the shadowing of sacerdotalism."

Asked what he meant, he explained that the church had so thoroughly established its exclusive right to do everything of a religious character, and hold it all as the prerogative of the ones ordained for that work, it would practically boycott anyone else who would undertake it without the consent of the organization.

"I know a great many good Christian men," said Doctor Morgan, "who are afraid to lift a hand or voice in spiritual undertakings lest the leaders of the organized church will bring them to book as not being of those who are regularly appointed to do such things."

I asked him if the church was planning to use men in greater numbers. "No," he replied, "the church is not planning or preparing for anything of the kind at all."

My experience, then, was not different. Of course here are given only three opinions, but they are sufficient, for a hundred would all be exactly alike.

In short the church asks for men but doesn't want them!

Suppose They Did?

NOW, then, suppose this should happen: Suppose a thousand men should go to the church tomorrow and offer themselves for work. What would happen? What would the church do?

I asked Doctor Morgan, and he replied:

"The churches wouldn't be ready, that's all."

"But would they awaken?" I persisted.

"Yes, I think they would," answered Doctor Morgan after a thoughtful pause. "They would require time to prepare themselves—to change—to readjust. But I believe the churches would arise—would awaken. The life is there."

"Do you believe that?" I asked Mr. Shane, when I told him what Doctor Morgan had said.

"I do," replied Mr. Shane.

"If a thousand men would offer themselves it would be such a shock that it would waken the church. The church lacks confidence; a thousand men coming at one time would stimulate it. There is plenty of work for the thousand, and the church would think if it felt it was worth while. A thousand men coming in so would be well worth while."

I asked a leading layman in England.

"No," he said, "I don't think the churches would accept the services of the men. They would fear ecclesiastical complications."

I asked Dr. J. K. McClurkin, pastor of one of the largest churches in Pittsburgh: "Doctor, if out of these thousand men one hundred came to you, would you take them, and what would you set them at?"

"Certainly I would take them, and gladly," he said. "Here is what I would do with them: I would divide them into four groups. I would advise the first group to discover the best way to use money for God. I should want them to illustrate it through experience in their own affairs, and find out how men who have lots of money and who try to make the best use of it manage to do it; learn all about their plans and purposes, then hunt up the best investments in Christian work and make known what these were and give such information where wanted and needed.

"In the second group would be men who had got a vision of a dying world, dying without the gospel all the world 'round, and I would put them to work at that task.

"To the third group I would give relief work right here in Pittsburgh, helping to reform this city and wiping iniquity and destitution out of it and bringing comfort and righteousness into it.

"The fourth group I would organize and have them get others organized as personal evangelists that by word of mouth and personal touch would win men to be disciples of Christ."

Where is the Solution?

THE solution of this problem is twofold: one for the laymen; the other for the churches. Here is the first:

The laymen should first get out and do Christian work before they seek to bring about changes in church organization, since such efforts would be resented, and probably justly so, if they sought to make changes in a system for whose good they had not labored. These laymen need not seek far for things to do: there are a multitude of them, which they can do and which others could not do so well, for the reason that they are volunteer, unpaid workers, and even their very lack of experience and their awkwardness may be their chief assets.

A young man in the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew was assigned to hotel duty. He was diffident and it was a terrible effort for him to meet strangers and ask them to come to church. He did the best he could. He brought one man who became a very strong, active worker. In speaking of his conversion this man said he saw how difficult it was for the young man to approach him and invite him to church. It was the very fact that the young man was doing a job that was hard that moved him to accept the invitation.

Men in city communities can canvass their neighborhoods, invite people to church, invite them to men's classes, discuss the Christian life with them, and get them into the churches. In rural communities, where very often there is no community fellowship, the community might not at first respond to an invitation to come together to attend church, but it might more readily come together as a club for testing milk or for the planning for good roads or for some other civic object. Then, as the community consciousness awakened, it would soon want a church. Laymen in such communities can do this work infinitely better than ministers or recognized church workers.

HERE is the work for the churches: They must revolutionize their methods of representation at nearly every conference. Presbytery, diocesan or association meeting is made up of at least as many ministers as laymen if not more. Why should there be? There are in the average congregation at least twenty laymen to one preacher. Why should there be this disparity at the meetings when plans and policies are set up?

At every such meeting that I have attended the ministers do eight-tenths of the talking. Many of them attend every meeting, including even the highest court meetings. The layman has perhaps never attended one such meeting, and he likely never will. He feels strange and incompetent to express himself. He fears he might break some rule, become confused, and so his contribution is lost. Practically the entire lay representation is submerged at these conferences.

This would be overcome if the meeting were largely of laymen. There should be at least ten times as many members as ministers in these meetings. The minister should be paid, but he should not become a professional, and stand for a disproportionate representation of his cloth at the legislative and judicial gatherings of his church.

In conclusion, the church must cease pluming itself on its pitiable achievement and squarely face humanity's need all the world 'round. It claims to represent God in this world, and it must remember that that claim carries infinite responsibility. God can supply every need of every living creature, and the church must be able to represent Him or it is untrue. It will never do this while it is a house divided against itself. It will never do this while one single sect secretes a Babylonish garment of denominational pride in its tent. It can never do it while any of its leaders think more of professional standing than of Christ's desire, "that they might behold My glory."

TWO LITTLE FIR TREES

BY NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THERE were two little fir trees that happened to grow
In the shade of the forest wide,
And one was a good tree and one was as bad
As you'd find in a day-long ride.
He never would listen, he never would mind
The words of the motherly tree;
And it needn't surprise you to learn he was soon
As crooked as crooked could be.

The good little fir tree delighted to hear
The counsels of wisdom that fell
From the myriad lips of the motherly tree,
And he pondered them all right well.
"Strike deep with your rootlets," the mother advised;
"Hold firmly your head in the air;
There are wonderful things that may happen to come
To a fir tree that's perfect and fair."

The bad little sapling was sulky and rude;
He said a fine tree never grew
In such a deep shade as that tangled-up wood;
He was bound to be crooked, he knew.
His needles they withered; he blighted at heart;
And his fate at the end it was dire;
For they pulled him up bodily, rootlet and crown,
And they used him to kindle the fire!

But oh, the good fir tree, he never had hoped
And scarce could believe such a thing—
The children discovered his place in the wood
And round him they danced in a ring.
They carried him homeward, and—what do you think?—
'Twas the happiest lot that could be,
And fairest of fortunes that ever befell—
Why, they made him a Christmas Tree!

THE EMPTY CRADLE

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

WAR and woe!
War and woe!
Bloody blow for bloody blow;
Silhouette of black on black;
Tragedy of sword and sack;
Purple death and livid scar:
Woe and war!
Woe and war!

Women, we have vigil kept,
Prayed and fasted, railed and wept,
But we have not saved our sons
From the martyrdom of guns.
We have borne in scarlet pain
All the men betrayed and slain.
Mouths, that from our breasts were filled,
Now in sullen dust are stilled.
Hands that once unbound our hair,
Hands we folded close in prayer,
Hands we loved and praised and kissed,
Have been struck from living wrist.
(Hand, how piteous thou art,
Lying idle and apart!)

Mother, with your rosy son
Fresh from gardens halcyon,
Will you meet his every need,
Train his thought, direct his deed,
That at last he swell the flood
Of torrential human blood?

Mother, with your boy unborn,
Shall his manhood be forsworn?
Shall he from his primal breath
Be a pawn to brutish death?
Shall his bonny fallen head
Roll amongst the slaughtered dead?

Let us spurn this mockery—
Bearing sons that war may be!
Ours the burden of the tomb,
Ours the man-encradling womb.
Bid that cradle empty stay
Till men pledge us peace for aye.

War and woe!
War and woe!
Teach us, Lord, Thy peace to know,
Peace divine and peace supreme—
This the Galilean's dream.
Death unbridled, armored fist,
God's defeat if they persist;
End them, Woman, for you can—
Peace on earth or no more man.

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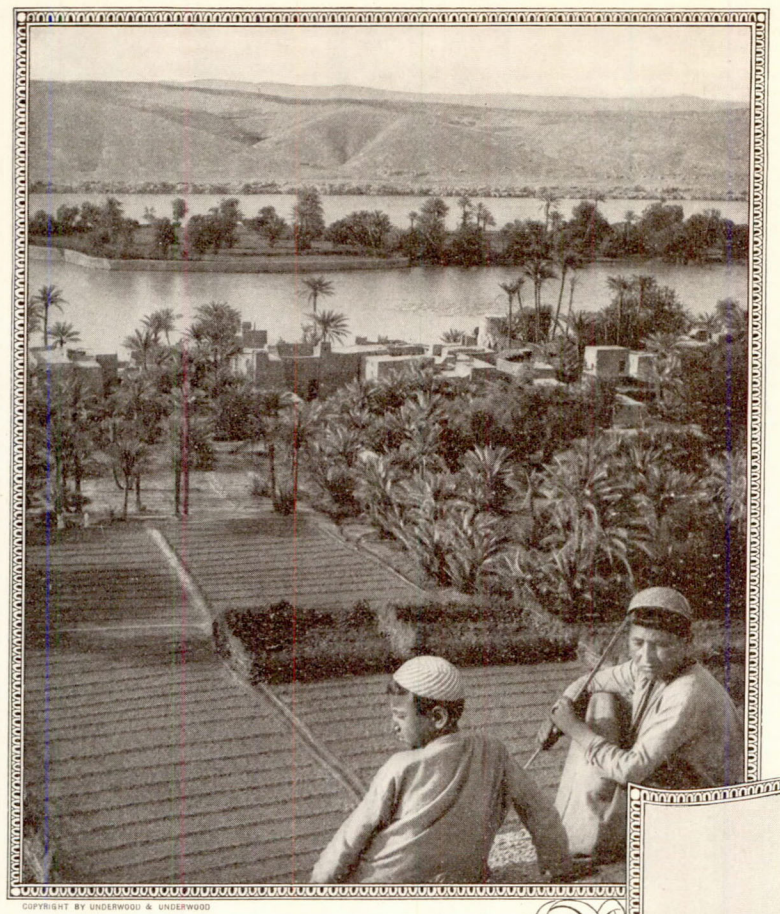
Restoring the Garden of Eden

"Clean-Up Day" in the Old-Home Place of Adam and Eve

By Frederick Simpich

THIS is "Clean-Up Day" in the Garden of Eden. At last, after centuries of neglect, Adam's old-home place—where the world's first romance was staged—is being remodeled and restored. And the remotest great-grandchildren of Adam and Eve are returning to dwell happily in the ancestral home, that home abandoned so long ago because of the trouble over the forbidden fruit.

But these heirs cannot occupy the Garden "rent free," as Adam and Eve did. To settle there now one must first make terms with the Sultan of Turkey. For it is the Turkish Government that has undertaken the stupendous task of irrigating Eden at a cost of many millions of dollars, since the traditional Garden lies in Turkish territory, far away in Mesopotamia.



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Looking East Over the Euphrates Valley at a Bit of the Garden of Eden as it is Today

Where the Garden is and How to Get There

IT IS a long walk from here to the Garden of Eden, and the trail leads far from beaten tourist paths. Until now perhaps not ten white men a year have visited the historic spot. To reach it safely one must go through the Suez Canal, over Pharaoh's bones in the Red Sea, down the steaming Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb (the Gate of Tears), up the lonely Persian Gulf, and thence five hundred miles up the winding Euphrates. Here in the historic valley of that river, hard by Hit of the Hittites—fifty miles west of old Bagdad—theologians and scholars have located Adam's old home.

"Out of Eden came a river, which watered a garden, and from thence it was parted, and became four rivers," declares the Bible. These four streams, named in Holy Writ as Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel and Euphrates, have been identified today; they are the same four streams, says Sir William Willcocks, famous Egyptian engineer and Bible student, that flow today under other names. Here is the original Eden, insists Willcocks; and many other high authorities agree with him.

And here in this vast Mesopotamian plain, financed by the Turkish Government, the giant irrigation project is under way; the project that is to restore Eden, to add millions of acres to the earth's productive area, and to turn immigration back to the Birthplace of the Race.

It was from Bagdad I started, to see for myself what Eden is like today. I wanted to see what changes have come since Adam's day, and what kind of people live now on the first homestead. I wanted to explore ruined Babylon, too, with its excavated palace of Nebuchadnezzar, where the Hand wrote the warning on the wall. And I wanted to see the Tower of Babel, where the confusion of tongues arose, for just south of the traditional Garden the reputed Tower still rears its battered head above the plain.

The Age-Old Caravan Trail to Eden

SO I CROSSED the swaying bridge of boats that spans the Tigris River at Bagdad, emerging from the frowning West Gate of Harun-al-Rashid's walled city, and mingled with the pilgrim hordes traveling westward along the age-old caravan trail that leads to Eden. It is a curious highway, this pilgrim route across Mesopotamia; two hundred thousand pilgrims a year tramp back and forth along its silent, sandy stretches. Moslems of the Shiahs sect they are, from Persia and far Samarkand; and with them they bring the dried and salted bodies of their dead, for burial at the sacred cities of Kerbela and Nedjed, southeast of Eden.

"How many dead are buried at Nedjed?" I once asked an Arab guide.

"Allah alone knows all their names," he answered simply.

For miles we rode past the pilgrim bands that were like a file of busy ants. Hundreds of male pilgrims, footsore and weary, walked beside their laden beasts; wealthier devotees rode on camels or were carried in palanquins. Mysterious veiled women, peeping through the eyeholes in their odd Persian yashmaks, sat cross-legged in the swinging *mahafi*, or queer, birdcage-like saddles, sunshade above, that swung from the sides of strong mules or camels.

Somewhere before us lay Eden.

But ahead, and to right and left as far as we could see, no house or tree or any living thing broke the empty loneliness of the flat, dusty plain. Yet like a checkerboard the vast desert was marked off with the ruined, half-obscured canals, which in ancient times watered all Mesopotamia and made it in Nebuchadnezzar's day "the granary of the world." Among the baked mud letters of an old Babel king was lately found a tablet giving directions for clearing out silt from canals that had become choked. And here and there lay wind-torn mounds of disintegrated brick, with broken tiles and fragments of glass that glistened in the sun—all that remains of ancient, ruined towns whose very names are forgotten. In all the long, hot day from Bagdad to the Euphrates we passed but one human habitation, the mud-walled khan of Mamoudieh, built beside a desert wall.

On the Edge of Eden

NIGHT had come when we rode at last into the Arab village of Musseyib, nestling among the palms that fringe the Euphrates and mark the edge of old Eden. Grunting camels and redolent goats crowded the narrow streets of the walled town; from the noisy bazaar odors of Bedouin cooking arose; and on the flat roof of a coffee house a tom-tom beat dully as a dancing girl sought to amuse an indolent group of wool-buying Jews. From the crumbling Arab tombs outside the village came the sad howls of prowling jackals.

This, then, was the entrance to the Garden of Eden!

But how changed from the dreamland of Adam's halcyon days! What dramas history has staged here in this old Babylonia since his time! Here Ezekiel lectured, and Moses saw the burning bush; here Cyrus burned and slew; and here—in the ruined palace of Nebuchadnezzar—Alexander the Great ebbed out his misspent life. And it was here, up from the buried cities of this historic plain, that scientists dug the wonderful libraries of baked-mud books, telling in queer cuneiform characters the graphic story of Creation, the Fall of Man and the Flood, telling these stories in words startlingly like the version of Genesis, proving parts of our Bible.

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Goofas Have Been in Use Since Jonah's Day. It is Said Moses Was Cast Adrift in One

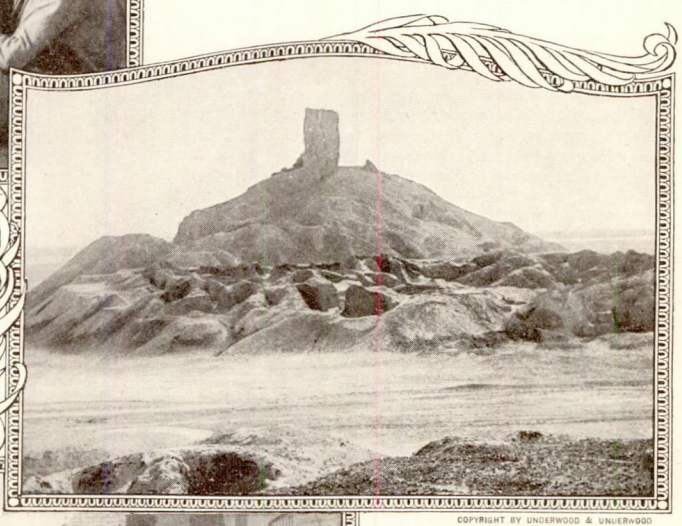
(Page 35)

But nothing of such deep human interest, nothing so worth while to the whole world, has happened in Eden since Adam's day as the present giant plan to restore the Garden, to reclaim by irrigation this vast Mesopotamian plain where the human race was born. It is a tremendous task, this "cleaning up" of old Eden, and the world's best engineering brains are bent on its fulfillment. And when the giant job is done, a veritable kingdom of wonderfully fertile land will have been added to the earth's productive area, and hordes of the homeless may come back to dwell again in the old haunts of Adam and Eve.

I say "come back," for, in the long ago, this Babylonia was the center of the world's wealth, population and power, "the cradle of the race and the granary of the world." Here once flourished a gravity irrigation system of singular ingenuity, so scientifically laid out that many of these canals, dug centuries ago, have now only to be cleaned out to be used again.

Herodotus was here when the ancient irrigation works watered the country, and described it as a "forest of verdure from end to end." Here the Arabs placed one of their four earthly paradises, the three others being at Shiraz, Samarkand and Damascus. To its north ran the great wall of the Medes, and Chaldean maps of Abraham's time showed it the center of the earth, a flat earth.

It is to restore this former prosperity, to bring men back to Eden, that Sir William Willcocks, the genius who tamed the Nile at Assuan and made the Indian deserts smile, is working out his newest miracle. Here I saw him, student and enthusiast, with Babylonia tablets, levels and maps before him, planning to restore the Eden of Scriptures, to give back to a land-hungry world a domain which, had it lain in our western states, would now be as highly developed as California. And back of him,



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Supposed to be What is Left of the Tower of Babel

aiding, eager to see the water miracle worked, are the half-wild Bedouins of the plain, descendants of Abraham!

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A Recent View of Bagdad's "Main Street"

How Eden Looks Today

MY FIRST day in Eden I saw thousands of such Arab workmen, chanting happily as they delved, digging a great false channel to take off the waters of the Euphrates. And across this same Euphrates, a few miles above ruined Babel, the British engineers, engaged by the Sultan to restore Eden, had flung a great dam of concrete ground by a "concrete mixer" from Chicago and reinforced by interlocking steel piles from Pennsylvania. And all this with unskilled, nomad labor! For under European foremen the Arab makes a good laborer and realizes what this great project will mean to his race.

One of the British engineers, observing that many of his workmen persisted in carrying dirt in a basket instead of using the wheelbarrows provided, rebuked an Arab for doing so.

"*Sahib*," replied the Arab, "my people have lived here, and carried dirt in baskets since the days of Moses. Why should you, a stranger from a new and little-known land, seek to tell me how to do my work?"

And all about, in the villages that hug the classic river and on the farms that fringe the canals that take off of it, the Arabs of modern Eden live their lives just as in Abraham's time. They make and keep the covenant of bread and salt; they slay sheep to seal vows. And once, when I dined with a sheik, he plucked from a whole roast sheep one of the eyes and gave it to me between his thumb and finger—a token of esteem and respect, the daintiest morsel to the guest!

Everywhere among them you hear such old names as Moses, Joseph and Alexander, pronounced "Musa," "Yusuf" and "Skandar." Now, as in Abraham's day, when a man

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

Bake in Glass!

The new way

—dainty spotless practical

—bake and serve in the same dish

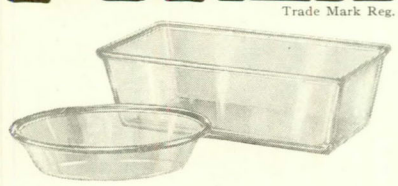
Baking in Glass! Glass which is crystal-clear and clean as spring water. Glass that withstands the heat of the hottest oven. Glass that sparkles to the eye an invitation of daintiness and purity and sturdy strength. Glass which supplants the unsightly pots and pans and the everlasting scouring. Glass that does not chip nor flake nor craze. Glass that does not absorb grease, odors, or flavors. Glass that polishes to immaculate cleanliness. Glass that glistens on the table and makes your kitchen as attractive as your dining room.

The proud manager of the home, with a zeal for cleanliness and a soul for pretty things, greets these new dishes with a glad little cry of welcome.

As Christmas Gifts these dishes are *both* useful and beautiful.

PYREX

Trade Mark Reg.



Glass Dishes for Baking

enable you to do your baking quicker, cleaner, cheaper, better. They are sanitary, economical, efficient, durable, attractive. They are transparent; you actually see the food while it is baking. When you clean the dishes every particle of dirt is visible and instantly detected. The high heat capacity of the glass yields quicker, more thorough, more uniform baking. Right from the oven you take these gleaming dishes and set them on the table just as they are, piping hot, appetizing, savory. Thus fewer dishes are used, and a decided saving gained in work, time, fuel (money), pantry space.

Mrs. Rorer and many other leading cookery experts give Pyrex the best of all indorsements—they use Pyrex exclusively. Booklet on request showing the wide range of dishes that may be baked in Pyrex.

2 qt. Baking Dish (Casserole) and Cover . .	$1.75
1 qt. Baking Dish (Casserole) and Cover . .	1.20
1 pt. Baking Dish (Casserole) and Cover . .	.85
Bread Pan (8½ x 4½ ins.)	.75
Pie Plate 8½ ins. . . $0.75; 8 ins. . .	.65
Shirred Egg Dish 7 ins. .65; 5½ ins. .	.45
Oval "Au Gratin" Dish (6 x 8 ins.) . . .	.70
Oval Individual Baker (4 x 6 ins.)	.35
Custard Cup 3½ ins. . . .20; 3 ins. . .	.15

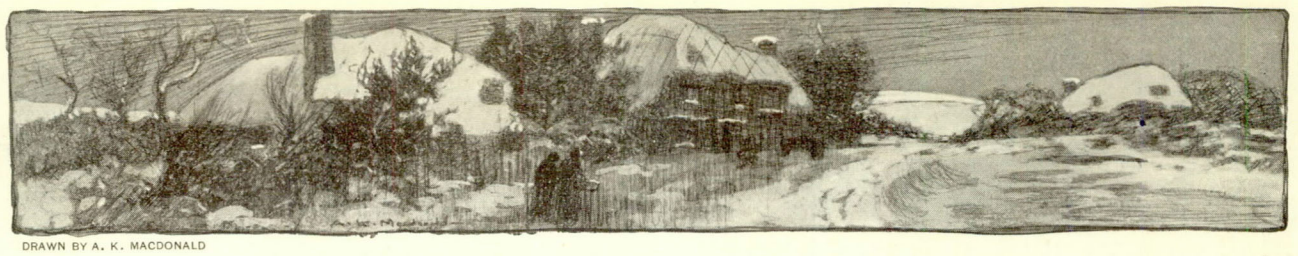
Prices somewhat higher in the far West and Canada.

Ask your department, china or hardware store to get these Pyrex Glass Dishes for you—or write to any of the following stores and they will supply you:

Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore; Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston; Fred'k Loeser & Co., Brooklyn; Wm. Hengerer Co., Buffalo; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; John Shillito Company, Cincinnati; The May Company, Cleveland; Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver; J. L. Hudson & Co., Detroit; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Emery Bird Thayer, Kansas City; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee; Bamberger's, Newark, N. J.; Gimbel Bros., New York City; Orchard & Wilhelm Co., Omaha; Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia; Kaufmann Store, Pittsburg; Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Ore.; Miller & Rhoades, Richmond, Va.; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis; Keith-O'Brien & Co., Salt Lake City; Nathan-Dohrmann Co., San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Spokane Dry Goods Co., Spokane; Dey Bros., Syracuse; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.

CORNING GLASS WORKS

Est. 1868. Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.



DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman

ONE summer evening we were all sitting on my sister's back porch at her home in the country town in which we were all born. Some city people feel sorry for folks who were born in a country town, find amusement in our rustic ways, and think they would die if they had to live there. We of the country town return the compliment and are sure we should die if we had to live in the city. We compare our freedom, our informality and our nearness to the woods and the creeks with their huddled state of living packed together, and decide in favor of the country town.

You have to be quite in the line of public life to feel the personality of a city. The great majority of city people do not know their neighbors and never feel the sense of proprietorship with which the old inhabitant regards his town.

In the country town everybody shares this sense of ownership, and the majority of people enjoy comforts which only the very wealthy in cities can afford. For instance, there are six acres in my brother-in-law's grounds—all sorts of fine fruits ripen in season, good cows graze in the back pasture and furnish the richest of milk and cream.

There are trees of beauty, and flowers and shrubbery and huge beds of asparagus and rhubarb, horse-radish, sage and various valuable "yarbs," not to mention fat hens and yellow-legged chickens for the asking.

There's a bed of wild violets in one corner of the yard, and the grapes hang in luscious clusters in the autumn—and the big persimmon tree yields its golden fruit gratuitously.

My sister is as sharp as lightning—full of wit and wisdom—and her husband is no fool, and they dress well and have the most wonderful things to eat.

Inside, the house is a miracle of cleanliness and comfort, and a crowd of cronies gathers there on winter afternoons and plays a pretty fair game. But after all, we are Country Jakes—and on the whole we are glad of it.

THE country town has suffered somewhat in literature. The Homeburg stories, while killingly funny, have exaggerated the rusticity of country towns in the Middle West, though in reading them one can usually put his finger on the very sort of character the author is describing. There is a lot of simple rawness in America, and it is the sort of rawness that remains raw in spite of teaching and training.

But, come to think of it, do we have any real teaching and training any more? Is not everything done in too much of a hurry? The car won't wait somehow like the team used to, in spite of the fact that you can get there in one-third the time.

The longer you live, however, if you take any notice at all as you go along, the more clearly you perceive that folks are just folks, and that, in spite of every accomplishment of education, environment and genius, our human limitations are so strangely alike as to level the boundaries and make us in spite of ourselves a simple brotherhood.

Age comes so unexpectedly—Death comes so tardily—to most of us! When a man begins to totter ever so slightly he must have a mind of wonderful fiber to defy old age, or he must have religion of the purest quality—else Death, the great benefactor, is not doing his duty if he doesn't take him.

Strangely enough, Death, with pardonable taste, prefers to take our bright ones.

But Death is not the subject of this brief peroration. I started out to open my subject with a story and wandered off the track. As I said, we were sitting out on my sister's back porch, telling what we would do if we were rich. My brother-in-law told first, and we all listened politely, sharing with him the joy he felt in planning the ideal farm, the show cattle and the hogs he would have.

MY TURN came next, and I had scarcely launched on my subject before my brother-in-law broke in with: "I knew you would make a fool of yourself with that money!"

We all laughed so at this that I did not finish my trip around the world (this was before the war), or get my winter home in Florida completed, or buy my sister a farm, or take my whole household of children and employees on the glorious trip to California in my private car, or anything.

I was just dashed from my eminence of wealth at one fell swoop, and awoke from my dream to find the same old homely perplexities before me.

About the first thought, however, that came to comfort me was that being rich would not lessen my perplexities but might rather multiply them. I have always thought that if I were rich it would be much easier to be a good woman; but this thought is offset by the certainty that it would be easier to be a bad one; and perhaps if money should unexpectedly descend upon me I might become suddenly and unaccountably selfish and never do a single thing I thought I would.

I suppose all our thinking is relative. My little nest egg of a few hundred dollars in the bank occupies the same position and importance in my eyes as that occupied by the millionaire's reserve fund, and the lessening of his fund by several thousands would seem as impossible and as injudicious to him as it would to me to draw out a hundred dollars and give it to my poor friend who has a dying husband.

BUT, honestly now, what would you do if you were rich? The first true answer to this is that you would still be yourself. There is nothing in money to make any sudden change in one's personality. If your nose is pug it would still be pug, and if you have lost your teeth money will not grow them again. If you are blind in one eye money cannot restore your vision, and if your child is common and given to low tendencies money will perhaps bring him the means of being more so.

Of course we all know that money will raise our social position. I can remember when it wouldn't. But that day is past. Some of the greatest aristocrats of our country town when I was a child were as poor as church mice, but they were real aristocrats—people of genuine breeding. There is only one sort of good breeding. The locality has nothing to do with it. It is like a vein of pure gold distinguishable to the expert at sight.

If I were rich, at least I should have some fun for a while giving money away. I like to do it even as it is. I'd rather leave a five-dollar bill in the hands of some poor old soul than to eat my dinner any day. But did you ever try giving to people and discover how soon they get to owning you? It is just like being good to people: they will walk over you as placidly as a cow would trample an India shawl or a hog swallow a diamond ring that happened to fall in its day's rooting.

I know a rich man who decided to befriend a little boy who made his appearance in the world without the proper formula of legal business. It was the purpose of the man to educate the boy and fit him for some useful career. But the boy, being of romantic tendencies, decided, after he was old enough to think, that the gentleman, who was just the simplest, sincerest soul alive, was his father. So he bullied and blackmailed him until the old gentleman turned him out—which was, no doubt, entirely good for him.

The man wished to spend his money beautifully, but human nature wouldn't let him. Poor human nature! And yet what nobility there is in the human race—such courage, such patience! If God is made in the image of man's highest aspirations, there's still divinity to account for—the thought of all that is perfect and true is loose somewhere; its very existence is more wonderful than the universe.

IF I WERE rich it seems to me I should seek out overburdened souls and place some of my money at their disposal. It would not be charity but just friendliness, as one would offer a gift of flowers. Where did we ever get the idea that charity is a disgrace to the recipient, or that we must not take money from our friends?

"But would you dare offer her a ten-dollar bill?" somebody said to me yesterday of a woman in great financial distress and family trouble. My first impulse was to answer: "Yes, indeed. I wish I had a stray one to offer." But after thinking about it a minute I got panicky for fear the woman might be "proud" and refuse to take a gift of the sort.

The worst thing about giving is the fact of its making the moral sense flabby. After receiving the first benefaction it is startlingly easy to take the second—and then to be burdened with a debt of gratitude. Did you ever stop to wonder if you would be big enough to carry it?

My soul is always wrung when I take a Dickens spell and re-read "Great Expectations." I know how Pip felt when the convict appeared upon the scene, for I have experienced something like it. When my father died my aunt and uncle, childless people and very poor, carried us across from our cottage to their own and made us at home there. Such as it was, they shared it with us. They cherished poor little mother and made Christmases and Fourth of Julys for her babies when mother's heart was so heavy that she couldn't. But aunt died after a while and uncle became a problem.

If there is a member of the family who is a problem there is just one thing to do, and that is to swallow him whole. I have learned that rather late in life. And money helps one with the swallow. If I had had it I could have housed uncle comfortably and dressed him in purple and fine linen, furnished him with a good meerschaum, and he would have passed, up here in our Northern town, as a pretty fair sample of the old Virginia gentleman.

Uncle could make a grand "eye" when his dignity was insulted (which was usually by the suggestion that he go to work at the carpenter's trade which he had learned when a boy), and he could quote Burns and Scott by the yard; but, there being no money, he had to sleep on the dining-room lounge, and wear faded, shrunken clothes, and sit around adding the squalor of penniless old age to our poor little home.

I amuse myself sometimes studying the "prominent people" who would certainly be "problems" if their parents hadn't left them comfortably well off. As it is they hold their heads high and get fussed when anybody abuses "the rich" as a class.

How sad and strange it is that the human heart, in all our centuries of civilization, has not been warmed to the extent of preventing poverty! How very wonderful that Christian people cannot bring themselves to say "our" instead of "my"—that we can be happy in plenty and comfort when just outside our gates lies Lazarus as of old!

But "Lazarus" does not mean a beggar; it just means all people whom we might succor by a kind word, a visit, a handshake, as well as by pecuniary aid.

I often wonder about the really rich in their attitude to poor friends. Did you ever notice how out of proportion to their wealth are the gifts they bestow on poor old cousins or lame-duck schoolmates?

HOW inconsistent we are in the gifts we give! When giving to the rich who do not need it we give large sums—that is, we pay large sums for our gifts. Suppose a very rich woman has two young relatives getting married the same June or October. To the rich girl she gives a gift costing perhaps a hundred and fifty dollars; to the poor girl she sends a darning bag with a gold thimble in it.

Now, why not reverse things? Why not send the rich girl the darning bag and the gold thimble, and give the poor girl a hundred and fifty in cash?

As it is, the rich girl does not value the little hundred-and-fifty-dollar trifle much—but what a fortune it would be to the poor girl! How can the rich deny themselves the great joy of doing things like this?

One thing, however, must be said in apology for "the rich." Nobody is ever so rich as people think he is. Everybody has his demands for money that other people do not know about. In other words, everybody knows his own business. But I see women spending unreasonable sums on clothes—wearing extravagant gems—spending money on whims, which, it seems to me, is really the most wasteful of all ways of putting money into circulation. I saw a woman buy a hat for fifty dollars one day—and the roll of bills she produced from her bag fairly staggered me. I had no business fooling around this shop. It was too tawdry, too insolent in its expression of the influence of finery upon morals.

If I were rich I should not wear elaborate clothes. It would be my greatest joy to hold to simple and pretty things though I were rich enough to be barbaric if I were not actually a civilized creature. Being civilized it is a real joy to dispense with bangles and spangles, gold bands and earrings, fillets and tiaras, cloth of gold and ermine. These are the trappings of "huge pathetic kings," never of women in whose souls the sweet grace of genuine religion has set up its shining.

WHEN I was a child we had a table made by hand of cherry wood; a heavy linen cloth woven by my great-grandmother, who was a fine, intelligent lady (I use this word advisedly); sterling-silver spoons, gold-band china, some old Colonial glasses, a pewter teapot and a few other plain things.

We were very poor. But somehow that table, set out for a visit from some well-loved friend, had a superiority over any lace-draped, candle-lit, flower-decked luncheon table of today. I am sure I am right about this. It is not merely because it was ours and I feel a reminiscent reverence for it; it is a fact from every viewpoint of art and of good taste. If I were rich I should try not to lose the perspective that makes me know this.

If I were rich I should still like ragged robins and marigolds, that I dug the ground for and planted myself, better than American Beauties bought at the florist's at a dollar apiece.

Many people associate happiness with riches. There is no greater mistake than this. Many men and women skimp and save—even cheat and oppress—that they may "enjoy" old age.

Alas for this fallacy! Money does help old age—but "enjoyment" belongs especially to youth. Happiness is a thing so elusive that it is like a butterfly finding sweets in some poor little weed blossom beside the most barren roadway. It is like a humming bird in the lovingly tended flower bed of a poor washerwoman.

But above all, if I were rich I should labor for education—for the removal of so much that is cheap in the objective life, for the substitution of actual creative work for "book learning," and for a reverence for holy things which above everything else insures happiness.

The Country Contributor

DECORATION BY DUGALD STEWART WALKER

The Tree Triumphant

A Christmas Play: By Carolyn Wells

AUTHOR OF "JOLLY PLAYS FOR HOLIDAYS," ETC.

SCENE

An outdoor scene. Trees, palms and plants in pots or tubs. Decorations of vines, flowers, trellises and flowering shrubs at back and sides. Ground to represent grass with paths. Such of the above as cannot be procured in natural state may be made of tissue paper or muslin. In the center (back) build a flower bed, with potted plants or artificial flowers. In the middle of this erect a beautiful arbor seat.

Curtain rises, disclosing DAME NATURE *on the arbor seat. She is robed in thin pale green material caught up with flowers. Her hair hangs loose, with flowers carelessly intertwined. She holds a long scepter twined closely with flowers. Some light music is played while she slowly rises and, shading her eyes with her hand, looks all about as if seeking somebody.*

SONG BY DAME NATURE *(Air, "Come, oh, come with me, the moon is beaming"):*

Hear, Dame Nature calls from leafy bower;
Come, oh, children, dear, each tree and flower;
Come from field and dell, in sun or shower;
Come, oh, come, I call to thee.
I would question thee, which one is fairest;
Which to all the earth most joy doth bring.
(Repeat: Hear, Dame Nature calls, etc.)

DAME NATURE *(calling):* What ho! My Forester! My Gardener!

[*Enter* FORESTER, *in picturesque dark green costume, broad green hat with long feather, and carrying trimming shears. Enter also* GARDENER, *in loose, white, open-throated blouse, knickerbockers or overalls and wide-brimmed straw hat. He wheels a barrow of potted plants, in bloom, and garden tools.*

SONG BY FORESTER AND GARDENER *(Air, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"):*

GARDENER: Oh, I'm Dame Nature's Gardener, hooray! hooray!

FORESTER: And I'm Dame Nature's Forester, hooray! hooray!

GARDENER: I'll tend her flowers from dawn till dark,

FORESTER: I'll tend the trees that grace her park,

BOTH: And we love our work, for
We are Dame Nature's men!

DAME NATURE:

Ay, indeed, my bonny, bonny men! What ho!
Summon me my Fair Assistants!

[*From here on, the* FORESTER *and the* GARDENER *act as ushers and admit the various characters in turn. After each song the singer curtsies to* DAME NATURE *and takes an appointed place, remaining on the stage.*

[*Enter* FIRE, WATER, EARTH *and* AIR. FIRE *is dressed in flame-colored robes of tarlatan or paper. She has dark hair and wears a headdress that simulates flames. She carries a torch or a firebrand (with electric light inside it, if possible) and waves about her a long, flame-colored scarf.* WATER *wears white tarlatan covered with shreds of silver paper; a veil of silvered gauze falls all around her, held at the top by a water lily. She carries a small watering pot painted white.* EARTH *wears a brown robe with a peaked hood. A fringe of green grass is all around the robe, and she carries a gilded spade tied with a green ribbon.* AIR *is dressed in the thinnest, most transparent white possible, and has wings of white gauze. Her skirts are short and very full, and she carries either a white toy balloon on the end of a white wand or a white feather fan.*

SONG BY FIRE, WATER, EARTH AND AIR *(Air, "Co-ca-che-lunk che-lunk che-laly"):*

We are assistants of Dame Nature,
Fire, Water, Earth, Air!
We do all we can to help her,
Fire and Water and Earth and Air.
Help the seeds to sprout and blossom,
Help the trees to grow and bear;
We're Dame Nature's willing helpers,
Fire and Water and Earth and Air.

[*Laughing voice heard outside, and enter* SCARECROW. *He is dressed in a loose Pierrot suit of yellow and green, stuffed out with straw. Funny old cap and painted face. Make him ridiculous, but not too unsightly. He cuts up funny antics.*

SONG BY SCARECROW *(Air, "The Campbells are Coming"):*

The Scarecrow is coming, oho! oho!
The Scarecrow is coming, oho! oho!
The Scarecrow is coming, his song he is humming,
The Scarecrow is coming, oho! oho!
Within the garden I stay, I stay;
I keep the crows all away, away.
Without me she couldn't get on, oh, no!
For I am Dame Nature's head man, oho!

[*Enter the* BLOSSOM TREE: *Girl in dress of pale green, entirely covered by apple blossoms sewed all over it. A branch of the same in her hand, and a wreath of the same. Green stockings and slippers.*

DAME NATURE:

Welcome, dear Blossom Tree, all pink and white,
Methinks I never saw so fair a sight!

SONG BY BLOSSOM TREE *(Air, "Sweet Genevieve"):*

There is no sweeter, fairer sight,
Nor fields abloom nor birds awing,
So lovely as that dear delight,
A blossom tree in early spring.
The wind's caress, the sunlight's kiss,
The crested wave on tossing sea;
There is no miracle like this—
The springtime and a blossom tree!
(Repeat first four lines)

[*Enter the* SHADE TREE: *Boy or girl, in brown suit, and carrying huge branches of leafy boughs, made by fastening quantities of paper leaves to bare tree branches. Suit almost covered with leaves sewed on. Headdress of leaves; brown shoes and stockings.*

DAME NATURE:

Ah, Shade Tree, truly thou art of the best;
How many 'neath thy boughs find peace and rest!

SONG BY SHADE TREE *(Air, "There's Music in the Air"):*

On a summer afternoon,
When the sun in splendor glows
Beneath my leafy boughs
Come and find a cool repose.
Oh, how happy one can be,
Sitting 'neath a shady tree,
All the golden afternoon,
In the leafy month of June.
(Sway branches slightly, as if in a breeze.)

[*Enter the* ROSEBUSH: *Girl wearing dress made entirely of roses. Green stockings and slippers. She carries a great sheaf of long-stemmed roses, and her hair is wreathed with rosebuds.*

DAME NATURE:

Hail, lovely Rose! My beauteous Daughter-Queen;
Of regal beauty, yet of modest mien.

SONG BY THE ROSEBUSH *(Air, "The Blue Alsatian Mountains"):*

I bring my choicest flowering,
My store of fragrant bloom,
The gentle air of summer
My petals will perfume—
My petals will perfume.
I come with blossoms laden
To glad the flying year,
And every youth and maiden
Forever holds me dear.

A rose, a rose, a rose,
Is the fairest flower that blows;
And its perfume is the sweetest,
As everybody knows.
(Repeat last four lines)

[*Enter the* FLOWERS: *Girl dressed and decorated with all kinds of flowers except the rose.*

DAME NATURE:

Sweet Flowers, of every sort, of colors gay,
Beautiful blossoms, welcome here today!

SONG BY THE FLOWERS *(Air, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still"):*

Though Rose may have her place,
There are other flowers as well;
The Lily's stately grace,
And the modest, sweet Bluebell.
The Sunflower, tall and bright,
The Morning-Glory vine;
Carnations, pink and white,
Marigold and Columbine,
The Violet's heavenly blue,
And the Canterbury Bell;
Though Rose is fair to view,
There are other flowers as well.

[*Enter* WILD FLOWER: *Small girl of wild, elf-like appearance. Her frock is yellow, covered with a tangle of wild flowers of all colors.*

DAME NATURE:

Ho, madcap! You are Wild Flower, well I know!
O'er field and meadow laughingly you go!

SONG BY WILD FLOWER *(Air, "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring, Tra la"):*

The Wild Flowers bloom in the summertime,
They bloom over meadow and field.
In every condition and every clime,
From May to September they're in their prime,
Their sweetness to all they yield,
Their sweetness to all they yield.
And that is the reason I say and I sing,
The Wild Flowers are dearest of everything;
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la—
The Wild Flowers are dearest of all.
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la—
The Wild Flowers are best of all!

[*Enter the* FRUIT TREE: *Boy dressed in brown and green suit. He carries branches with leaves on them, and also many fruits of all kinds. The fruits are best made of silk or paper stuffed with cotton and colored naturally. Or the fruits may be bought at a toy shop. He carries a horn of plenty, or a basket, overflowing with fruits. Real oranges, apples, bananas, etc., may be used.*

DAME NATURE:

My bonny Fruit Tree, blessing to mankind,
Thou art among the greatest, to my mind.

SONG BY THE FRUIT TREE *(Air, "My Ain Countree"):*

I'm laden with fruit till my boughs are bending down;
The triumph of the summer, I am nature's richest crown;
Her pride and her joy in the orchard you must see;
I'm the tree above all others, the old Fruit Tree!
The other trees are lovely, with their blossoms and their flowers;
The roses deck the arbor and the lilies grace the bowers.
But though they are fair, I am sure you will agree,
The bravest work of nature is the old Fruit Tree.

[*Enter* AUTUMN TREE: *Girl or boy in russet brown suit covered with autumn leaves (pressed or artificial). Trailing vines, nut burs, sumac berries or anything that suggests autumn foliage.*

DAME NATURE:

Hail, Autumn Tree, in gold and russet clad;
Thy glorious hues make the earth gay and glad!

SONG BY AUTUMN TREE *(Air, "Three Fishers Went Sailing"):*

Oh, I am the tree that the autumn has turned,
I'm russet and crimson and golden brown;
My boughs are aquiver as cool breezes blow,
And my red leaves are falling and falling down.
For summer is gone and autumn is here,
The noblest occasion of nature's whole year,
When the autumn leaves are falling.

[*Enter the* POINSETTIA: *Girl or boy in green and red suit decorated with quantities of poinsettia blossoms. Red shoes and stockings and general Christmasy appearance. Red-ribbon streamers, and carries a potted poinsettia.*

DAME NATURE:

Poinsettia, thou fill'st my soul with glee;
Visions of Christmastide thou bringest me.

SONG BY POINSETTIA *(Air, "The Lorelei"):*

I am the Poinsettia scarlet;
I make the Christmas gay;
My smiling red blooms are needed
To decorate the day.
And after the revels are ended,
And after the day is done,
I shine on in scarlet glory,
Like a star of a Christmas gone.

[*Enter the* EVERGREEN TREE: *Boy in plain brown suit, carrying good-sized evergreen tree. No decorations of any sort.*

DAME NATURE:

How now, my little tree, why art thou sad,
When all about thee are so gay and glad?

SONG BY THE EVERGREEN TREE *(Air, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"):*

Oh, no, I'm no account—
Just a little Evergreen Tree;
No good to anybody—
Just a little Evergreen Tree.
I try to be cheery, but well I know
I'm poor and plain, you see;
No fruit or flowers on me will grow—
Just a little Evergreen Tree.
Oh, no, I'm no account—
Just a little Evergreen Tree.
No good to anybody—
Just a little Evergreen Tree.

[*The tree stands disconsolate.* DAME NATURE *rises and waves her wand.*

DAME NATURE:

Evergreen Tree, I claim thee for the best;
Thou shalt be honored over all the rest;
'Tis Christmastime; come, fairy, elf and sprite,
Come, Christmas spirits, deck this tree tonight.
Evergreen, joy! for thou shalt surely be
Best of all trees on earth—the Christmas tree!

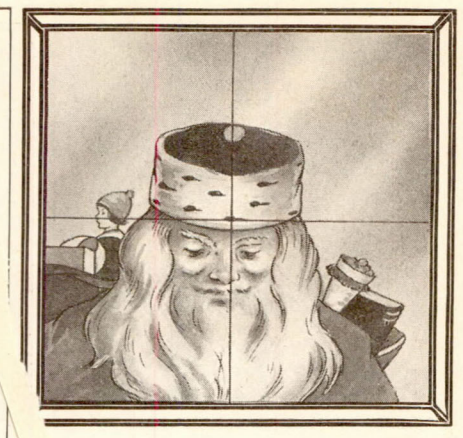
[DAME NATURE *claps her hands, and at the signal several children garbed as Christmas elves rush on the stage. They wear green or red dresses trimmed with holly, and carry all sorts of Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, etc. With these they decorate the* EVERGREEN TREE *until it is a veritable Christmas tree. They skip and trip around the tree, and then join hands and encircle it as they sing, the others all joining in:*

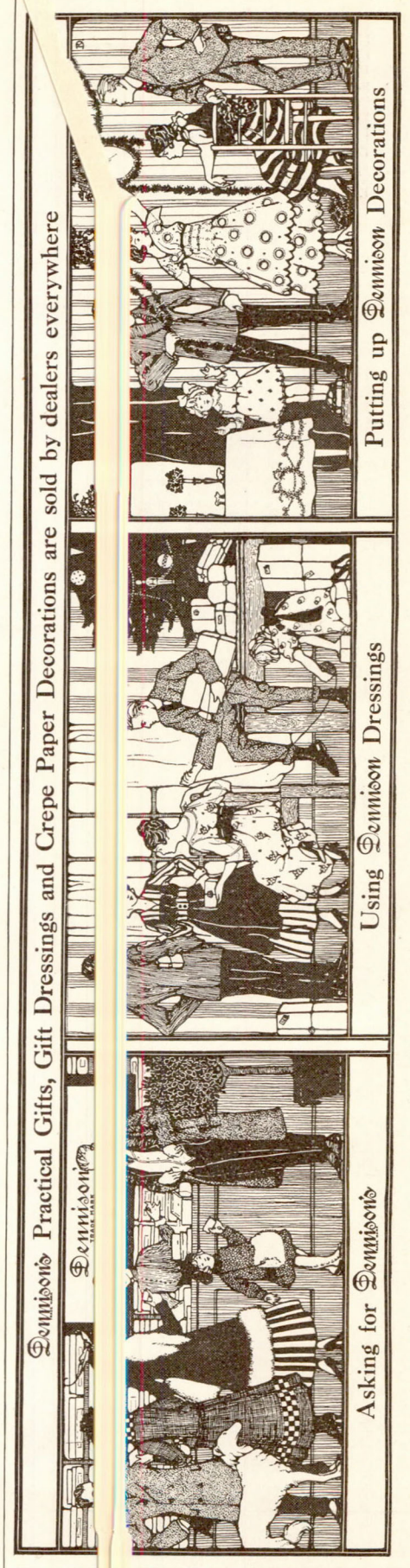
CHORUS BY ALL *(Air, "Rig-a-jig, jig, and away we go"):*

Oh, look at our dear little Evergreen,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day!
Of all the trees it is surely queen
On merry Christmas Day.
For the very best tree is the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree!
The very best tree is the Christmas tree,
On merry Christmas Day!
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree; the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree!
(Repeat first four lines)

CURTAIN

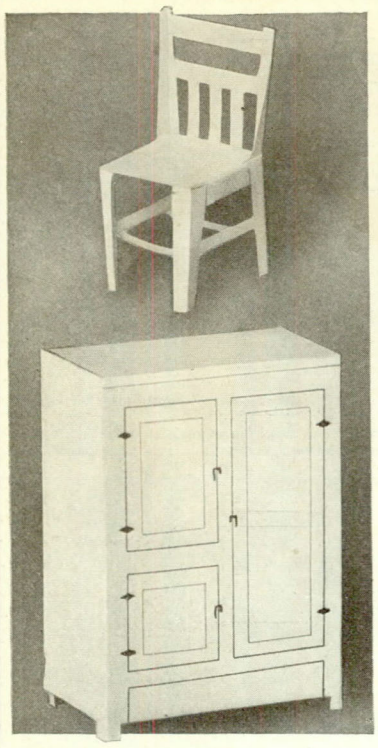
NOTE—To extend this play by the addition of other characters, descriptions, greetings and verses will be sent for presenting Seaweed, Kitchen Garden, Grain and Cotton Plant. Address your request for this material to Miss Wells, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and inclose a stamped, addressed envelope.





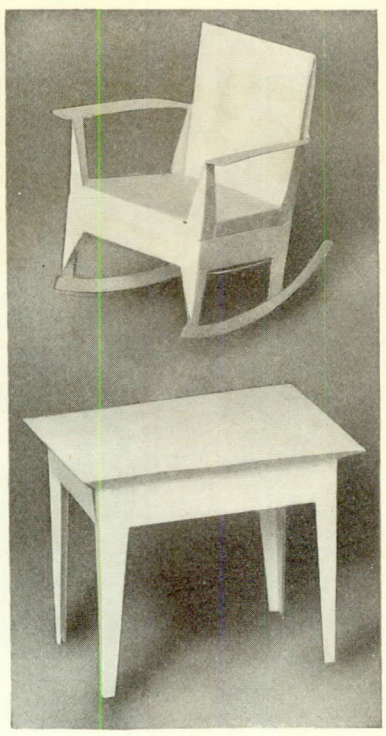
HAVE YOU A
Dennison
Christmas Book?

Do you want it? Send a 2ct. stamp and your address on this coupon to Dennison Manufacturing Co. 26 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.



The Kitchen Chair and the Ice Box

HERE are the kitchen cupboard and the stove, and the little footstool for the morris chair.

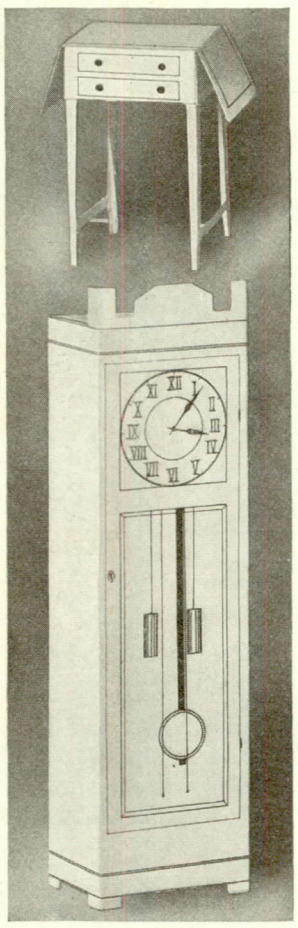


A Rocker and the Kitchen Table

Paper Furniture for Your Betty Bonnet Doll

Which Can be Made Without Either Mucilage or Glue

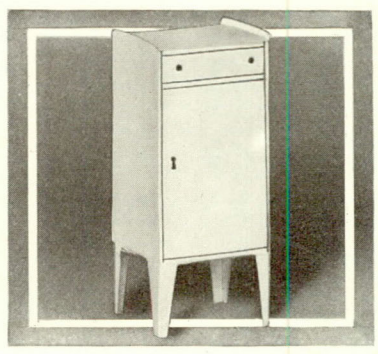
By John V. Horr



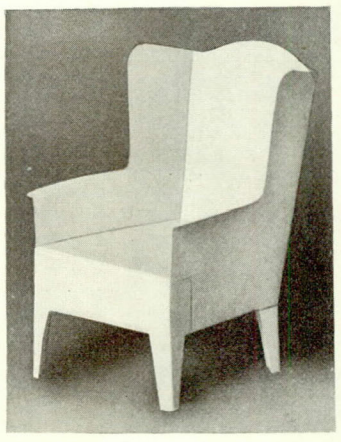
A Table and the Tall Clock

Three Pieces You Will Like for the Living Room

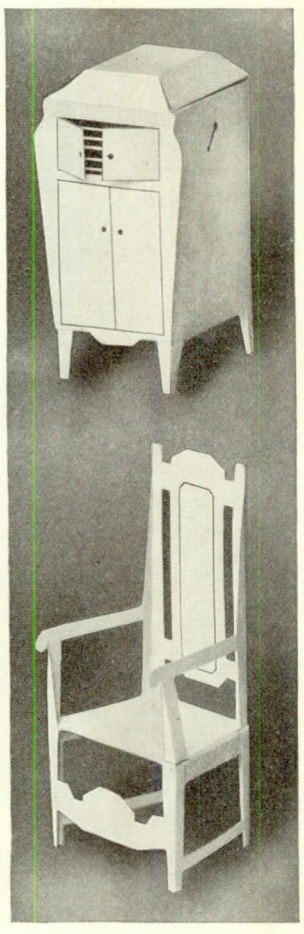
A Comfortable Morris Chair



Music Cabinet for the Living Room

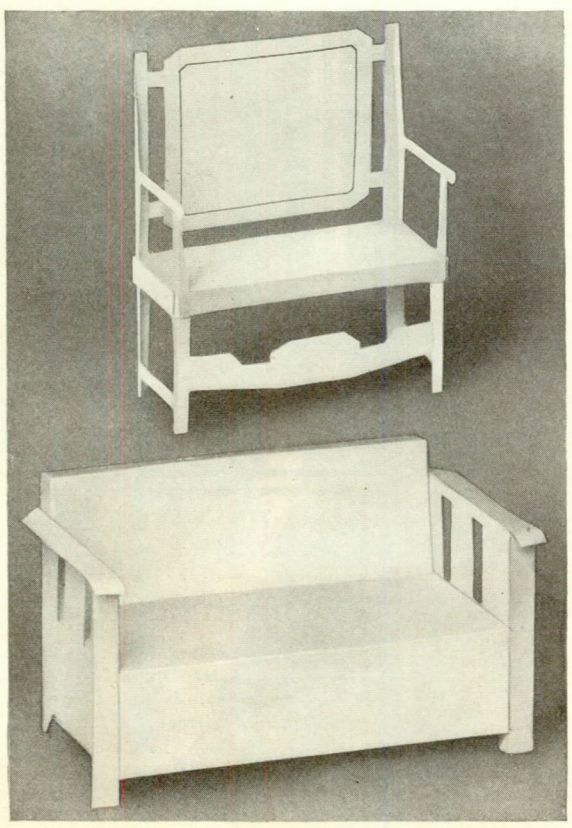


The Big Fireside Chair



Talking Machine and Hall Chair

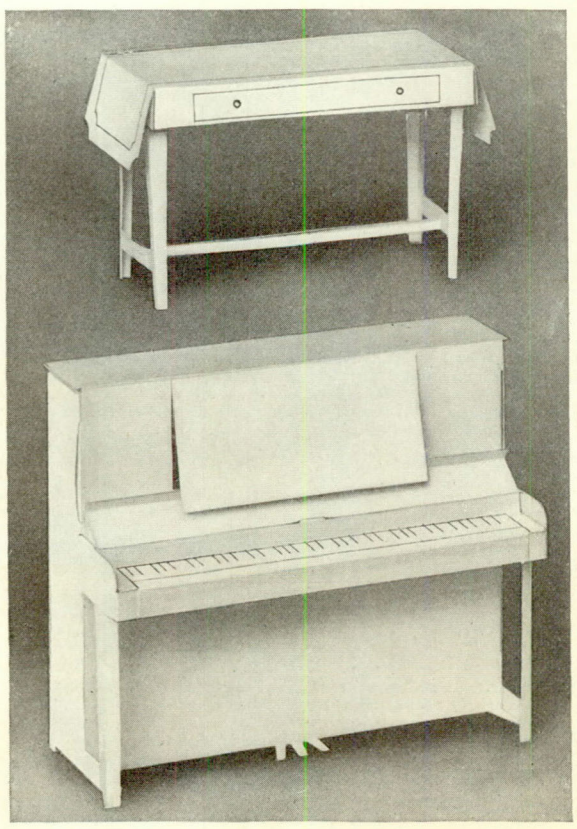
ON THIS page we are giving you the furniture for the living room, hallway and the kitchen, which, with the furniture for the bedroom and the dining room published in last month's JOURNAL, will furnish your doll's house complete. The diagrams are all on white paper, but you can color the furniture with the paints in your paint box if you should want to make any of it look like the darker woods.



The Hall Bench and the Settee for the Living Room

The Piano Bench and the Living-Room Table

NOTE — Diagrams for making this furniture, which, when folded, are ready for use, may be had for five cents in stamps for the kitchen furniture, five cents in stamps for the living-room furniture, and five cents in stamps for the hall furniture. Address your letter to Mr. John V. Horr, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.



This is a Wonderful Piano, and Above it is the Hall Table

THE CORPIES

BY L. P. BRYANT

III THEIR CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

THE month has come when girls and boys
Are thinking of the coming joys
Of Christmas. When to every home
Throughout the land there's going to come
That joyous season of the year
We give to feasting and good cheer.

Now, at this time, when everyone
Is looking forward to the fun
That's coming and the host of things
We love to eat, that Christmas brings,
The Corpies all must work away—
They never take a holiday,
Because they know that there'll be use
For big supplies of *gastric juice*
And *bile* and lots of clean red blood
To work up all the extra food.

"How can I help," perhaps you ask,
"The Corpies with their Christmas task?"
For I can almost hear you say:
"It wouldn't be a Christmas Day
At all, unless we got enough
Of all the tempting Christmas stuff."
You're right; and when I name a few
Quite easy things we ought to do,
It's not that Corpies want to shirk
Or balk at any extra work;
Or that they ever would deny
To us our Christmas cake or pie;
But simply that they feel that you
And I will be quite glad to do
For them the little things we know
Will help them make our bodies grow.

So when dear mother starts to make
The puddings, pies and Christmas cake,
And there is lots of citron 'round,
And raisins, too, and nuts are found,
With other tempting things, all placed
Where anyone can get a taste,
Remember nuts are good for you
Provided that you chew and chew
Them up, before you let them go
Into the stomach room below.
And raisins, too, are good, if we
Will mas-ti-cate them thoroughly.
In fact, this rule applies, you'll find,
To all our foods of every kind.
They must be ground up quite complete;
And then it's plain, if we don't eat
Our raisins, nuts or candy fast,
Not only will the flavor last,
But mixing in *saliva juice*
Just makes them right for Corpies' use.

And then I want to mention here
Another thing, one which I fear
You will not like, because I know
That every child loves candy so.
Now candy's what the Corpies call
A car-bo-hy-drate, for it's all
Composed of sugar which, you see,
Like starch, produces energy;
And, just like starch, this sugar sweet
Will gen-er-ate a lot of heat.
So when there's candy 'round, before
You go to take a little more,
Just stop and think how, every day,
The Corpies have to work away
To handle all the starch that comes
Down to their special Liver rooms,
So very, very small in size;
And then, I'm sure, you'll realize
Why they don't like a child who eats
A lot of candy, cakes or sweets
Before his meals—because when you
Give Corpies too much work to do
In handling extra starch, it tires
Them out and makes their furnace fires
Too hot; and when their strength is gone
A bilious fever may come on.
Yes, too much candy's what is wrong
With lots of folks who might be strong
And vig-or-ous and feeling prime,
Instead of sickly all the time.

Soon Christmas Day is really here,
The busiest day of all the year
For Corpies, but a day of joy
For them if every girl and boy
Will only carry out their part.
So, for our breakfast, let us start
With fruit or orange juice; maybe
A dish of prunes would best suit me.
Then cereal—and I'd use with mine
Pure maple sugar, grated fine;
For I imagine that the paste,
With all its creamy, mapley taste,
Will make the Corpies, in a way,
Appreciate the holiday.
Then crisp, fresh toast, served with a cup
Of cocoa weak, will finish up.

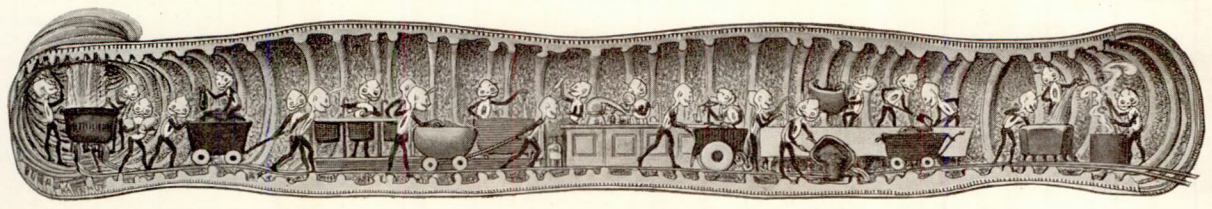
By noon, or two o'clock, at least,
Here comes the joyous Christmas feast!
We see the table loaded down
With good things. There's the turkey brown,
Reposing on a platter wide,
With all the trimmings on the side;
The rich, thick gravy, too, we see;
The cranberries and celery;
And right before our very eyes
Are all the mince and pumpkin pies,
And puddings, too, and Christmas cake,
And other things—so apt to make
Most any child forget, you see,
The Corpies and their factory.
And so, before your anxious chin
Begins to work and you start in,
I want to ask you, if I may,
To bow your little head and say:
"*Dear Corpies: You have worked for me*
So long and hard and faithfully
That in the midst of all this food,
Which tempts me so and looks so good,
I promise that I'll try and do,
Right now, the things you want me to.

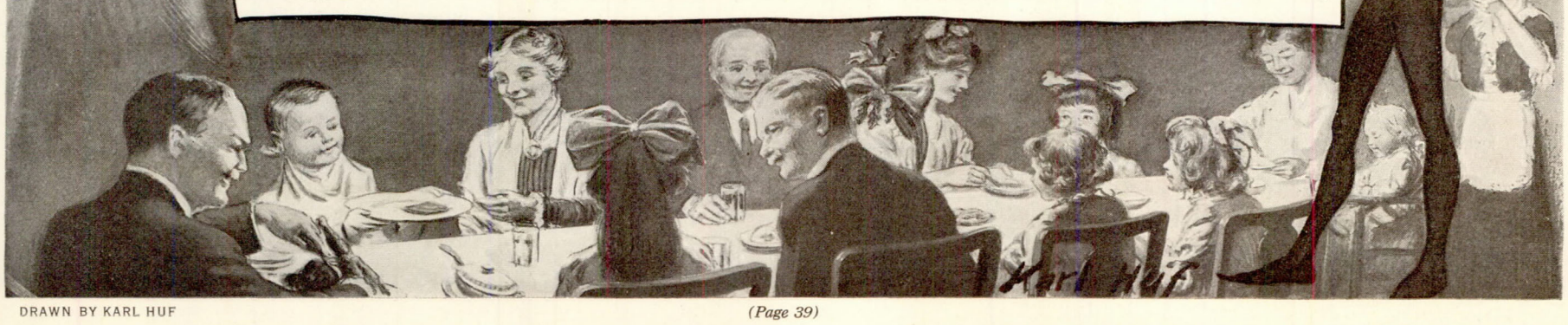
I'm going to eat my turkey "slow"
And chew it well, and then, I know,
With all your work, it's plain enough
'Twould not be right for me to stuff
So much that when the dinner's gone
'Twill cause you trouble later on.
And when it comes to hot mince pie,
Or puddings rich or fruit cake, I
Am going to try to treat you right
By holding down my appetite,
And wait till mother asks, before
I pass my plate for any more."
I do not know a better way
To help the Corpies Christmas Day.

When evening comes the Corpies shout:
"Don't send too much, we're tired out!"
And so a plate of hot milk toast,
With fruit that's cooked, will be the most
Acceptable—for I assume
You're going to need a little room
For nuts and candy, too, which you
Will want before the evening's through.
Thus ends our day—but, by the way,
There's one thing more I want to say:

The Corpies stand for Love, and you
Know that's the Christmas spirit too.
So, as you plan, this time of year,
For all the coming Christmas cheer,
Do not forget the Corpie bands
So far away in other lands,
In other girls and other boys
Who won't have any Christmas joys.
Perhaps there's some poor child around
Right in your town, who can be found,
Who'll have no Christmas nuts or cake,
Nor even food enough to make
The Corpies work at all; so prove
That *you* appreciate the love
Which Corpies one and all have had
For you, and make some poor child glad,
And make the Corpies happy, too,
By sharing all the joys that you
Will have—your box of candy sweet,
And cake and other things to eat.
For, if you do, I'm sure you'll find
That little Corpies in your mind
And heart will make *this* Christmas Day
The happiest one, in every way,
You've ever known; and that, you see,
Is just what Christmas ought to be.

JOIN THE CORPIE CLUB—Write to THE MASTER CORPIE, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing a two-cent stamp. He will send you full instructions how to become a member and to obtain a Corpie Button.





DRAWN BY KARL HUF

No Waste

You can fry fish, then onions, then potatoes, all in the same Crisco—and no taste or odor will be carried from one to the other. It is necessary merely to strain the Crisco through cheese cloth after each frying. This prevents all waste, and makes it unnecessary to keep several crocks of cooking fat in your kitchen for different kinds of frying.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco keeps fresh and sweet indefinitely. This also means prevention of waste.

Crisco is equal to the best of creamery butter for cooking—and costs less even than the better grades of lard.

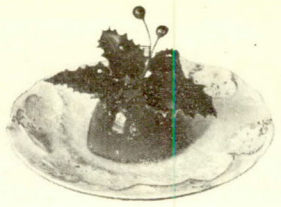
Fried Chicken

Chicken **Crisco**

Select young tender chickens and disjoint. Wash carefully and let stand over night in refrigerator. Drain chicken but do not wipe dry. Season with salt and white pepper and dredge well with flour. Fry in deep Crisco hot enough to brown a crumb of bread in sixty seconds. It requires from ten to twelve minutes to fry chicken. Drain and place on a hot platter garnished with parsley and rice croquettes.

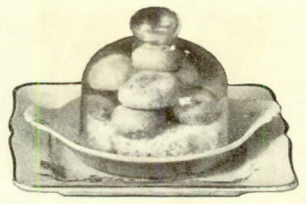
If you want to know more about Crisco, send for the "Calendar of Dinners". This cloth-bound, gold-stamped book contains, besides the story of Crisco, a different dinner menu for every day of the year and 615 recipes tested by the well-known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil. Address your request to Department D-12, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O., enclosing *five 2-cent stamps*. A paper-bound edition, without the "Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes, will be sent free on request.

Appetizing Spice Jelly



Cranberry Jelly, Garnished

Grapefruit With Jelly



Mushrooms Under Glass

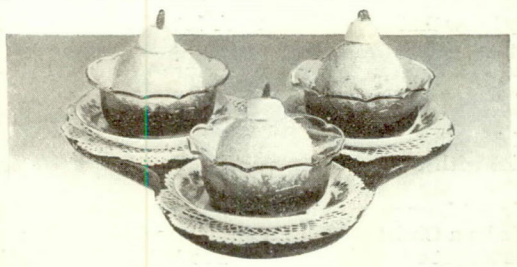
The New Dishes for the Christmas Table

TO MAKE spice jelly put three heaping tablespoonfuls of gelatin into a saucepan; add three cupfuls of water, one cupful of sugar, six cloves, one inch of stick cinnamon, one blade of mace, one teaspoonful of coriander seeds, the thinly cut rind of two oranges and two lemons, and the whites and shells of two eggs. Beat over the fire until boiling; allow to boil up, draw to one side, cover, and leave for five minutes. Strain and mold. Serve with whipped cream. Decorate with crystallized mint leaves.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

CRANBERRY JELLY, made in individual molds and served with a sprig of holly stuck in each, is an attractive accompaniment.—*Mary H. Northend.*

GRAPEFRUIT, filled in the center and garnished with very firm red gelatin, is inviting for the Christmas Day breakfast.—*Jessie Tarbox Beals.*

TO COOK mushrooms under glass sauté a quarter of a pound of peeled mushroom caps in two tablespoonfuls of butter; season with salt and paprika, lemon juice and chopped parsley; add one cupful of cream, cover, and let simmer until reduced a little. Arrange the mushrooms on a round of bread in a mushroom dish, pour the liquid over them, cover with a glass bell, and bake for a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven. Send to the table without removing the glass, which confines the delicate flavor.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

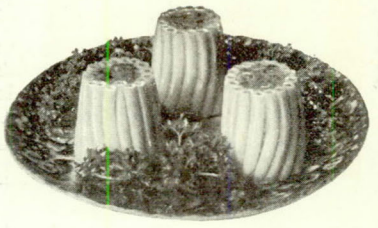


Apples, Fancy Baked

PARE and core well-shaped apples. Fill the centers with marshmallows, chopped raisins and nut meats, and bake until tender. Put into a saucepan a quarter of a cupful of sugar and a quarter of a cupful of boiling water, stir until melted, and cook for five minutes. Cover the apples with this sauce, then roll them in chopped coconut. Serve surrounded with grape juice. Top them with marshmallows and candied rose leaves.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

Strawberry Gelatin

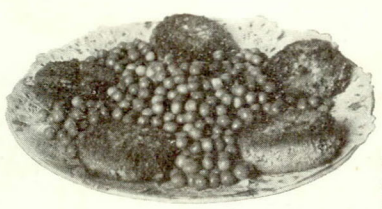
STRAWBERRY GELATIN makes a pretty Christmas dish. Pour the fluid into small cups to form and become chilled, and turn it out for serving on lace-paper doilies. Arrange whipped cream around the base and ornament it with tiny red candies and holly leaves cut from citron. Garnish the top with a spoonful of cream and a red candy.—*Mary H. Northend.*



Macaroni Timbales With Oysters

MACARONI TIMBALES with oysters will be delicious served with the dinner. Line small buttered timbale molds with boiled macaroni cut the proper length, and fill the centers with a combination of chopped oysters, seasoned bread crumbs and white sauce. Serve them with tomato sauce.—*Mary H. Northend.*

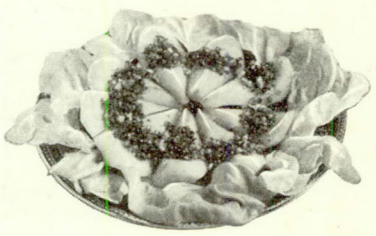
Christmas Tea Cakes



Sweet Potato and Nut Croquettes

THESE are very satisfying. Boil and mash a number of sweet potatoes, and season well with salt, pepper and butter; add an equal quantity of broken walnut meats, and moisten with a little sweet cream if necessary. Form into cakes, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry golden brown. Serve hot with buttered peas. For ordinary occasions these croquettes may be used as a main dish.—*Mary H. Northend.*

SIFT two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Rub into them one heaping tablespoonful of butter; then add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of chopped citron peel and two tablespoonfuls of currants. Make a soft dough with milk, and bake in muffin rings in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.—*Marion Harris Neil.*



Pear Salad

THIS "goes right to the spot" when served at the light Christmas supper following the hearty dinner. Thoroughly chill home-canned pears, and arrange them on lettuce leaves in flower effect. Fill the core cavity in each section with a mixture of finely chopped nuts and candied ginger, and serve with mayonnaise made without mustard and mixed with a little whipped cream.—*Mary H. Northend.*

Stewed Pigeon

DRAW the pigeon, truss it for roasting, roast for ten minutes in a hot oven, baste frequently with butter, untruss, and cut into neat joints. Chop one onion, fry it in butter until golden, put in the pigeon, and fry for five minutes; then add seasoning, a quarter of a cupful of brown sauce, four tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce and six mushrooms diced; boil up, put in twelve stoned olives, and cook for thirty minutes. Garnish with olives and mushrooms, and strain the sauce over.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

TO MAKE chicken en casserole singe, wipe and cut the chicken into pieces at the joints; sauté in butter melted in a frying pan, first on one side and then on the other, until lightly browned, then transfer the pieces to the casserole; add two cupfuls of hot white stock (made from chicken or veal) or boiling water, put on the cover and let cook in a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and in it fry six washed mushroom caps, one sliced carrot, two dozen potato balls and six small peeled onions. As soon as these are browned remove them to the casserole, add more stock if required and season to taste; put on the cover and return the casserole to the oven for another half hour or until the vegetables are tender, when the chicken should be cooked.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

Duchesse Pudding

SOAK one cupful of bread crumbs in two cupfuls of scalded milk for twenty minutes. Add half a cupful of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of cocoa, one teaspoonful of almond extract, half a cupful of chopped preserved ginger and a quarter of a cupful of chopped coconut. Mix well together, pour into a well-buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes. Turn out and decorate with whipped cream and chopped nut meats.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

FOR curried rabbit en casserole cut a large, skinned rabbit into neat joints, and dip each piece into seasoned flour. Fry the rabbit in a casserole containing two heaping tablespoonfuls of well-heated butter or drippings. When nicely browned remove the rabbit; add to the fat in the casserole a chopped onion and a chopped apple, and fry this with a tablespoonful of curry powder and a clove of crushed garlic. Fry for a few minutes, then put in the pieces of rabbit, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of powdered ginger and a quarter of a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Moisten with enough brown stock to cover the meat. Bring it to the boil. Skim well; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and simmer with the lid on for about an hour and a half. Serve with boiled rice.—*Marion Harris Neil.*

Chicken en Casserole

Curried Rabbit en Casserole

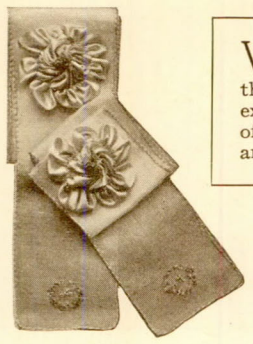
GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

A Pretty Bow for Grandmother

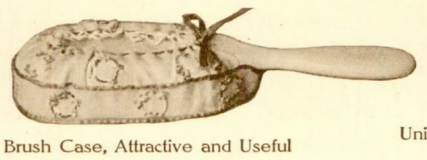
The Christmas Club

Conducted by Edith M. Burtis

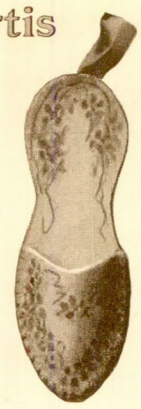
WHEN Christmas comes it brings good cheer, or it should, but unfortunately the joy is often marred by indiscriminate or extravagant gift-giving. Accept the services of our Christmas Club and insure for yourself and others all the joy of this gladsome time.



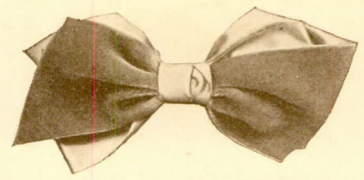
Bonnet Strings for Baby



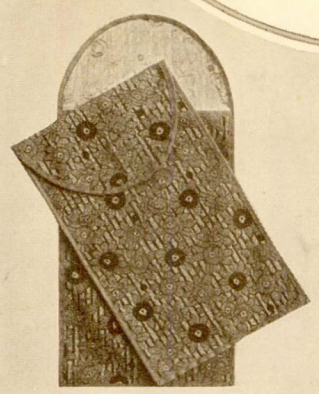
Brush Case, Attractive and Useful



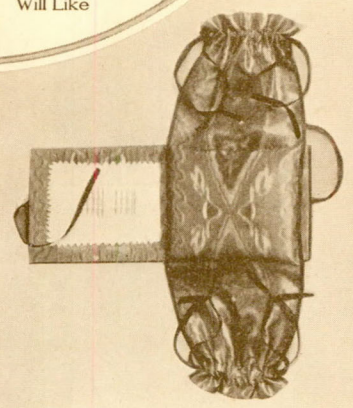
Unique Hanging Case



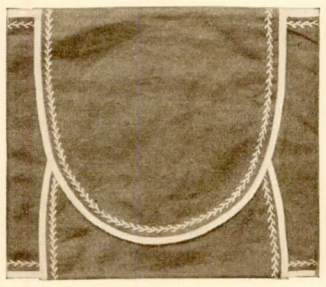
Something a Girl Will Like



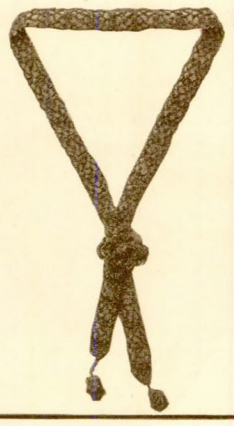
Practical Individual Cases for Best Shoes

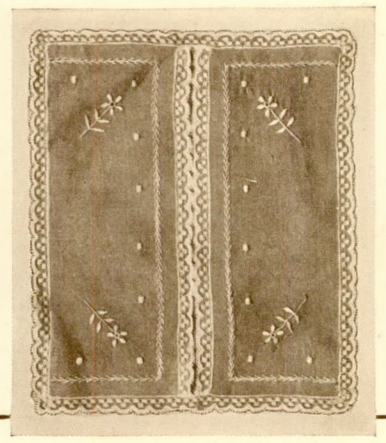


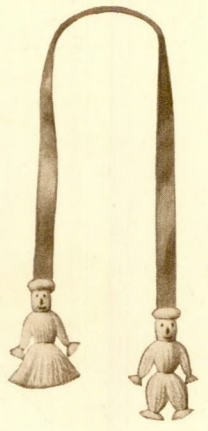
A Decidedly Unusual Needlework Bag



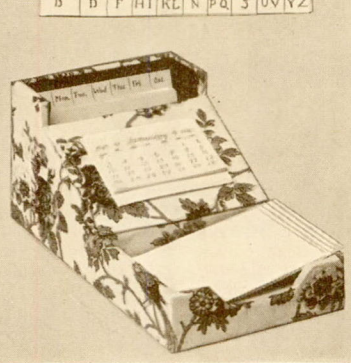
To Protect the Best Napkins



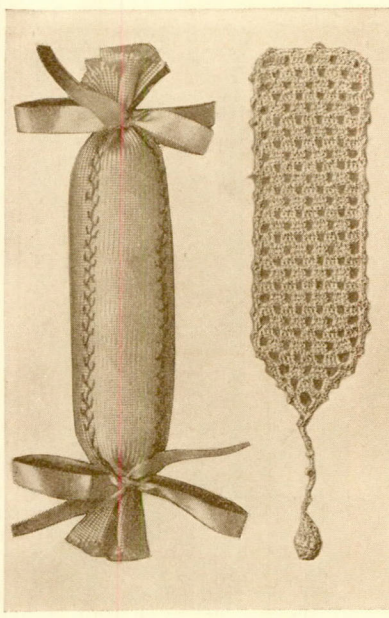




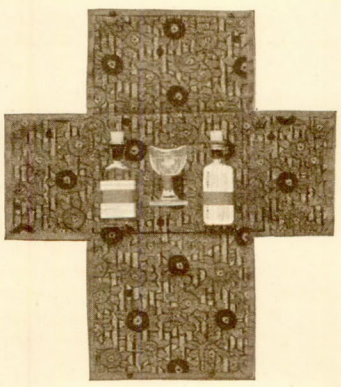
Convenient and Inexpensively Made



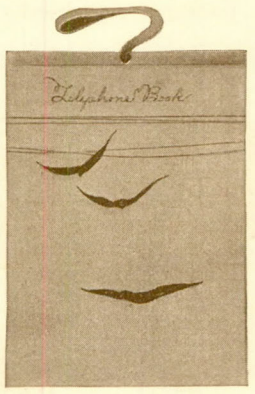
Craftworkers Can Make These



Simple Needlecase and Bookmark



First Aid for the Traveler

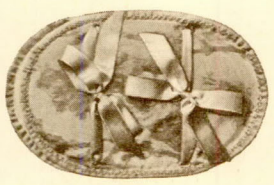


Handy Record of Telephone Numbers

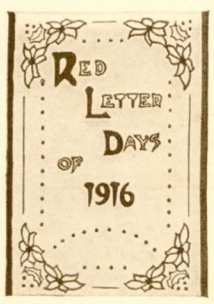
A Useful Bag That Will Launder

Four-Compartment Bag of Usefulness

Gifts Averaging Twenty-Five Cents Do Not Mean That These May Not be Pretty and Useful, for to the Actual Cost Must be Added the Loving Interest of the Maker



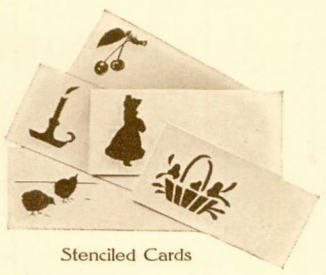
Chamois-Lined, Protective Traveling Case for Mirror



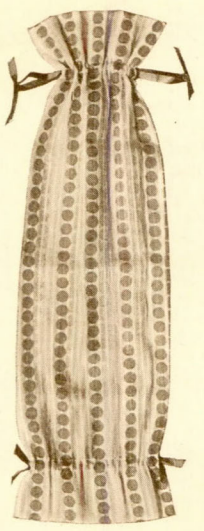
To Record Happiness In

For Mother's Crochet

Laundry Requisites in Miniature for Travelers

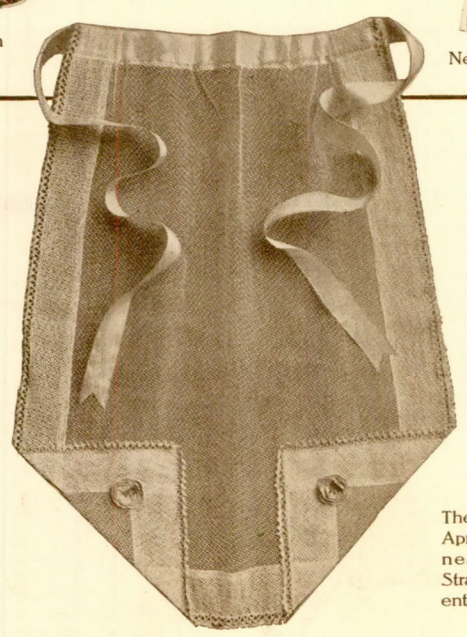


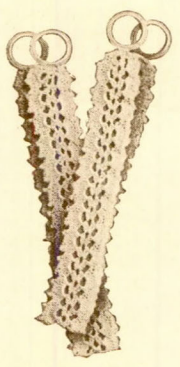
Stenciled Cards



New-Style Corset Bag

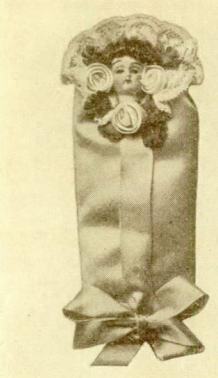
Little Gifts for Personal Adornment are Always Appreciated, Provided Consideration is Given to Becomingness





The Daintiness of This Apron and the Usefulness of the Curtain Straps are Quite Apparent to Any Woman

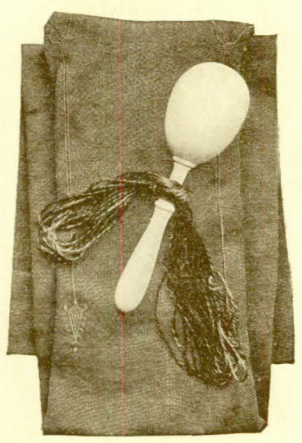
NOTE—There is still time to join the Christmas Club, and even if you joined last month you will surely want the December booklet, giving the cost and descriptions of these gifts. Inclose four cents in stamps with your request, addressed to the Christmas Club Editor, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.



The Little Things That Girls Love

Easily Made Between Now and Christmas

Party Bag for Slippers, Fan and Scarf



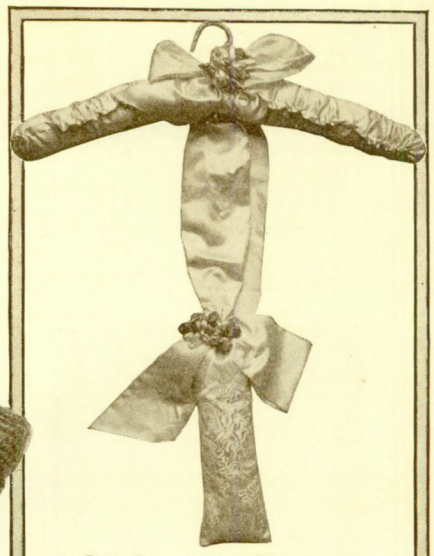
Silk Stockings, Darner and Thread

Girlish and Pretty Cap to Crochet in Silk or Worsted

DESIGNED BY RICHARD CECIL POND

Very Smart Motor Hat With Fur Quills

All-Round Useful Hat Crocheted in the Tricorn Shape

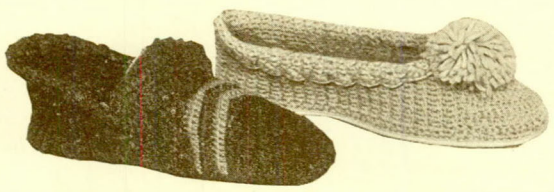


Party-Dress Hanger With Sachet

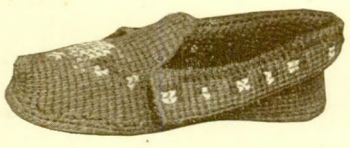
Gloves and a Mending Outfit

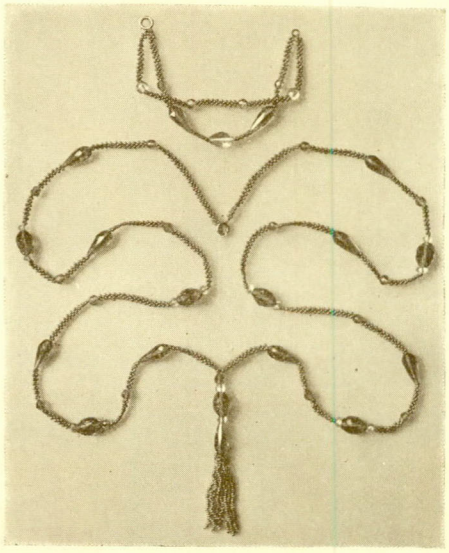
THIS final selection of little things for Christmas gifts is different from all of our other pages, and offers an unusual opportunity for those who have been busy with other affairs up to this time to choose now and either make or buy any one of these useful, pretty things. The variety ranges from the little tea-table belle up in the left-hand corner to one of the latest designs in hat trimmings, a crocheted golden rose, and in between are sachets, caps, bags, slippers, gloves and jewelry.

BETWEEN now and Christmas there is time enough to make such of these gifts as require handwork like the slippers, bags and flowers, and to buy others like the parasol light screen, the gloves and the stockings. But whichever way suits our readers best we shall be glad to assist them with descriptions of all of the novelties, including directions for those in crochet. Please inclose a stamped, addressed envelope to the Needlework Editors with your letter.

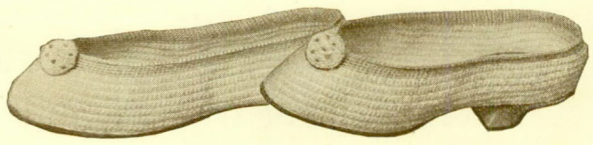


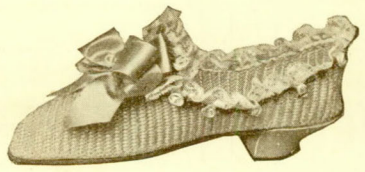
Each Year Brings New Ideas in Warm Bedroom Slippers Like These in Color and Stitch



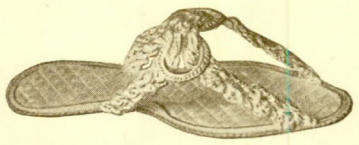


New in Bead Jewelry—a Chain and Bracelet to Match

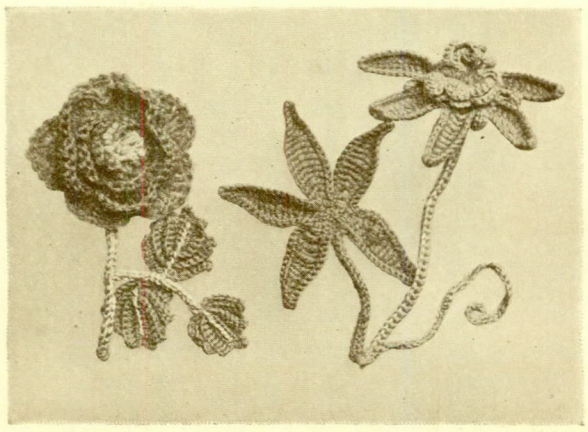




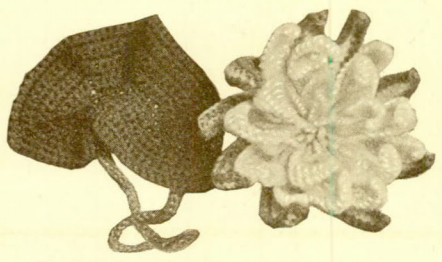
For an Hour or Two Around the House, Crocheted Slippers With Heeled Soles



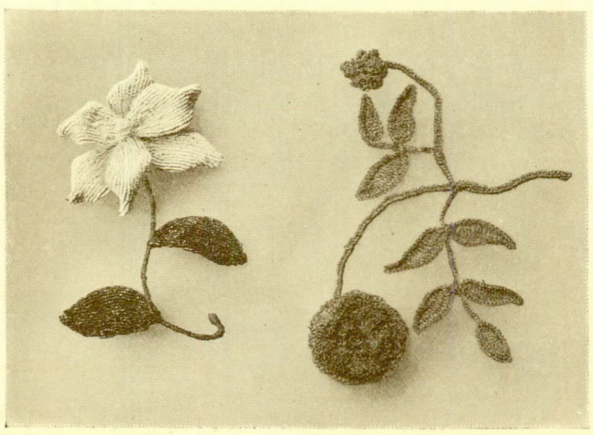
New Slip-On Sandals With Crocheted Straps



In Worsted Crochet—a Rose and a Lotus Flower



Crocheted and Bead Flowers and Ornaments Vie With Each Other in Color and Size for Hat Trimmings This Season



A Gardenia in Beads and a Crocheted Golden Rose

The "Exclusive Little Gift"

That You See Only in Tea Rooms and Specialty Shops

Selected by Theresa Hunt Wolcott

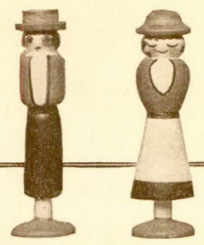
The Old Crone Who Carries Linen Thread and a Thimble, Shoe Buttons and Needles

I met, one day,
A little old crone
With a large Button Bag.
She was walking alone,
And who she was,
You'll surely guess true:
"The little Old Woman
That lived in a Shoe."

Celluloid Vanity Case to be Decorated to Order With One's Initial and Favorite Flower

This Colonial Dame is a Door Stop. She Weighs Three Pounds and a Half and is Five Inches and a Half High. You May Choose Either a Blue or a Pink Gown for Her

Miss Priscilla is a Cheerful Little Messenger Who Carries Ten Yards of Lingerie Ribbon in Pink, Blue, Lavender or White



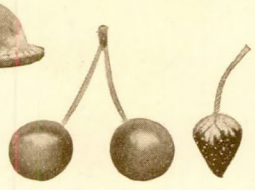
Quaint Needlecases in Futurist Style

Oh, Darby and Joan are we.
Two, you know, is company;
Three's a crowd and not allowed,
So just we—Joan and me—
Are the Needlecase Company.

An Excellent Gift for a Man—a Lighthouse That is an Electric Flashlight

Tabby Door Porters are the Fad of the Season. This Maltese is Seated on a Colonial Rag Rug. She Weighs Nine Pounds and is Nine Inches High

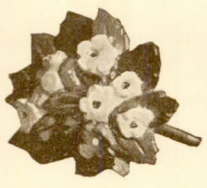
I'm the latest rubber doll;
Am I not a dear?
Squeeze my head a little,
And my squeaky voice
you'll hear.



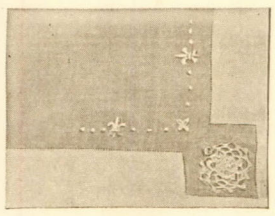
Beeswax Cherries and Strawberry Emery

May your life be as bright as a well-polished needle and as smooth as a well-waxed thread.

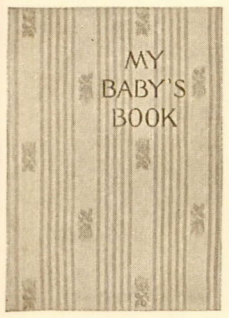
BACK of each gift illustrated on this page there lies a thought—expressed either in the practicality of the gift in that it meets an existing or possible need, in the study of a friend's convenience, of his or her love of artistic novelties, or of one's appreciation of gifts that are daintily presented, for the exclusive gift is always attractively boxed and is usually accompanied by a decorative card explaining in rime its purpose or the thought that prompted it. All these gifts are new this year and many of them represent the handiwork of gentlewomen in New England villages.



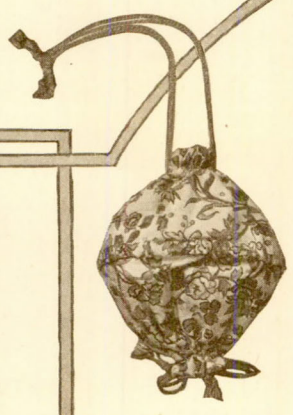
A Floral Curtain Cord Holder



A Sunday-Go-to-Meeting Handkerchief. Your "Collection" May be Buttoned Under the Irish-Crochet Wheel

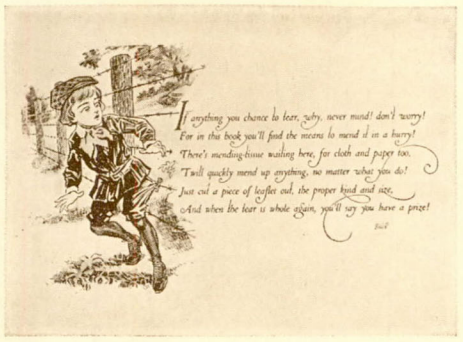


This Dainty Book of Pink and White Gingham, With Embroidered Rosebuds, in Which She May Enter the Sweet Little Ways of Baby's Days, Will Delight a Young Mother on Baby's First Christmas

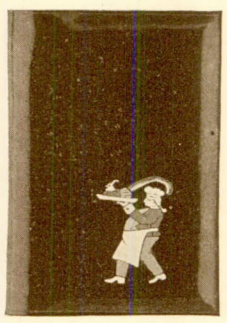


Reversible Silk Bag With Toilet Requisites

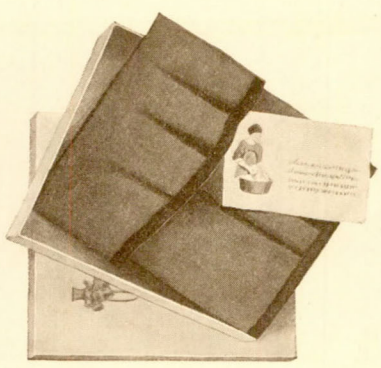
When along the road you gayly spin,
And your auto stops at a wayside inn,
Take me with you.
I am the veritable "friend in need,"
Who, as we're told, "is a friend indeed"—
You will need me.



Pretty Cover of a Mending-Tissue Booklet



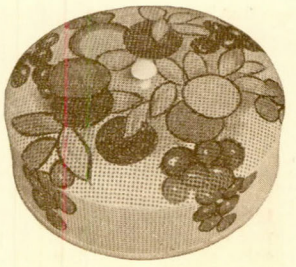
Washable Black Leather-Cloth Cook-Book Cover, With Enameled Design in Bright Colors



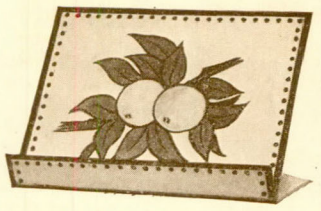
When dishes or clothes you are washing,
The spatters are certain to fly;
So here is a waterproof apron,
To keep you all dainty and dry.

Sweet lavender says that our friendship will last,
Uniting the joys of the future and past.

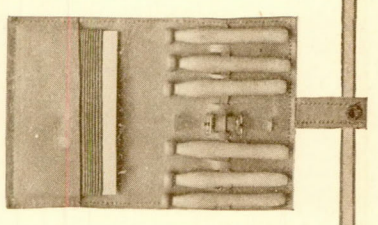
A Bag of Corks of All Sizes for Every Household, With Corkscrew Attached



Cake or Sandwich Cover, With Fruit Decoration, for the Tea Table

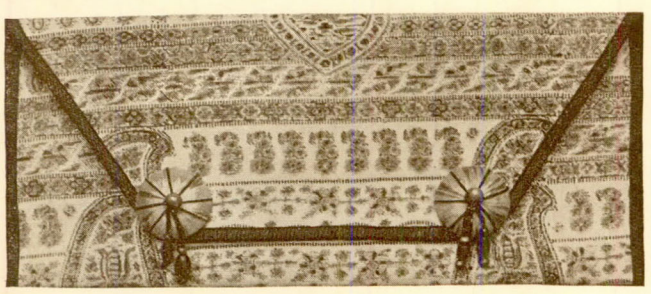


"He Who Eats May Read," if His Newspaper Rests on This Holder



Traveler's Laundry Kit

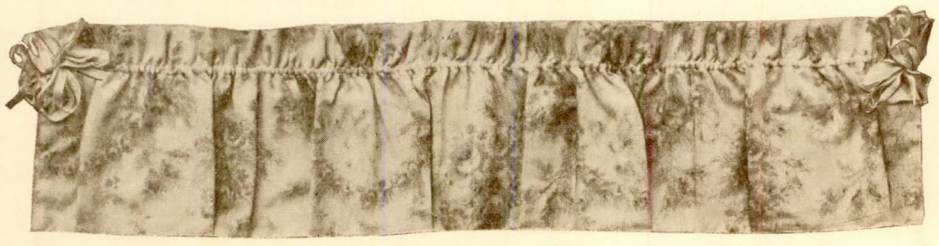
Many a little thing,
Pinned on this string,
While traveling,
Will dry—just try.



A New Fancy-Work Envelope to Carry to the Afternoon Club

Child's Pink-and-White Bunny Purse

Hand Woven by the Blind People of Massachusetts in Soft Colors of the Woods



These pockets for your bureau drawer
Will help keep order evermore,
For things put in their proper place
Will save you time in every case.

If all the trees were balsam trees,
And all our pillows filled with these,
How sweet indeed would be our slumbers!
How fair the dreams in countless numbers!

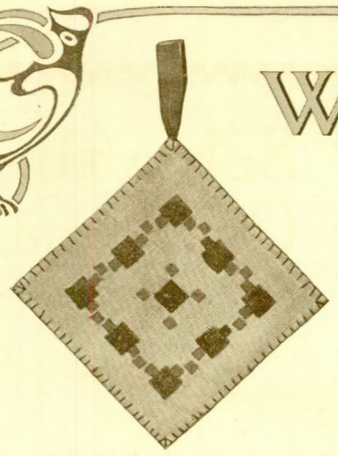
NOTE—Full information regarding each novelty on this page—its size, color, price, and the address where it may be obtained—will be mailed to any reader who desires it. Please specify the particular articles about which you wish details, and accompany your request, sent to Miss Wolcott, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, with a stamped, addressed envelope.

When Mother and Teacher Show Them How

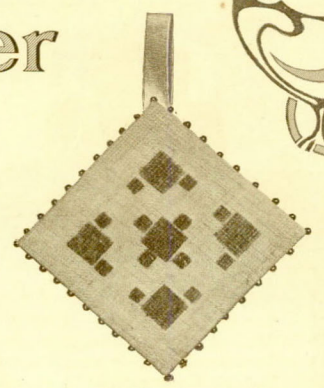
By Florence Orville

AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL THINGS FOR CHILDREN TO MAKE"

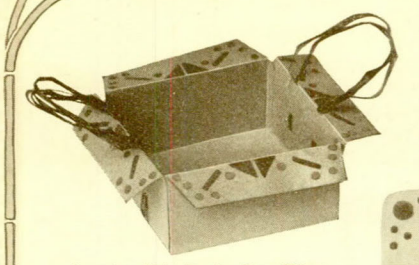
THE methods used in the decoration of the useful gifts illustrated on this page are stick printing and stenciling. Where a fabric is employed the material is a light-weight cotton in linen color, the kind that is used for various kinds of craft work. It is thirty-six inches wide and retails at ten cents a yard. Where paper is used it is of a heavy grade suitable for construction work and costs from two to six cents for a sheet 22 by 26 inches in size.



A Holder to Save Mother's Fingers From Burns

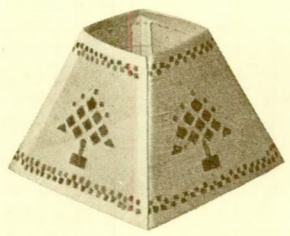


A Cushion With Pretty Pins for Mother's Veil



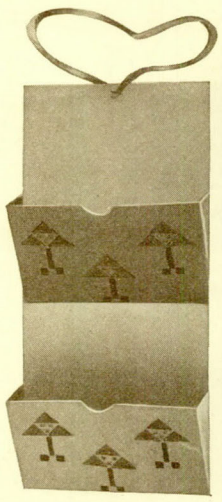
Imagine This Pretty Box Filled With Homemade Candy

Old-Blue Letter Pocket With Blue and Green Decoration

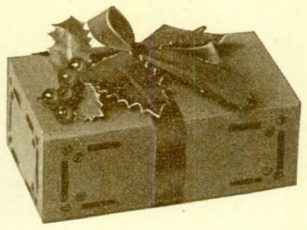


Odd Little Candle Shade for the Christmas Party

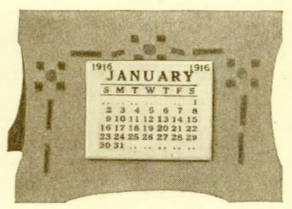
Any One Who Loves a Little Girl Will Love This Cheerful Button Bag, With its Red and Green Trees and Red Ribbons



Soft Blue Letter Pocket With Tree Decoration

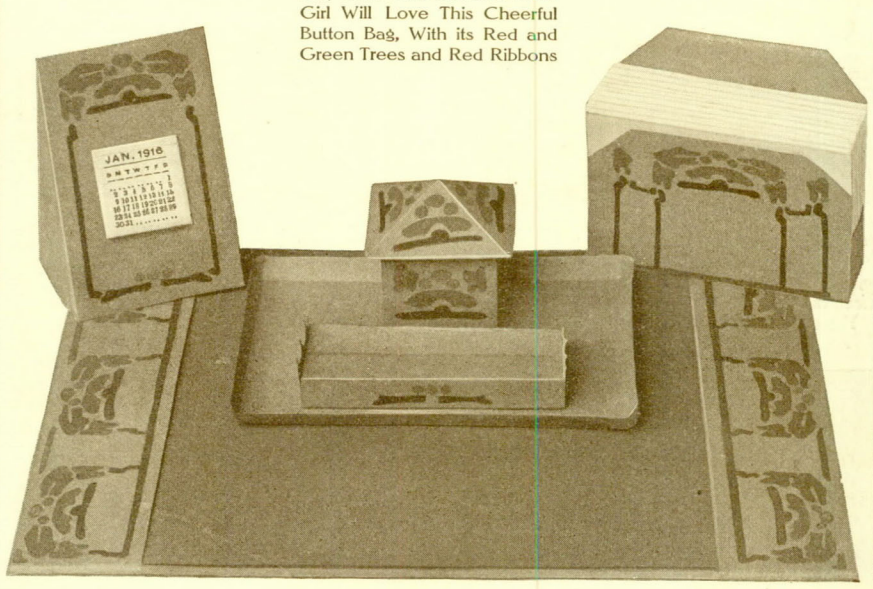


For Candy, or a Container for Some Other Gift



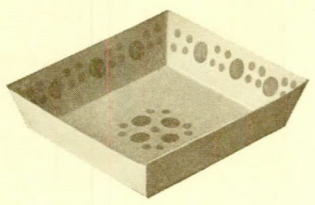
An Easily Made and Simply Decorated Calendar Stand

STICK printing is done by pressing a small stick first in the color and then on the paper or fabric. While these sticks in different shapes may be purchased in sets of six, with three kinds of dye ready for use, for ten cents a set, homemade implements may also be used with good success. Matches, meat sticks, corks, erasers and similar articles serve very well to print with, and may be shaped with a knife in interesting ways. Rubber corks are particularly good for this purpose. Water color or dye used for any school work may be used for the decoration of these articles.

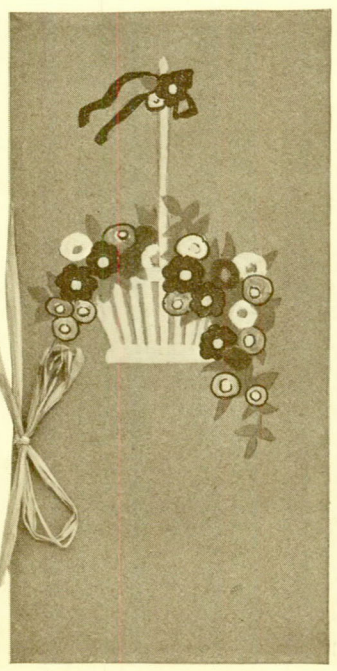


This Complete Set for a Lady's Desk is Developed in Light Brown and Has a Decoration of Green and Red

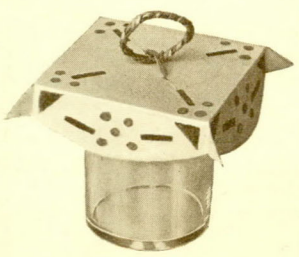
IF WATER color is used it may be applied to the stick either by a brush or by pressing the stick on a pad made of several thicknesses of felt or cheesecloth which has been saturated with the color. On the linen-colored material the dyes or paints show up nicely when applied in greens, reds, bright blues, orange and brown. The stick printing is especially attractive in greens and blues, with a dash of red or orange, on soft blue backgrounds. On the clipping case, for instance, a striking effect is obtained by filling in the flower circles after the cubist style, in white, yellow, orange and red-browns.



A Tray for the Odds and Ends of Things

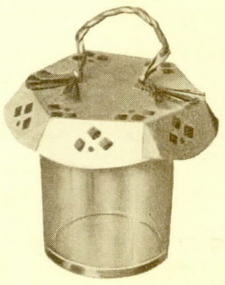


Mother Will Like This Clipping Case for Her Desk

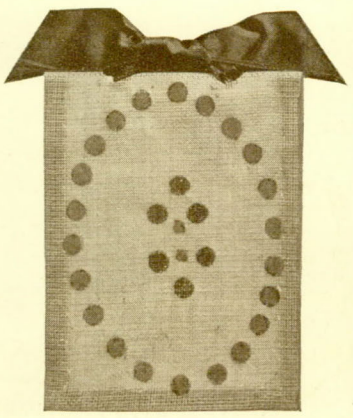


Top for a Medicine Glass, With Conventional Holly Decoration

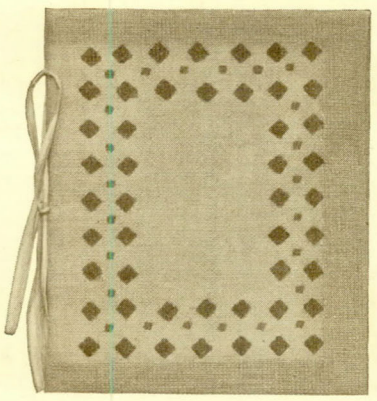
This Little Stenciled Stamp Box Belongs to the Seven-Piece Desk Set Illustrated Above



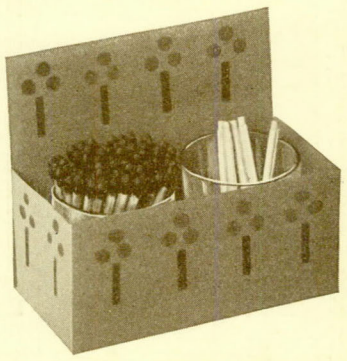
Hexagon-Shaped Tumbler Top With Raffia Handle for the Bedside Glass



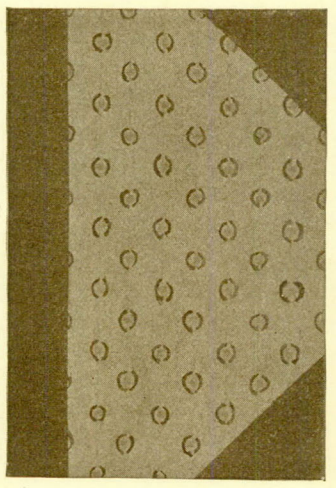
Shiners for Glasses are Useful in Pocket or Bag



A Needlecase That Will be Ample for All Sizes



A Neat Little Container for Glass Match Receptacles



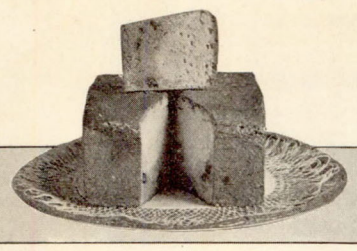
A Soft Blue Booklet Cover With a Touch of Orange

NOTE—Diagrams and designs in proportionate sizes, or full size where it is necessary, and full information regarding all details of this work, and addresses where the materials are obtainable in large cities, will be sent to all those who are interested in children's work if four cents in stamps is forwarded with the request sent to Miss Orville, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

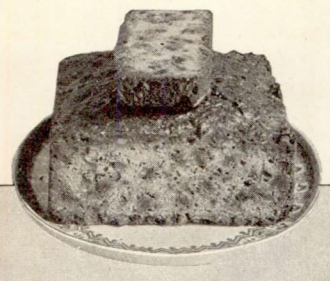
Plantation Christmas Cakes

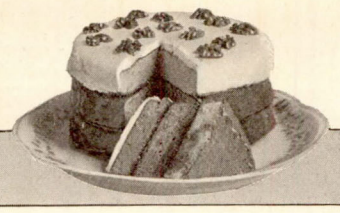
Recipes by
Riley M. Fletcher-Berry

Made and Photographed by
Marion Harris Neil

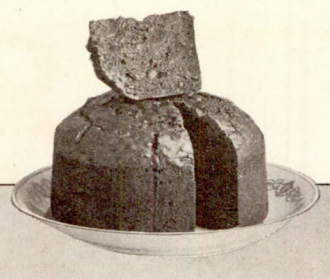


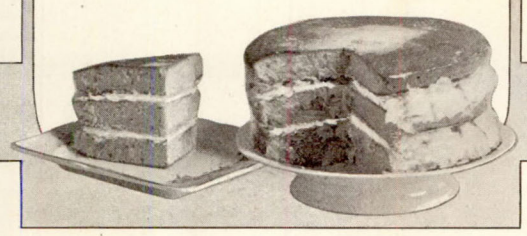
Watermelon Cake was well known in Alabama. Next to the dark rind it is white, then shades to a deep pink in which are embedded large raisins to represent the watermelon seeds.



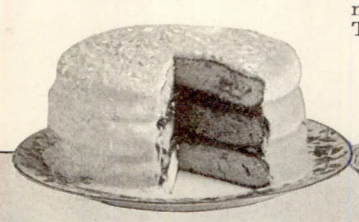


Chocolate Layer Cake as it is made in Florida. The center layer is dark with chocolate, and it and the lowest layer are covered with chocolate icing. The top layer is iced in white and decorated with nuts.

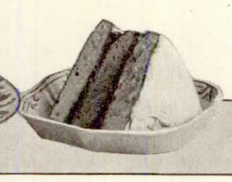




Sally White Cake is a coconut and fruit mixture baked in Georgia. It is very rich and must be baked slowly.



Cream Almond Cake is a Mississippi cake. It must not stand long before serving and will not keep over. The filling is whipped cream and shaved almonds.

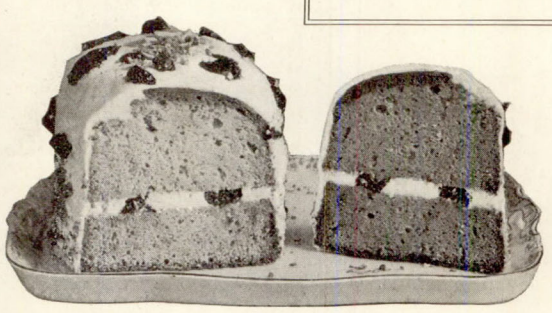


Black Fruit Cake is made from a general Southern recipe calling for spice, sour cream, molasses, orange marmalade and fruit.

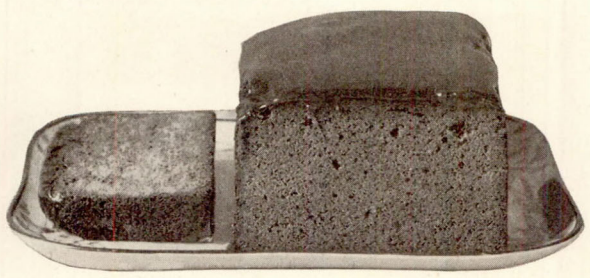
White and Yellow delicate layer cake is another Georgia recipe. The filling is made of cornstarch; half of it, to go between the layers, contains chocolate, while the remainder, for the top, contains nuts and is coconut covered.

AT CHRISTMASTIME on the old Southern plantation there was a general reunion of family and friends. Open house was kept and it was not unusual for the mistress of a large estate to have as many as twenty cakes prepared and baked in her kitchen for holiday feasts and parties. These cakes were extremely varied, ranging from the most delicate to the richest and most ornate. The cakes here illustrated have been selected from the old family cookbooks of the Southland.

Pink and White Ribbon cake is Kentucky made. It has alternate pink and white layers spread with white frosting mixed with chopped nuts and raisins. The top is decorated with daisies made of raisins and halved almonds with stems of citron.

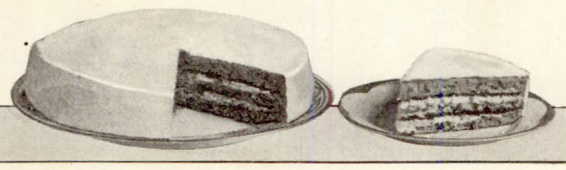


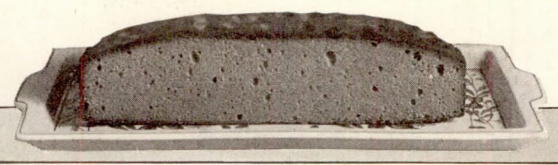
Kentucky Bluegrass Cake is delicious. It is baked as a loaf cake, split and filled and covered with boiled icing. It is decorated with raisins, figs and nuts.



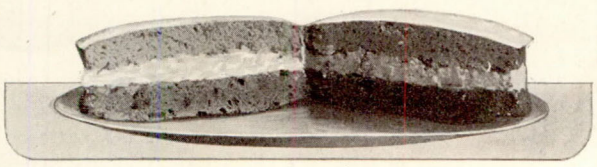
Solid Spice Cake, as made in Tennessee, will be liked well by those who like the taste of spices. It contains coffee also, and is covered with caramel icing.

NOTE—A leaflet containing the recipes for these fourteen plantation cakes and sixteen more, making thirty recipes in all, will be sent to any reader desiring them upon receipt of her request accompanied by a five-cent stamp. Kindly address your request to Mrs. Riley M. Fletcher-Berry, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.



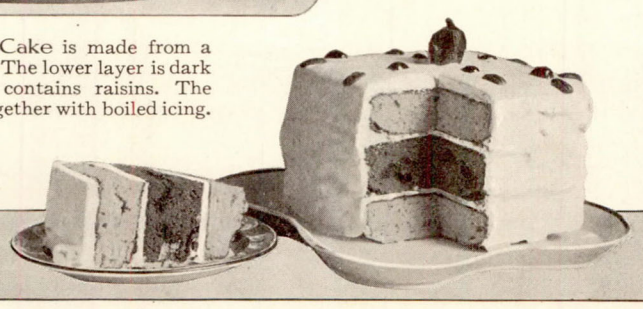


Lady Baltimore Cake is the famous South Carolina cake of fiction fame. It is very rich with its fruit filling.



Pound Cake. No Southern feast would have been complete without its pound cake. The recipe for this one comes from Virginia.

Grand Duke Cake is made from a Georgia recipe. The lower layer is dark and spicy and contains raisins. The layers are put together with boiled icing.



Spice Marble Cake is always a favorite and is especially nice if one wishes a cake that does not have to be covered with icing.

Sea Island Fig Cake is a famous South Carolina cake. It is a gold and silver layer cake. The gold part is filled with figs, and the frosting is decorated with nuts, figs and cherries.

Solve the Christmas Problem

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The New Housekeeping

How We are Running Our Homes With Less Work and Less Money

Edited by Mrs. Christine Frederick

National Secretary, Associated Clubs of Domestic Science

EDITORS' NOTE—Here are the last of twenty housekeepers who, from personal experiences, all trying the "New Housekeeping," tell on this page how they have actually done it on varying incomes, and have saved money, labor and time. THE EDITORS OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Cooking Reduced to First Principles

AT THE time I started housekeeping I knew very little about cooking. After a few weeks of spending most of my time in the kitchen, never having the things cooked all at once or on time, I concluded something must be done. I knew that to learn from experience would take a long time, when the experience was to be had only in my own kitchen. I found a cooking school which I could attend two afternoons a week for fifteen weeks; the lessons there were given by an excellent teacher and were very practical.

I planned my meals by the week. Since all cookery was new, I decided to have one new thing each day. After my first year I cooked something new each week, and I still follow this plan. I have to do a little more searching now than I did at first to find new things to try, but I find them.

After I was well on my way I specialized—that is, I studied groups of foods. I spent two weeks on soups, until I felt I had a sufficient variety and was proficient in the art. I took up meats, vegetables, salads, desserts, breads, etc., in the same way. My reward came when my husband remarked that we were having a large variety of foods, especially meats. We were no longer in the "steak and chop stage," but it had taken some time and study to be graduated from that class.

Our income and its expenditure next engaged my attention. At first we decided to pay all bills and save what was left. There was usually nothing left, so we started our budget which amounted, we found, to $2087 a year. My husband's income the first year was $2100; it has increased each year since then, but our "budget" has not changed. All over the $2087 is saved. By saving I do not mean that every cent is put in the bank and kept there. We consider that money is saved if it is invested in something lasting, and occasionally we treat ourselves to a rug, a picture or a piece of pottery. The "savings" also pay doctor or dentist.

I take the money for operating expenses and run the house. I keep an account of the money and handle it as I think best, for we consider that this is my part of the "partnership." As for buying, I go to market every day in warm weather and about four times a week in winter, and pay cash for all purchases. I keep a supply shelf of canned goods, and when I use an article I immediately write it on my "want list," which hangs above my kitchen table, and then purchase it when I do my marketing.

My principal hobby is my card index. I have one drawer for recipes and kitchen lore, and one for different records. My headings are various: "Christmas Presents Given" is one, and for each person to whom I send a present there is a card. I have a complete record of the things given to each person since 1907, and thus I obviate the possibility of duplicating gifts. I also have a list of gifts given to me, a list of the people, with addresses, to whom I send Christmas cards.

Under the heading "Household Linen" I listed the linen with which I started housekeeping and the dates when other linen had been added. I try to buy a tablecloth and napkins, two sheets, four pillow cases and six towels each year. I buy these in January for two reasons: first, because of the white sales then, and, secondly, if any linen is given me at Christmas, I do not have to purchase so much. I also keep a heading, "Things Wanted," under which I put all things wanted for the house or myself, jotting it down whenever I happen to think of something I should like.

I am able to entertain guests at dinner twice a week with no extra help and no extra fatigue. I have more time for reading, sewing and recreation. I make all my own clothes with the exception of my tailored suits, do sewing for my house and a great deal of embroidery. NEW JERSEY.

Cost of Living Reduced by Food Study

FIGURING it in all ways possible, based on our income, our family could not expend at the very utmost more than six dollars a week for food. Today, with a sturdy three-year-old boy to share in the New Housekeeping, our expenses for food have been reduced to less than an average of $5.30 a week. This includes a milk bill of not less than seventy cents nor more than eighty-four cents weekly, together with an average weekly ice bill in summer of forty cents.

How have we done it? As a first step we wrote to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, asking for any pamphlets it might have relating to nutrition, foods and their chemical analyses. In reply we received several "Farmers' Bulletins," and our system is practically based on them. We learned from them that the vital element necessary for bodily repair was called "protein." The value of beef lay in the fact that its protein content is 20.3 per cent. Our problem, then, resolved itself into a search for those foods that could replace meat and still not deprive the body of its necessary protein.

In going over these bulletins we stumbled on a reference to macaroni, the principal sustenance of the fellows who build our railways, bore our tunnels and dig our subways. The protein value of macaroni is 14.4 per cent, and, when compared to beef's 20.3 per cent, it doesn't look very favorable for macaroni. Yet when you consider that every time you buy a beefsteak you are paying for 66 per cent water, you realize then that the protein value of macaroni is far beyond beef. When we say we use macaroni, we do not mean we use it as a side dish. No; it is the *pièce de résistance*.

As to beef, with three in the family we find three pounds of sirloin sufficient for a nourishing meal on each of three days. First we cut off the bone together with some of the meat. The first day we pan broil some of the steak for dinner. This method preserves the valuable juices for gravy. The same day we boil the remaining beef with the bone. This gives a rich stock for soup on the second day.

Then for the other day the remaining meat is put through the food chopper and baked in sweet green peppers. When peppers are not available the meat can be served in the form of croquettes. At other times two pounds and a half of round steak will answer the purpose, for, while you do not get any bone, the quantity of meat is greater. If a bone is wanted it takes only a few cents to cover this outlay. Buy a bone occasionally.

Other foods with high protein value are: Dried peas, 24.6 per cent; dried beans, 22.5 per cent; lentils, 26 per cent. Lentils are highest of all in protein, and their use has been too long neglected. In the form of croquettes, a little nutmeg for seasoning has the remarkable power of giving them a meatlike taste.

Breakfast with us at first was a stumblingblock. Good old oatmeal, cracked wheat, farina (a wheat product, but not nearly so valuable as cracked wheat, because it has been robbed of a good deal of its goodness when the hull or bran was removed), rice—all offered delightful changes as breakfast cereals. Be sure to get the rice uncoated; used with brown sugar it's "simply bully."

Now, after four years, we can pronounce our system a success financially, but greater yet from the point of health. PENNSYLVANIA.

How to Apportion an Irregular Income

THERE is no question but that it is hard to be businesslike on an irregular income, but I have evolved a system which I believe any woman with an uncertain amount to plan on could adapt to her needs. I know it is a success because, with no more money than before, we are more comfortable and free from debt. The first necessity is to keep track of income and expenditure to a cent. I keep a daybook with my purse in the kitchen, and I jot down every item bought, with the price opposite, and every cent that comes in.

Then I never make the mistake of adding income with outgo. I do this before the goods are put away. At the end of the month I add the items under different heads, such as "Food and Groceries," "Laundry," "Incidentals." This last includes fuel, which is not a great item in California, such things as a new lamp chimney, medicines and ordinary doctor bills, and all the little necessities about a house which are numerous but difficult to classify separately. These totals I enter in my real account book. At the end of the year I sum up: Income on one half the book, so much from each general source; expenditure on the other half under rather broader headings than the monthly accounts.

Like most people whose income is uncertain, we have some very definite expenses to be met at stated times. As we own our farm we have no rent, but there are the interest on a $1200 mortgage, to be paid semiannually, taxes and water rent monthly. So, first, I must count on: Interest, $96; water rent, $35; insurance, $11; taxes (varying), $15; yearly total, $157.

This requires an average saving of three dollars a week on an average income of eighteen dollars; but, as our income really varies from nothing to considerably over eighteen dollars a week, I must save accordingly. I write down on the page for each month the things I know will fall due at certain dates in that month, and plan ahead.

We pay interest in March and September, so from January first I begin to put aside the first installment. When it is safely in the bank I use the next money I can save from the daily living to buy a supply of whatever bulk groceries we need, and the summer clothes, etc. Insurance comes in June, so we save during April and May a little at a time toward that. Then we begin on the September interest. Taxes must be ready in October, and then I plan for winter clothing and for Christmas.

The new method of housekeeping works more of a change in the purchase of clothing than in any other single item. Formerly I bought what I wanted because it was pretty; now I think before I buy, and I ask myself earnestly if I just want it, or if I truly need it. Consequently I am better dressed, though I have fewer clothes, than on more money in the old way.

Is it worth while? The pleasure I gain from the sense of accomplishment would in itself repay me ten times over. Add to that the facts that my husband is proud of me and my system and that we are out of debt. CALIFORNIA.

What an Itemized Budget Will Do

WHEN the Man and I were married eight years ago we established a 15 per cent-85 per cent division. As the salary was increased each year the percentage of division changed a little. Today our income is $2400 a year, and each month the Man deposits $175 to my credit and $25 to his own. Out of that $25 a month he pays for his clothes, cigars and vacation expenses. For the rest he charges up any money which he spends for the house and collects his due sum at the end of the month. I am responsible wholly for the house bills.

I make up the budget for each year from the averages on the "recapitulation cards" of two or three previous years, which are kept in the card catalogue. The items are surprisingly constant and only a small marginal allowance is needed for emergencies.

I pay all bills by check, balance the cash accounts daily and check up the monthly accounts with the check-book stubs. Seventy-five dollars is allowed for savings and shelter, the two items being related since we are paying for our home. Sixteen dollars is set aside each month to meet the payments of life insurance; eight dollars goes into Building and Loan stock, and the remainder is added to the savings account.

Thirty-five dollars a month is allowed for table expenses. This is a little low, since our half-acre of ground furnishes us with vegetables and small fruits, which supply the summer season and give us canned vegetables for the winter. The canning is done little by little as the vegetables reach their finest, and the work is very simple.

Chickens and ducks give us quality and abundance in eggs and fowl, but they cost us an average of fifty per cent a month over what they bring in at market prices; we put them down as luxuries. Staple canned goods and winter fruits I buy in coöperation with three other women. Freight included, these items cost each woman about six dollars a month.

Meat we have only once a day, and at least one night a week I expect to substitute some dish such as beans, pork and peas, macaroni and cheese or a nut loaf for the meat. With the chickens we have my meat bill rarely goes over seven dollars a month. I market once or twice a week only; I have reliable tradesmen.

Coal is bought in April for the entire year. The house is small and low, and six dollars a month is resolutely set aside the year round for fuel, and gas and light are covered completely by an allowance of five dollars. In addition to operating expenses I keep a fund of seven dollars a month for furnishings, an item I have rarely seen in any other budget. The amount covers replacements of house linens, china and kitchen utensils; the dry-cleaning of rugs, blankets and curtains, and the purchase of garden utensils and shrubs as well as of furniture.

Twenty dollars a month covers clothing for myself and our boys, plus our vacation expenses. This means that evening dresses and tailored suits must last all of two years, that clothing must be simple and very largely homemade. I plan clothes fully a year ahead, and buy at the special sales.

Finally, on the whole budget I allow a margin of ten dollars to cover small miscellaneous expenses, the boys' allowances, emergencies and deficits. So far we have been able to meet dentist and doctor bills out of this sum. ILLINOIS.

My System Plus Common Sense

I HAVE a housekeeping system, but I do not want to be like the man who bought the card-index-and-accounting system and then had to quit work on his regular line to keep up with it! My system is reckoning in per cents. My food bill amounts to only twenty-three per cent of our yearly income. It is low because I do my own ordering and cooking. I do not try to lower this, but to raise it. Whenever I save a few cents I put it back in the form of more tempting food, such as fine candies and candied fruits, which I do not call a luxury but a real food necessity. I make it a rule that each member of our family, including myself, shall eat out once a week; we usually come home hungry.

Advance in our household equipment beyond the present amount is counted separately and amounts to seven per cent yearly. This includes books over and above mere pleasurable reading, and such things as will save labor in any line. Often some small piece of furniture will be included. Shelter, which includes the carfare of my husband, and of myself on my three shopping trips a week, amounts to twenty-four per cent. Our clothing is eleven per cent. I make my own clothes, even to coats and suits, or I could not dress well on the allowance.

My operating expense is high. Under it I count water, gas, telephone, electricity and drugs; it amounts to thirteen per cent. Some of these things—coal and ice, for instance—are usually counted under foods. I can keep better account of them this way. Service is high—fourteen per cent. So our savings are only eight per cent, thus: Food 23 per cent; equipment, 7 per cent; shelter, 24 per cent; clothing, 11 per cent; operating, 13 per cent; service, 14 per cent; savings, 8 per cent; total, 100 per cent.

I do not keep daily accounts. I decided that a wiser thing to do, since I must pay tradespeople to keep them for me anyway, was to get those who would do it in such a way that I should profit. Where I now trade things are done as follows: The amount brought forward is put at the head of the sheet, the total at the bottom. For instance:

Amount brought forward	$13.70
Coffee	1.00
Bread	.10
Beans (dry)	.10
Butter	.37
Total	$15.27

The next charge sheet will start with the sum of $15.27. My work consists in seeing that the correct sum is brought forward and that the addition is correct.

Wednesday is my helper's afternoon out and mine in. On this day I start the week; it is essential to have a starting point and Saturday is too busy. On Wednesday, then, between callers, I gather up my loose ends, look over the charge sheets and my personal accounts, assure myself that the bank book is correctly balanced, and ascertain the cash running funds necessary for the following week. I make out a list of staples and large purchases, and have it on hand for the early morning buying.

I have the best arrangement possible in a large, old-fashioned kitchen; but its arrangement is only one small part of kitchen efficiency. I devote a great deal of time to the problem of help. My women have a definite hour to come on duty—seven-thirty. They eat two meals and work until two o'clock. They are then off until five and on again until eight. If there is extra work there is more pay. If there is no extra work and they are slow and take more time there is not more pay. When I teach them to cook a dish I charge them a few cents to make them value the lesson. When they serve extra nicely or do the work extra well or think up some labor-saving device their few cents are paid back to them in bonuses. WISCONSIN.

Saving Time, Strength, Temper and Money

MY MOST businesslike method in handling the household problem lies in reckoning every saving in per cent. Two cents saved on a twenty-five cent cake of chocolate looks small, but it represents eight per cent on the dollar. Many women who economize in the matter of a whole dollar are extravagant when it comes to four quarters or ten dimes.

We cut down the family wants as much as possible. I find that one of the truest economies lies in using up materials on hand, whether cloth or groceries, before buying new. The next step is to learn how to buy wisely. I began by trying various grocers until I found one who was strictly reliable. I buy barrel lots of flour, saving three per cent, and of sugar, saving from three to five per cent. Laundry soap by the box saves me thirteen per cent. When canned vegetables are necessary I buy by the dozen or the case, at a saving of eight to fifteen per cent. It is cheaper to substitute dried vegetables wherever possible.

My daily bills from all sources are kept, and when the monthly statements arrive I check them over carefully. Every error is rectified, whether in my favor or not. Honesty is the best policy, and it works both ways. We pay all bills every month.

We make our own bread, and we never buy cakes, cookies or pastry of any kind. Speaking of pet economies, I never saw our dry-bread bag empty until I invested twenty-five cents in a bread board to be used on the dining table. It saves a loaf of homemade bread a week.

It is at least as important to save time, strength, and temper as it is to save money. An electric washing machine costs considerable, but mine has more than paid for itself in three years. My clothes are no longer worn through in spots, but after long service go gracefully to pieces, like the "wonderful one-hoss shay." An electric flatiron does away with the hard work formerly unavoidable in ironing. We sit down to iron, too—sit on an old piano stool that swings with every movement of the body. I use an electric toaster and an electric percolator also.

Just above my cooking table in the kitchen is a cupboard for spices, coffee, tea, baking powder, etc. Over my sink is another closed cupboard for soaps, silver polish, scouring sodas, and the like. I have ceased to use tablecloths, except on state occasions.

In general I have replaced materials that have to be ironed by those that expect no ironing. We use crash towels instead of linen. Underclothes, stockings, bath towels and even sheets are neatly folded and laid away unironed. A broom, a dust-cloth and a dustpan on each floor save steps. I keep needle, thread and thimble in my dresser drawer. Such are some of my endeavors and devices with a view to a business administration in the household. They are preserving my health, leaving me time and strength to be interested in the world outside. MICHIGAN.

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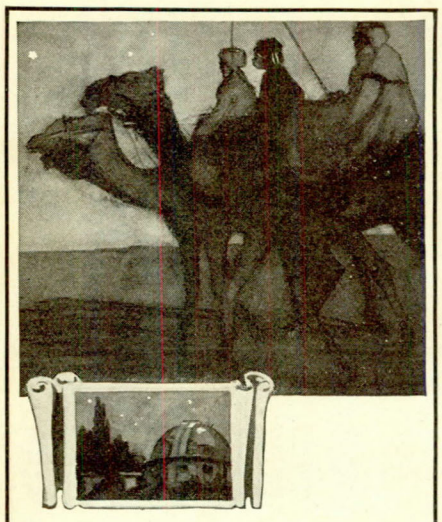

The Wise Men and the Star

TIME is at once the least important and the most important thing in the universe. It is inexhaustible. Yet every second is the measure of so many pulse beats.

Have you ever thought of the complex calculations that keep our conception of time straight to the fraction of a second—this year, next year and always?

At Elgin, Illinois, the Elgin National Watch Company maintains an observatory where two astronomers of great ability verify the rating of the Master Elgin Clocks by which all Elgin Watches are regulated. Every clear night in the year they make eleven checks of the earth's rotation against twelve stars so remote that their gigantic orbits are imperceptible. From the average of these 132 observations true star time is calculated. In turn, this is translated into commercial time. This absolute precision has given the Elgin standard of accuracy its great fame.

The Christian world reckons the yearly cycle of time from the birth of Christ. His star, set in the East, guided the three wise men to witness and to worship Him, bearing gifts. From this, down the centuries, has come our great season of gift giving.

What gift more majestic in sentiment, what gift more typical of the great achievements of humans, than an excellent watch?

The Elgin Watch is a marvel of mechanical genius, a marvel of accuracy, a marvel of timekeeping, a most beautiful example of the jeweler's art.

Ask Your Elgineer

He will show you Elgins exceedingly fine and richly cased, also Elgins of equal accuracy, but less elaborate, less expensive.

Write for the Elgin book, "Time Taking—Time Keeping," a story of the wonders worked at the Elgin Observatory. Send stamped, addressed envelope for set of Elgin Poster Stamps.

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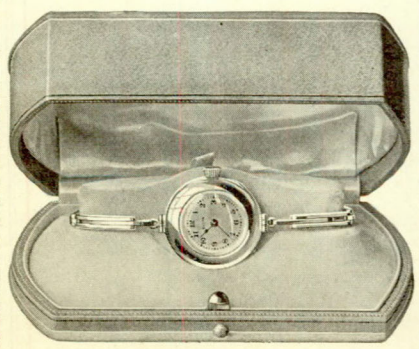

Lady Elgin

Gifts for the King

A Sunday-School Christmas Exercise

By Edna Randolph Worrell

CHARACTERS

Eight little girls representing the GIFTS *of* SIGHT, HEARING, SPEECH, ACTIONS, STEPS, THOUGHTS, FEELING *and* SELF. *Eight larger girls representing the* GIFTS *of* TIME, TALENTS, INTELLIGENCE, OBEDIENCE, PRAYER, PRAISE, FAITH *and* LOVE. *A young lady representing the* GIFT *of* SERVICE. *All the characters wear long flowing gowns of white cheesecloth, the round necks and short sleeves being trimmed with tinsel, with girdles of the same. The hair should fall over the shoulders. Each wears a gilt crown finished with a star in front that rests on the forehead.*

The GIFTS *are distinguished from one another by triangular breastplates of white cardboard bearing the names of the various* GIFTS *in gilt letters. They are worn points downward and should be suspended by Christmas-tree hooks from cords about the necks, so they may be easily detached. The reverse side of the triangle should be covered with gilt paper. Ten-inch equilateral triangles will be suitable for the little girls and twelve-inch triangles for the larger girls, including that worn by* SERVICE. *An elevated throne should be placed at back center. It may be draped with yellow. A white background spangled with gilt stars should be used.*

The GIFTS *enter in following order, smaller girls first: Right line—*FEELING, STEPS, SPEECH, SIGHT, FAITH, PRAYER, INTELLIGENCE, TIME. *Left line—*SELF, THOUGHTS, ACTIONS, HEARING, LOVE, PRAISE, OBEDIENCE, TALENTS. *Entering at the same time, the opposite files meet in the center and march in double column to the front. Dividing right and left, they meet again at back center, then march diagonally from the throne to the outer corners of the platform, leaving a wedge-shaped opening in the center. The larger girls form separate parallel lines outside those formed by the children.* SERVICE *enters last, taking her place before the throne. "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning" is sung by the* GIFTS *as they enter, the following verse being rendered when all are in position, facing the audience:*

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

SERVICE:

Dear friends, we remember the wonderful day
That brought our blest Savior to earth;
Not only because of the influence sweet
That came with the Lord at His birth,
But because His descent to the world is indeed
A gift everlasting to all;
Which means life eternal with Jesus above,
Whatever on earth may befall.

The Star of the East and the Magi of old,
The angels in radiance framed,
The shepherds adoring, would all be forgot,
Were it not for the Gift they proclaimed.
Then deep in the heart let our gratitude burn
Till brightly in service it glows,
To render again to the Giver of All
The life He divinely bestows.

There is none but possesses some beauty of soul;
Some use, that from talent may spring;
Some virtue—a smile or a comforting word—
To lay at the feet of our King.
Then offer your gifts, nothing precious withhold,
Just trust in His word and believe
The heavenly doctrine He preached upon earth:
"'Tis more blessèd to give than receive."

TIME *(entering open space from right of throne):*
I will give my Time to Jesus,
My times are in His hands.
(TIME *holds shield aloft in right hand, faces audience.)*

TALENTS *(left):* I give the Lord my Talents that they may increase for Him, some thirty, some sixty and some a hundred fold.
(Holds shield aloft in left hand. Stands opposite TIME.)

INTELLIGENCE *(right):* I give the Lord my Intelligence that my light shall so shine before men that they may see my good works and glorify my Father which is in heaven.
(Holds shield in right hand, taking place in front of TIME.)

OBEDIENCE *(left):* I give the Lord my Obedience, for to obey is better than sacrifice.
(Holds shield in left hand, taking place in front of TALENTS.)

PRAYER *(right):* I will give my prayers to God and will look up, for the prayers of the upright are His delight.
(Holds shield in right hand, taking place in front of INTELLIGENCE.)

PRAISE *(left):* I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, for whoso offereth praise glorifieth God.
(Holds shield in left hand and stands before OBEDIENCE.)

FAITH *(right):* I give the Lord my Faith, for He is my light and my salvation; the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
(Holds shield in right hand and stands before PRAYER.)

LOVE *(left):* I give the Lord my all, my Love, for love is the fulfillment of the law.
(Holds shield in left hand and stands before PRAISE.)

Hand *Hand*
Crossed Shields

[*The shields are here lowered, and the* GIFTS, *standing opposite one another, clasp hands, forming an arch under which the little ones pass in single file, beginning with first child at the right of the throne, then the first at the left, and so on. As each child emerges from the arch she recites from the center of the platform, then moves to the right or the left to give place to the succeeding speaker. The verses to be recited are as follows:*

FIRST CHILD:

I can give my *sight* to Jesus,
Looking daily to my King,
Reading from His Holy Bible,
Seeing good in everything.

SECOND CHILD:

I can *listen* to my Savior,
Trying hard to understand
All His loving words to children,
Heeding every soft command.

THIRD CHILD:

I can give my *words* to Jesus,
Knowing that He longs to hear
Children's prayers and loving praises,
Holding all their sayings dear.

FOURTH CHILD:

I can give my *work* to Jesus;
Little hands that do their best
Please their loving, watchful Maker;
Every task will then be blest.

FIFTH CHILD:

I can give my *steps* to Jesus;
Tiny feet can never stray
When the Christ Child goes before them
In the straight and narrow way.

SIXTH CHILD:

I can give my *mind* to Jesus;
Like the pretty birds that fly
All my thoughts can flutter upward
Till they reach Him in the sky.

SEVENTH CHILD:

I can give my *heart* to Jesus,
Knowing then I'll ne'er offend,
E'en with word or deed or action,
Him we call the Children's Friend.

EIGHTH CHILD:

I can give *myself* to Jesus—
All I am and hope to be;
'Tis the gift He asked when saying:
"Little children, come to me."

[*The larger girls break the arch and group to the right and left of the throne, while the little girls sing the motion song entitled, "Jesus Gives So Much to Me!"*

Jesus gives so much to me!
Shows me loving care,
Gives the home in which I live,
All I eat and wear;
Pretty toys and happy days,
Everything I see—
What can I return to Him
Who gives so much to me?

[*To the same music the children break the line in the center, and march right and left to form a line near the throne in front of that formed by other* GIFTS. SERVICE, *rising, then recites as follows:*

It is told of that night upon Bethlehem's hills,
When sin for the time took its flight,
That the stars seemed to gleam as though heaven itself
Had peeped through the curtain of night;
But to those with the power to see through the veil
'Twixt this and the land of true worth,
Each star was an angel, whose beauty shone forth
To light the dear Savior to earth.

There were angels of Mercy in glittering crowns,
And angels of Goodness and Truth;
There were angels of Prudence, of Wisdom and Strength,
And angels of Mirth and of Youth;
And, forming the brilliance of Bethlehem's Star
That flashed like a diamond above,
Were angels of Joy and of Peace and Good Will,
And angels of Praise and of Love.

And Christ in their midst, the great Light of all Lights,
The Day Star that came from on high,
Illumined the earth, though the world knew it not,
Revealing a path to the sky.
And all who are striving the Master to please
Are treading this heavenly way,
While you, like the angels, in living your gifts
Are *Lights* for the Savior today.

FACE FACE FACE FACE FACE
Frame of Shields

[*On the word "Lights" (after which a pause should be made) all cross shields in couples, gilded side out, and march to the song, "Gifts for the King." On the last verse* SERVICE *and the four* GIFTS *nearest her form a frame with their shields, the face of* SERVICE *appearing in the opening.*

TABLEAU

Gifts for the Master! Gifts for the King!
Hasten today your offerings to bring.
Gifts of the spirit, faith, hope and love,
Brightly will shine as stars up above.

NOTE—Two copies of the full words and music for each of the two songs, "Jesus Gives So Much to Me" and "Gifts for the King," will be sent upon request; also other suggestions for your Sunday-school entertainment. Kindly send a stamped, addressed envelope with your request, which should be addressed to The Minister's Social Helper, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

Pajunion
THE Xmas Gift!

The very thing for father—for brother—**for any man!** Pajamas in one piece are more logical in night garments than the union suit in underwear. The wearer of the Brighton-Carlsbad Pajunion has no loose coat to climb and wad in his back—no trousers uncomfortably slipping down—no drawstring to bind and torture his waist! Sold by dealers everywhere. Ask to see it.

The most sensible, **simple** sleeping garment. No complicated devices—no harness! Cut on stylish, distinctive lines to proportions scientifically "scaled" to ensure correct fit. Positively no binding in the crotch.

Perfect finish! The careful tailoring, painstaking workmanship, tear-proof button holes, stoutly sewed buttons and holdfast felled seams are all niceties of detail in the Pajunion.

In Mercerized Pongee, Plisse, Crêpe, Madras, Pajama Check, Sexcord, Silk, Eden Cloth and Brighton-processed Flannelette. Sizes, A, B, C and D.

The price, no more than you would have to pay for pajamas, is only—$1.50 to $5.00 a suit. Also have your dealer show you our fresh-air sleepingwear. Made for all the family. Makes ideal Xmas gifts.

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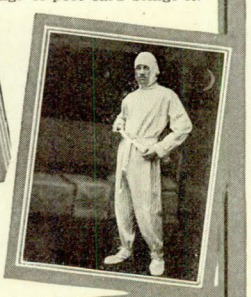
In Every Weight for Every Season for Men, Women and Children Write For "The Nightie Book" FREE!

Tells all about the 517 Styles of Brighton-Carlsbad. Shows most advanced ideas and newest styles in nightwear. Tells how to order on approval without making a payment in case no dealer near you has what you want in stock. Contains interesting facts about fresh-air sleeping. A post card brings it.



Men's Union Sleeper
All in one piece. All weights. Some fleecy and warm. Some with hoods, feet, etc. In percale, Pongee, Plisse and Crêpe, also Brighton-processed Flannelette.
$1.00 to $5.00

Child's Sleeper
A one-piece sleeping garment. Warm, Brighton-processed flannelette. Well made. Has feet. Some have hoods. Perfect fit. Won't roll up and allow the child to become chilled.
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Nightrobe with Foot Pockets
For men, women and children. The ideal garment for out-of-doors sleeping or freely ventilated rooms. Feet slip into deep pocket-like hem. With or without hood. Button wrists. Regular sizes 30, 34, 38, 42, 46.
$1.25 to $5.00

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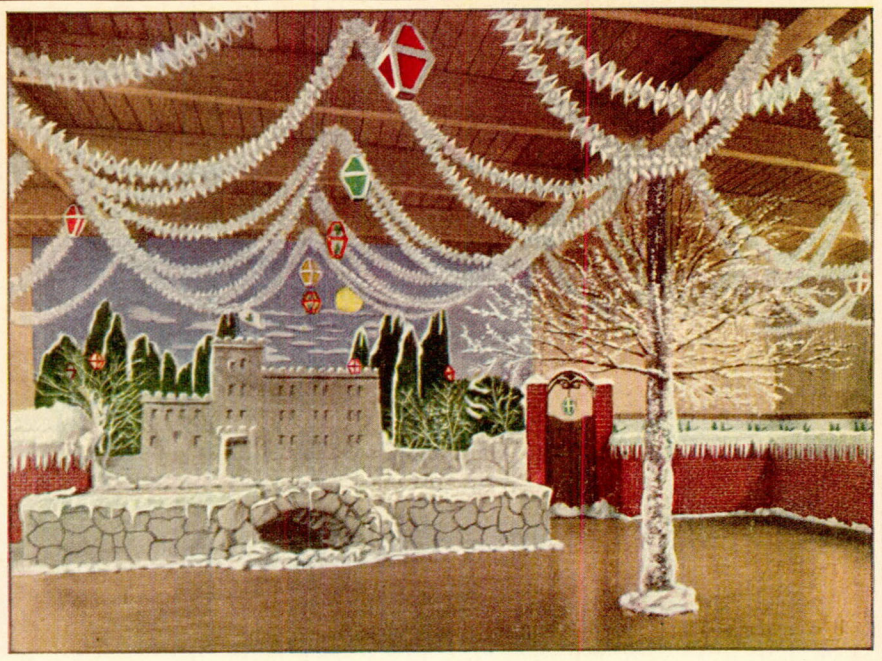
DEALERS: Write for our 1915 authoritative Style Book of Brighton-Carlsbad Sleeping wear. Fully illustrated and contains wholesale prices.

The Church at Christmas

By Elizabeth Bissell



BEAUTIFULLY significant of the Holy Night of Christmas were the decorations placed last year in the Pilgrim Congregational Church, of Boston, Massachusetts, as they are illustrated in the center and lower pictures on this page.

Shepherds abiding in the fields are pictured in a scene that was made entirely of paper; the shepherds' crooks are used as a decorative motif; the starlit heavens are brought to mind by silvery stars catching and reflecting the soft glow of the lights; and the swaying of the bells, hung in belfry effect, recalls the joyousness of the heavenly chorus.

Around the balcony of the church a conventional star decoration and candle motif are developed. For the lights of the candles, tiny electric bulbs are used and gleam prettily through the evergreen foliage.

The upper left-hand picture portrays a Christmas decoration which was worked out last year in the Christmas colors in the Sunday-school room of the Eliot Congregational Church, also of Boston, Massachusetts.

The outhanging bells at the windows show marked originality, and the fringing of the paper curtain back of the desk softens the lettering of the Christmas message.

The upper right-hand picture shows a New England recreation room, and the decoration is suggested for the informal Sunday-school social or entertainment. The decoration is entirely of paper, even to the ice palace, the stone wall and the icicles.

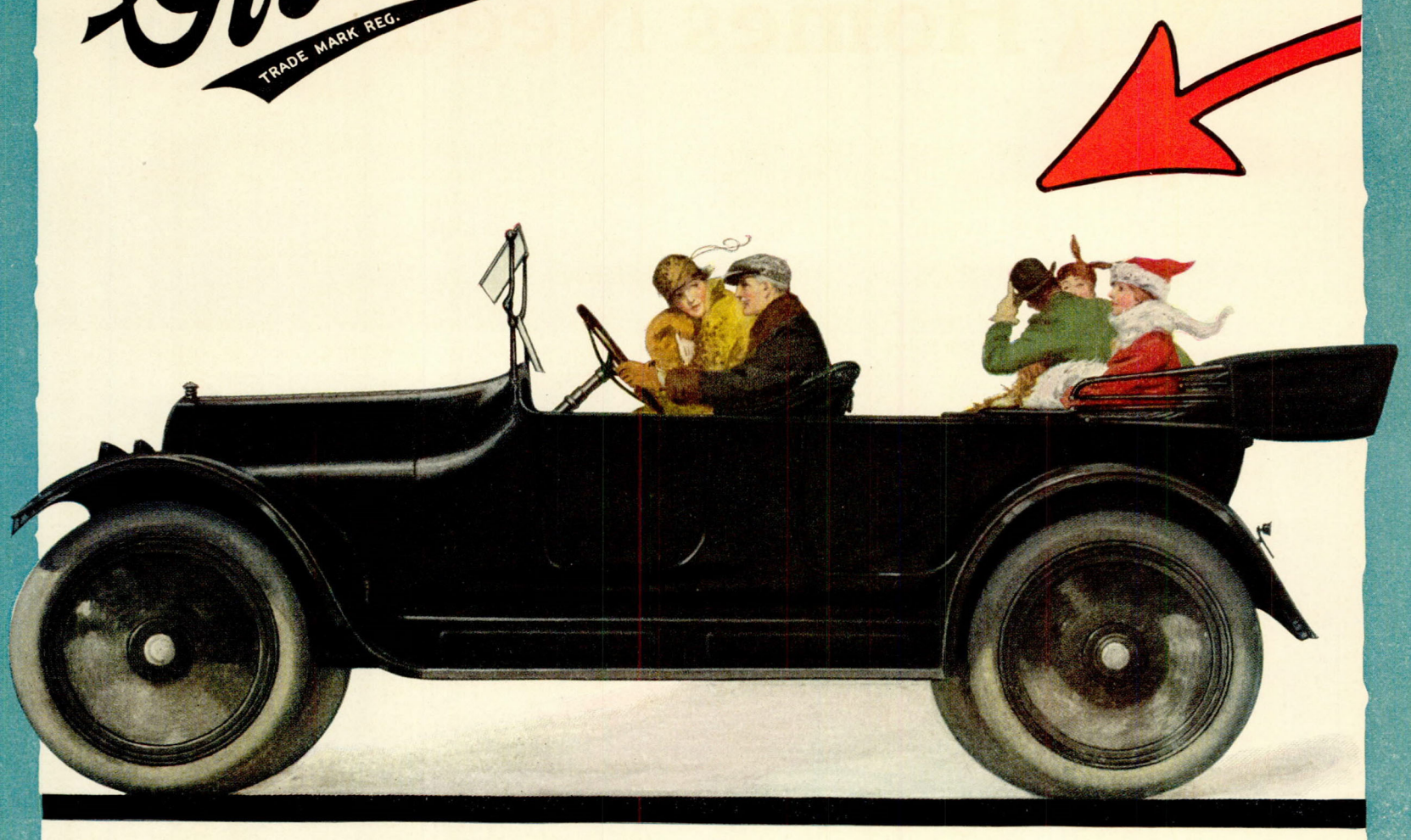
NOTE — Full information regarding the purchasing, making and arranging of these decorations will be sent to our readers, and any questions answered or suggestions made, if the request is accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope sent to Mrs. Bissell, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

NOTE — A photographic reproduction of the "Shepherds abiding in the fields," measuring 8½ by 4¾ inches, to serve as a guide in making the picture used in the church decoration, and information regarding sizes, colors, etc., will be sent to any reader upon receipt of 25 cents. This request also should be addressed to Mrs. Bissell, in care of this magazine.

(Page 49)

Overland

TRADE MARK REG.



Model 75 – f.o.b. Toledo

$615

Roadster $595

Electrically Lighted and Started

At Last! A Light Weight, Smaller, Comfortable Family Car At A Price Almost Every Family Can Afford.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Also Manufacturers of Willys-Knight Automobiles

"Made in U. S. A."

What a Million Homes Need-

NOW you can secure a comfortable, family car with virtually all the advantages of the very large cars at a price which is well within your reach.

The price is only $615!

It has a powerful motor; electric starting and lighting system; high-tension magneto ignition; 104-inch wheelbase; cantilever springs; four-inch tires; demountable rims; streamline body design.

This season our factory capacity has been increased to 600 cars a day.

This, in itself, explains our ability to give so much car for so little money.

This newest Overland is a beauty.

The body is the latest full streamline design with a one-piece cowl.

It is handsomely finished in solid black with bright nickel and polished aluminum fittings.

Five adults can ride comfortably.

While the car is roomy, it is light in weight, 2160 pounds.

The tires are exceptionally large—31 inches by 4 inches all around, with non-skid on rear.

It has demountable rims, with one extra.

The motor is four-cylinder, long-stroke bloc type, having a 3⅛-inch bore and 5-inch stroke. Horsepower is 20–25. It is of the most modern design.

It has high-tension magneto ignition. This is the kind used on the most expensive cars.

The electric starting and lighting system is one of the most efficient on the market. It is of the two-unit type.

The large electric headlights have dimmers.

This car is very easy to handle. It responds quickly. Anyone in the family can drive it.

The electric switches are conveniently located on the steering column. This is the same arrangement used on the highest priced cars.

It has the easy working Overland clutch which any woman can operate. The pedals are adjustable for reach. The steering wheel is large and turns easily.

The brakes are large and powerful.

The rear springs are the famous cantilever type. These are probably the easiest-riding and most shock-absorbing springs ever designed. With these springs riding comfort is insured.

The seats are roomy and comfortable, for the soft cushions are built over deep coiled springs.

It has a mohair one-man top.

In short, there is everything that makes this car up-to-date and comparable with many cars costing considerably more money.

You will be delighted when you see it. And when you ride in it you'll know instantly that this is your ideal of a modern automobile at your idea of a moderate price.

See the Overland dealer in your town.

Specifications of Model 75

Pure streamline body, five-passenger touring car
Finished in black with nickel and polished aluminum fittings.
Wheelbase, 104 inches
High-tension magneto ignition
20-25 horsepower motor; cylinders cast en bloc
Electric starting and lighting
Headlight dimmers
Electric switches on steering column
31 x 4-inch tires
Non-skids on rear
Left-hand drive; center control
Floating type rear axle
Cantilever springs on rear
Built-in, rain-vision, ventilating type windshield
One-man top
Magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Full set of tools

OTHER MODELS:

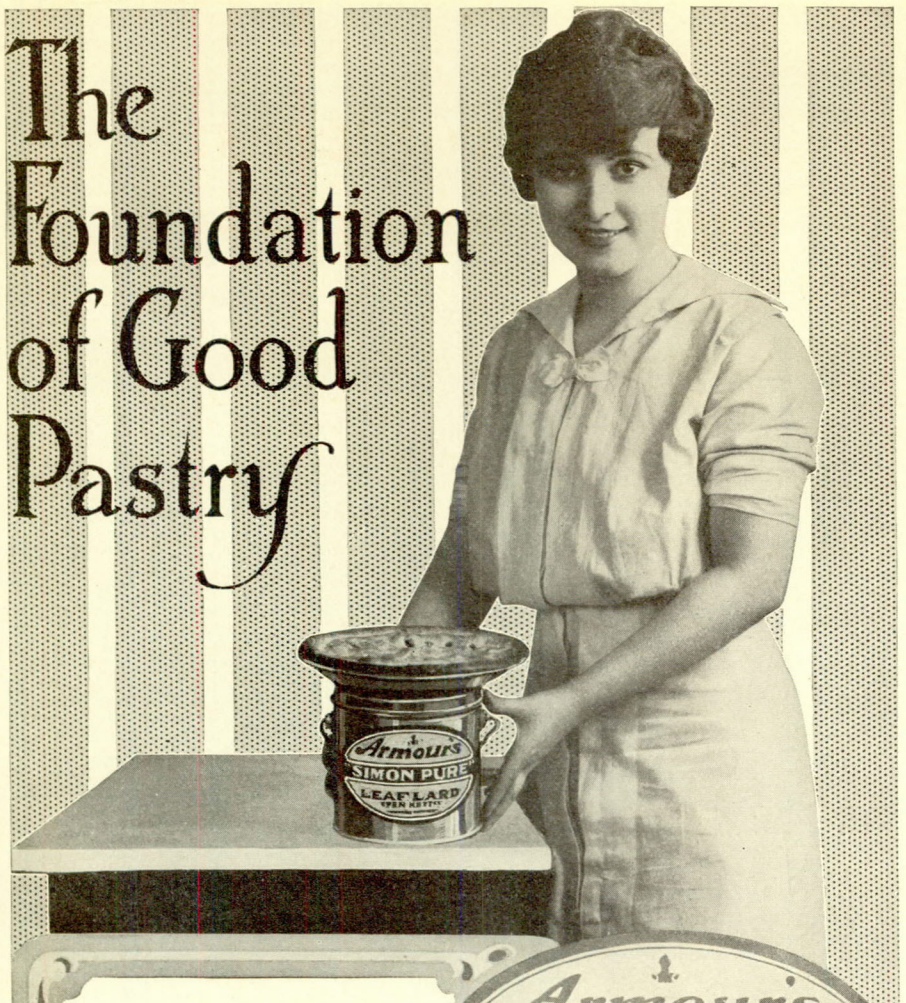
Model 83 — Touring Car $750 *Prices f. o. b. Toledo* Overland Six — 7 Passenger Touring Car $1145

Catalogue on Request. Address Dept. 491

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Canadian Price, Model 75, $850 f. o. b. Hamilton
The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

The Foundation of Good Pastry



"Simon Pure" Leaf Lard goes a third farther. Always use less of it than you would of ordinary lard.

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

The Armour method of using only selected leaf fat and of open-kettle rendering "Simon Pure," makes it a full third richer.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

—just purified, concentrated leaf lard—is most economical. It is the perfect shortening for light, digestible pastry, cake, biscuits. For deep-fat frying of fish, doughnuts, croquettes, fritters and similar wholesome dishes, it imparts an added deliciousness of flavor.

A test of any one of *Armour's* **Oval Label Products** proves the quality of all.

***Armour's Veribest* Foods** offer the housewife over a hundred different products, cooked and ready to serve, all absolutely pure and all deliciously natural in flavor. Pork and Beans, Luncheon Beef, Sandwich Dainties, Salmon, Sardines, Tuna, Ketchup, etc. All U. S. Inspected. For digestible mince pies, use *Veribest* Mince Meat.

***Armour's* Grape Juice**—*Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow*—takes to you, no matter where you live, all the luscious, full flavor of choicest Concords. Pure, unsweetened, unfermented and undiluted. A gratefully refreshing beverage with a health value equal to fresh orange juice.

***Armour's* Star Ham in the New Stockinet Covering** is just "The Ham What Am" made better by being smoked in this cleanly protector which retains all the natural juices and intensifies the flavor.

Armour Oval Label Products, including Star Bacon, Cloverbloom Butter, Devonshire Farm Sausage, high grade Oleomargarine, are sold by leading merchants.

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Distributing Through 385 Branches, Each Managed by a Food Expert

Flossie Fisher's Funnies

By Helene and Vera Nyce

WE HOPE that all of you will have the happiest Christmas possible, and that all of our Club members will try to make it happier for others also. You can give yourself, even when you have not many material gifts to give, by being cheerful and happy, and kind to all those around you; and sometimes this giving of self is the very best gift that one can give.

If you are not a member of the Club, send a stamped, addressed envelope for the return of a Club pin and a certificate. It costs nothing to belong to our Club, and no one is too old nor too young to help others by just being kind—in little ways if the big ones are not within your reach; and that is all we ask of our members.

We are introducing a new feature into the Club chapters: In the chapters of children, in addition to the regular officers, we like to have in charge a grown person whom we will call "A Play Mistress"; for grown-ups can help so much, in the fun which the members will have at their meetings, as well as in the work they choose! If you would like to know more fully about the idea, or the Club, write to us and we shall be glad to reply.

OF COURSE we have the story of this page ready to tell to any child who wants it, or another Pinknose story if preferred. Pinknose had a fine Christmas tree—there is a story, "Pinknose's Wonderful Christmas," and a special cut-out for it too: We cannot tell you how many things to cut out, color and paste together—the tree, stockings, and the fireplace where Pinknose and his little brothers and sisters hang their stockings, and many other things. Or, if you prefer, a paper doll's toboggan slide with a toboggan to go flying down it, which will give the tiny paper dolls endless fun. Any of these are free to all children who send stamped, addressed envelopes for their return.

The prize contests are for boys and girls in their teens as well as for younger children, and we hope you will all try. For the best story *on any subject* but original in thought: First prize, five dollars; second prize, three dollars; third prize, two dollars; and twenty fourth prizes of one dollar each.

Be sure to *inclose with* your story a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and send not later than December 15 to

MISS HELENE NYCE
IN CARE OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Prize Winners for September

FIRST PRIZE, FIVE DOLLARS

NELL WOOLFOLK, Kentucky

SECOND PRIZE, THREE DOLLARS

CLARA SHUEY, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE, TWO DOLLARS

CONSTANCE and LOFTUS EBERLY, Nebraska

FOURTH PRIZES, ONE DOLLAR EACH

KITTY ALLSOP (age 14 years), Nova Scotia
MARJORIE JACKSON, Louisiana
SIMONNE BONAVENTURE (age 14 years), New York
PATTY WARREN (age 11 years), Missouri
HELEN LODGE (age 13 years), Newfoundland
WALTER AITKEN, Illinois
PASCHAL STRONG (age 13 years), Georgia
SADIE B. GENN, New York
MARY GAJEWSKI (age 13 years), Texas
DOROTHY TALBERT (age 12 years), Oklahoma

SCHOOL COMPANIONS

BEATRICE L. OSBORN, New York
IGNATIUS VADO, New York
JACK ROLLINS, West Virginia
DOROTHY IDLEMAN, West Virginia
OLGA DOMETZHUBER, Illinois
PATTY BOYD, Canada
ESTHER HERTZLER, Maryland
LUCILLE MENDHAM, New York
VIRGINIA DOZIER, Georgia
JANET CONNOR, New Jersey
ALLEE FLANAGAN, District of Columbia
DOROTHY M. TURNER, Oklahoma
CHESTER PULLMAN, California
HELEN AULD, Canada
GERMAINE SPENCER, Illinois
CLARA PITTS, Texas
MARJORIE SAUNDERS, Nova Scotia
MILDRED REESE, District of Columbia
SAIMA KAHKONEN, New York
ROSEMARY ARNOLD, District of Columbia

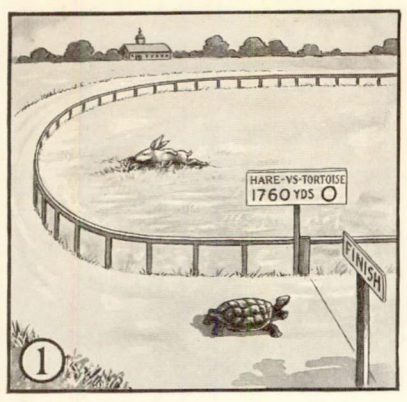
The Roll of Honor for September

ELSIE and JANE BARTLETT, Illinois
CORA AYERS, California
LILLIAN MCGEACHY, Panama
CHARLIE and LESLIE VAZ, Panama
BERNICE REED, Illinois
HELENE WOOD, Pennsylvania
GERTRUDE POTTS, Canada
NAOMI STEELMAN, Illinois
BETTY BRIDGE, Canada
ALICE HUGHES, Massachusetts
GRACE JOHNSTON, Canada
RUTH TOBIN, Michigan
MYRTLE G. REED, Washington
HELEN LAPHAM, Michigan
MARIE and EVELYN SEEFIELD, Texas
EVELYN M. TENNYSON, New York
MARIE BEHRLE, California
ALICE EVANS, Canada
LUDWIG SIMON, New York
VIOLET JOHNSON, Wisconsin

The Journal's New Puzzles

By Sam Loyd

FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES



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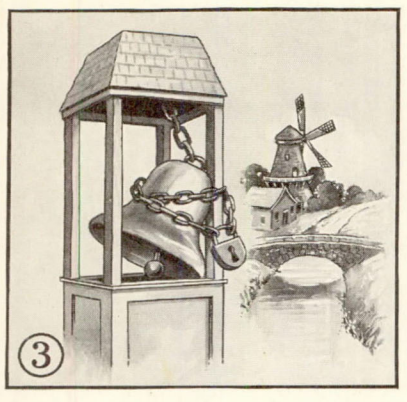

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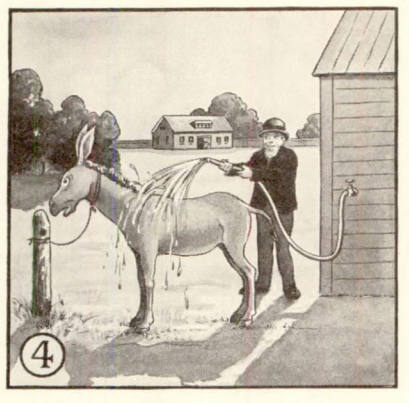

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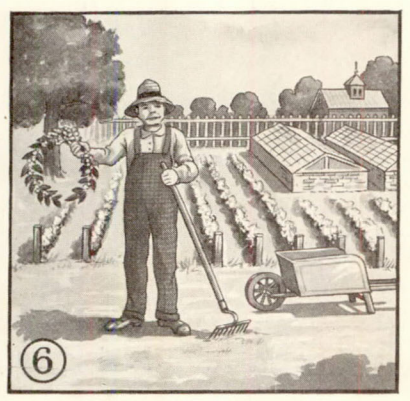

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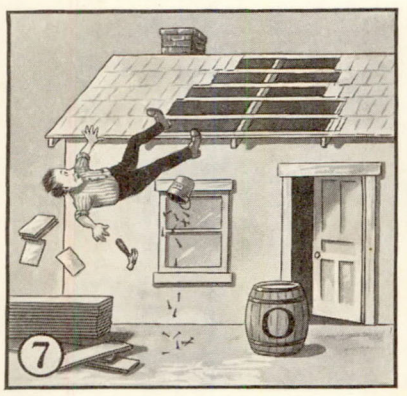

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Amherst	Casco	Enfield	Jackman	Mechanic Falls	Phair	Unionville
Augusta	Cedar	Fairfield	Jay	Middledam	Portland	Unity
Ayers	Cherryfield	Freedom	Kennebunk	Millbridge	Quimby	Upton
Bald Mountain	China	Friendship	Kents Hill	Millvale	Round Mountain	Vienna
Bar Mills	Clifton	Gardiner	Kittery	Milo	Saco	Vinal Haven
Bath	Columbia Falls	Garland	Lakeside	Moody	Sherman	Waite
Belfast	Deer Isle	Gray	Leeds	Mountainview	Soldier Pond	Waterford
Bridgton	Derby	Greenfield	Liberty	Newfield	Stillwater	Webbs Mills
Buckfield	Dyer Brook	Hallowell	Lookout	North Deer Isle	Temple	Whitefield
Bucksport	East Friendship	Harmony	Manset	Northport	Turner	Winslow
Camden	Eden	Intervale	Mayfield	Oakfield	Union	Yarmouth

Can You Discover These Towns in Maine?

THE first picture represents the towns of Winslow and Milo. Each of the seven other pictures represents *two* cities, towns, boroughs or villages in Maine.

For the complete set of correct answers and the best suggestion of a subject for a future puzzle page will be given a first prize of $15. For the next best set of correct answers and suggestion will be given a second prize of $10. For the next best set of answers and suggestion will be given the third prize of $5. For the twenty next best sets of correct answers and suggestions will be given 20 one-dollar prizes.

By "suggestion" is meant a subject for the puzzle page. For example, one might suggest a series of puzzles dealing with historical events, the capitals of European countries, etc.

The competition closes on December 20, which means that all letters in competition must be posted not later than that date.

The answers and prize winners will be given in the March JOURNAL.

All of the cities, towns, villages and boroughs represented are to be found in the above list.

Write your answers and suggestion on one side of one sheet of paper and address it to

SAM LOYD, PUZZLE EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

September Prize Winners

FIRST PRIZE—Mary E. Curran, Minnesota.
SECOND PRIZE—Philip Buck, Florida.
THIRD PRIZE—Mrs. C. R. Havighurst, Ohio.
OTHER PRIZES—Mrs. O. N. Joyner, Texas; Vesta D. Elder, California; Mrs. Almond Browning, Kentucky; Mrs. William Welch, Iowa; Clara Thornton, Michigan; Mrs. Esther M. Schilling, New York; Gertrude Darling, Massachusetts; Mrs. Clement Blakely, Minnesota; Katharine L. Laub, Pennsylvania; Moss Wingo, Oklahoma; Minnie V. McAtee, Washington, D. C.; Margaret L. Farrell, Illinois; Mrs. I. T. Simley, North Dakota; Gladys Parker, Kansas; Mildred Cash, Tennessee; Mrs. A. S. Lane, Connecticut; Mrs. C. D. Fowler, Kansas; Mary Mix, Missouri; Iva Alice Flanigan, Washington; Gertrude Allen, Massachusetts.

Many Problems: One Answer—

A woman in the State of Washington writes us: I read your editorial, "Settlers from our Cities," to my husband on his week-end trip to Helen's ranch. We are eight miles from a trolley terminus—thirty cents fare to the city. Helen and I, five milk goats, two Poland-China sows, and a bunch of hens, live here on forty acres of state land that costs $400 on ten years' time and six per cent.

I have been cutting brush and we shall plant Italian prunes and build a prune dryer soon. My husband baches in our little gray home in town. He will be able to sell out in town and come up here to live soon.

We believe in studying *The Country Gentleman* and the Government bulletins. We started out four years ago with $150, and now we value our possessions at $1500.

A woman in Pennsylvania writes: I have been putting up fruits and vegetables according to your recipes, and I want you to know that I have been more successful than I ever was before. I think your recipes are all fine.

We have put electric lights in the house this year. Last year we put in running water after using a pump for many years. And I have my new fireless cooker which I made according to the directions that you sent me. I am a farmer's daughter and a farmer's wife, and no one can appreciate more than I the value of these labor-saving devices.

Thank you for answering my questions. I can hardly wait each week for the rural-delivery man to bring our copy of *The Country Gentleman*.

We Get Hundreds of Letters Like These Two From Farm Women All Over the Country

THE WOMAN who has gone back to the land, and is enduring the hardships of pioneering, finds inspiration in the stories of other women ranchers, and advice for building up her flocks and fields.

The farm wife and mother, weary of her many burdens, finds labor-saving devices that save her steps and time, and make life easier and happier.

Every woman learns short-cuts in home management, and pin-money suggestions of immense value.

To all their problems *The Country Gentleman* is the one answer. For four years it has been sold at $1.50 a year. Now we offer it for

One Dollar a Year

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Box 146 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

Your baby—like this chubby Borden Baby—won't feel the winter cold if you wrap him up snugly and take him out every pleasant day—if you see that he sleeps enough, exercises and has the right food.

When your own milk fails or you find for any reason you cannot nurse your baby, give him a substitute that his tiny stomach can digest. It is part of your mother-wisdom to choose a food—when Nature's supply is unsuitable—that will make your baby strong and sturdy—

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
THE ORIGINAL

"Eagle Brand"—full of nourishment—is an ideal food for your baby.

Babies reared on satisfying "Eagle Brand" are happy and contented. While it is natural for all babies at times to cry, a well baby is seldom irritable or fretful for any continued period. If your baby is restless and does not seem satisfied, if he cries after feeding and does not sleep quietly and peacefully, in all probability the food you are using is not agreeing with him. Under these conditions you can safely place your baby upon "Eagle Brand." For 58 years thousands of anxious mothers have found it a safe substitute where breast milk has failed. It is easy to prepare. Just add to freshly boiled water that has been cooled to the right feeding temperature.

"Eagle Brand" is made of rich, full-cream milk from healthy cows. Scientifically prepared so that your baby can digest it. Pure, safe, wholesome and nourishing.

Gail Borden
EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK
Received the
GRAND PRIZE
(Highest Award)
at the
Panama-Pacific International Exp.
at San Francisco

Use "Eagle Brand" in all your cooking where you need milk and sugar. With it you can make delicious rice meringue, rich velvet cream, dainty desserts and many other savory dishes, all at less cost than ever before.

Send the coupon today for "Baby's Welfare"—which tells you how to keep your baby well. Also "Baby's Biography" to record events in his babyhood, as well as "Borden's Recipes," which tells how to improve your cooking.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
New York
Est. 1857

If you go to San Francisco be sure to visit our exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Food Products Palace.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO. L.H.J.—12-15
108 Hudson St., New York.
Please send me your helpful book, "Baby's Welfare," which tells me how to keep my baby well—and send also "Borden's Recipes," your book of original recipes which shows me how to save money on my cooking.
Name_____
Address_____

How a Boy Can Make His Own Sled

By A. Neely Hall

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY CRAFTSMAN," "HANDICRAFT FOR HANDY BOYS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND NORMAN P. HALL

THE ideas for home-made sleds presented on this page are easy to carry out, and will enable a boy who wants to make a sled quickly, and has only such working material as is to be found in the basement and the woodshed, to provide himself with one or more excellent coasters.

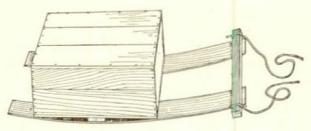


Figure 1

Figure 1 shows a box and barrel-stave sled, which is one of the simplest forms that can be made. The seat consists of a soap box or other small box, with the cover boards nailed on, while a pair of barrel staves form the runners. To fasten the runners in place turn the box upside down as shown in Figure 2, nail a cross strip to it at the center, and then fasten the staves with nails at the points shown. Allow the staves to project three or four inches at the stern end of the box. When the runners have been put on fasten a strip to their bow ends for a foot bar. Make the foot bar long enough so the ends will project about as shown in Figure 1, and notch it so that the steering rope may be tied to it securely.

Figure 2

FIGURE 3 shows a sled which is a little more elaborate than the box and barrel-stave sled, yet of almost as simple construction. The cutting of the runners is usually the hardest part of the work in making a sled, but in this sled this is eliminated by using the rockers from an old rocking-chair. A broken chair or one which has fallen into disuse is almost certain to be found in the attic of a long-established household, but if a boy does not succeed in finding one at home he can probably secure one from some neighbor or relative; if a chair cannot be procured for the purpose, however, a pattern may be taken from any available chair rocker, and that will be a great deal of help.

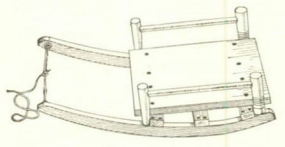


Figure 3

Figure 4

As shown in Figure 4 the chair legs are sawed off just above the side rung, and the ends are left attached to the rockers. This permits the use of the chair rungs as sled handles, as will be seen by Figure 3. To connect the rockers cut three cross pieces twelve inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick and screw them to the rockers, placing one just inside of the front pair of chair legs, one just inside of the rear pair of chair legs and the third halfway between. As the chair rockers will probably be of hardwood it will be necessary to drill holes in them for the screws with which the cross pieces must be attached. Make these holes with a gimlet, a wood drill, or, if you haven't either one of these, by heating a nail red hot and burning the holes in the wood. The nail used for burning the holes may be held with a pair of pincers. Make each hole a trifle smaller than the diameter of the screw to be used.

Figure 5

SCREW a short board to the tops of the cross pieces for the sled seat. Set a screweye into the inside face of each rocker near the rear end, which will be the bow end of the sled, and connect the two screweyes with several strands of rope. This will form a foot rest, and the sled rope should be tied to its center.

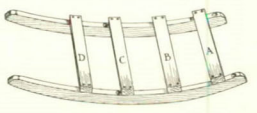


Figure 6

The rocker runners will be improved if provided with shoes. Hoop iron will serve the purpose excellently, but if you can get strips of half-oval iron they will be even more satisfactory. You will have to get a blacksmith or machinist to fit the half-oval strips and drill screw holes in them.

Finish the cross pieces and sled seat to match the rockers and chair legs, or the entire sled may be painted any color or colors that you wish to have it.

FIGURE 5 shows how, by removing the chair legs and chair rungs from the rockers, attaching four cross pieces as shown in Figure 6, instead of the three used for the other sled, and then screwing two pieces of board to the cross pieces, a different form of sled may be made.

The boards for the seat of this sled will have to be warped to the curve of the rockers in order that they may be fastened to each of the four cross pieces A, B, C and D (Figures 5 and 6), unless you make cross pieces B and C enough thicker than A and D to bring the tops of the four strips on a level. It is easy to warp boards after soaking them a while in hot water. The spaces between the cross pieces will serve the purpose of handles, as they will permit the coaster to grasp the edges of the seat.

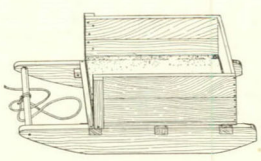


Figure 7

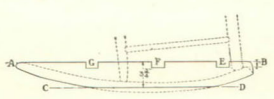


Figure 8

RUNNERS for the sled illustrated in Figure 7 are easily laid out by using a chair rocker for a pattern. Clean off the dirt and sawdust from a piece of board one inch or an inch and a quarter thick, so that you can carry it into the living room or library without dropping dirt on the carpet. Place the board upon the floor of one of these rooms, lay a rocking-chair upon its side with the rocker upon the board in the position indicated by dotted lines in Figure 8, and mark out around the rocker. Then carry the board back to your workshop and make the deviations from the shape of the rocker indicated by the solid lines in Figure 8. From the top of the rear end of the rocker pattern, which will be the bow end of the runners, draw the line AB to a point one inch above the front end of the rocker, and three inches and three-quarters from the line AB draw the line CD parallel to it. Round off the top of the stern end of the runner as shown. Locate the notches E, F and G along the line AB, two inches wide and one inch deep, placing E about three inches from the stern end, G ten inches from the bow end, and F between the two.

Now erase the rocker pencil lines not used in the pattern (which will be those portions indicated by dotted lines), so that they will not be confusing, and saw out the runner; then plane the edges true and smooth and sandpaper the faces and edges. After completing this runner use it for a pattern for laying out the second runner, but keep your pencil lines close to the edges or you will find after cutting out your second runner that it is a trifle larger all around than the first one.

WITH both runners prepared cut three cross pieces twelve inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick to fit in the notches E, F and G (H, I and J, Figure 9) and fasten them in these slots. After nailing them in place cut the strips K and L (Figure 9) and nail them to the inside face of the sled runners close up against the under sides of cross pieces H, I and J, to form braces; and drive nails through these strips into the runners, and also through the cross pieces into the brace strips.

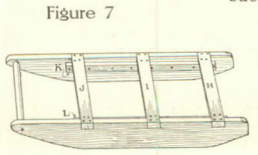


Figure 9

Fit a piece of a broom handle between the bow ends of the runners for a foot bar. Fasten this foot bar in place by driving a nail through each runner into its ends.

Get a grocery box twelve inches wide and long enough to extend from cross piece H to cross piece J for the sled seat. Remove one end of the box, nail battens across the ends of the side boards, as shown in Figure 10, to hold them together, and then nail the bottom boards to the cross pieces H, I and J (Figure 9).

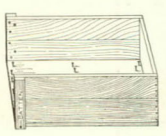


Figure 10

NOW the sled is ready for the finishing touches. Putty all nail holes and cracks, and give the wood a coat of paint, then tack a piece of carpet or burlap to the seat and tie a short length of rope to the foot bar (Figure 7). The seat may be padded before the carpet is tacked on so as to make a cushion.

If you prefer to do so you may fasten a plain board seat to the cross pieces instead of the box. This arrangement will give you a sled with lines approaching more nearly those of the sled to be bought in a store.

A pair of these plain-board-top sleds will make an excellent bob-sled. Use a plank ten inches wide and six feet long for a seat.

By following closely the directions given on this page almost any boy who has the least bit of a mechanical turn of mind will be able to make such a sled as I have described.

An Ideal Shoe For Winter

Winter's cold and dampness are never considered in the making of ordinary shoes. Yet these two conditions are the cause of many foot troubles and lead to bodily ailments.

Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

has an inner sole of live wool felt which excludes this cold and dampness from the sole of the foot. This cushion also permits free blood circulation—so necessary when feet are cold and damp—and relieves the pressure on sensitive foot nerves and tender joints.

The Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe gracefully conforms to the lines of the foot, particularly under the arch, and nicely reflects the refined styles of the season.

If your feet are sensitive, or subject to cold and dampness, try a pair of Dr. Edison's this winter. A dealer is located in nearly every town and city. Write us for his name and copy of free Style Booklet.

UTZ&DUNN CO
164 Canal Street Rochester, N.Y.
Makers of Women's, Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes

Let Us Tell You The 1916 Price

on this beautiful Mission Base-Burner and on 500 other styles and sizes of best quality ranges, cook stoves and heaters that you can choose from our

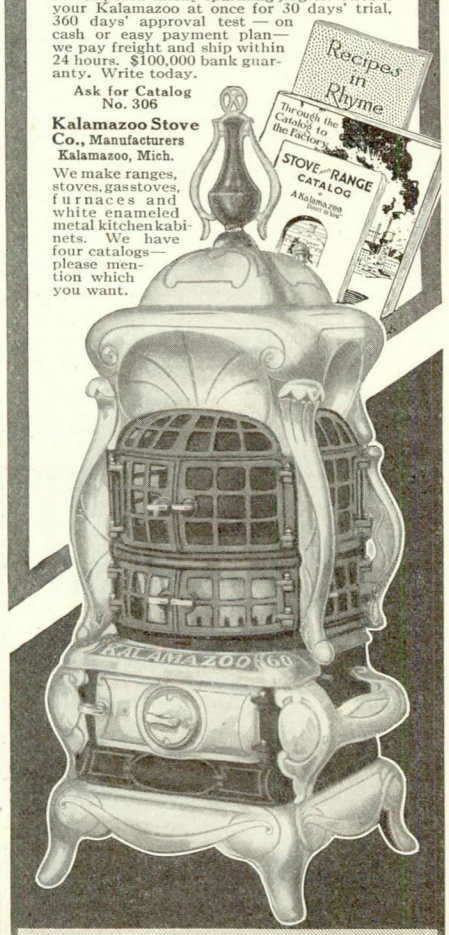
New 1916 Catalog Mailed With "Recipes in Rhyme" FREE

Write for these two books today—see new styles—1916 factory prices—read latest, helpful recipes in catchy sparkling jingles. Choose your Kalamazoo at once for 30 days' trial, 360 days' approval test — on cash or easy payment plan—we pay freight and ship within 24 hours. $100,000 bank guaranty. Write today.

Ask for Catalog No. 306

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Mich.

We make ranges, stoves, gasstoves, furnaces and white enameled metal kitchen kabinets. We have four catalogs—please mention which you want.



"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

A Woman's Achievement

An interesting feature to many of our women customers is the fact that Snider's Catsup is prepared from an old-fashioned home recipe of a woman who lived in the South.

Her home was famed for its hospitality and among other foods was her catsup, which later became famous.

Time and vicissitudes wrought many changes, which brought about the commercializing of the much sought after catsup recipe, and the result was the Birth of Snider's Catsup.

Man has been unable to improve on the good woman's recipe; therefore, the same careful attention is given to the selection of sound, ripe tomatoes, spices and other ingredients and to the boiling down just so it is thick enough to have a snappy, appetizing flavor and retain a nice, rich color, making it sightly, thereby appealing to the appetite.

The good hospitable woman had the satisfaction of seeing great success follow the home recipe her friends had so much enjoyed.

SNIDER CATSUP COMPANY

NEW YORK, U. S. A. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Beautiful Neck and Arms

It is the skin-texture,—fine, clear, soft and smooth,—that lends such charm to the neck, shoulders and arms. The same care, the same intelligent treatment that are given the face and hands will gradually bring and maintain this much-coveted condition. Slight moistening with

Hinds *Honey and Almond* **Cream**

morning and evening, as well as before and after exposure to the weather, will keep the skin as you would like it and free from undue redness, roughness or chapping. It is the faithful use of Hinds Cream that gives to the complexion such fresh, fair, girlish beauty.

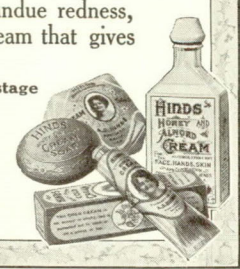
Let us send you booklets and liberal samples. Enclose 2c stamp for postage

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

A. S. HINDS 200 West Street Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No soap samples.



For These Days ~ When Ankles Show

Wear Hose of Luxite

© L.T., Inc.

Hose of Luxite

Made of Luxite—Synthetic Silk

Luxite

Man-Spun Silk

Silk is made of a viscous fluid digested by silk-worms from vegetable fibre.

In Luxite, a similar fluid is made synthetically—also from vegetable fibre.

The silk-worm exudes this fluid in the form of a very fine web. The Luxite fluid is spun equally fine through minute platinum tubes.

That's the chief difference. By analysis the products are nearly identical. It is extremely difficult, by sight or feeling, to tell silk from Luxite. By its lustre Luxite shows its utter purity.

Luxite costs less because it is made in a large way and we have an unlimited output.

ALL SILK'S LUXURY AT MODEST COST

This is not to argue against Silk Hose, or to claim a better hose than Silk. Our plea is *for* fine hose—for everybody, every day. In perfecting Luxite we've made this possible.

You can get in Luxite—man-spun silk—a web like natural silk. It has silk's sheen and softness. It has extra lustre. It has, in the main, worm-silk's composition. But Luxite is man-made. And man has outdone worms in several ways, particularly in cost of making.

So we say, pay the modest Luxite prices and get the style and luxury of natural silk.

NOT SHAM SILK

Luxite is something new. It is not cotton made to look like silk. It has no relation to the many ways of imitating silk.

It is the latest result of man's efforts to duplicate silk. To make synthetic silk, as they make synthetic diamonds. A half-dozen ways have been known for long, but the texture lacked strength. Now Hose of Luxite has solved the strength problem.

If you can afford it, get worm-spun silk. But in Hose of Luxite you get the luxury of silk at a saving of half. *What is the charm in paying more if no one can see that you pay it?*

Hose of Luxite is now sold in nearly every city. If your dealer can't supply it, send direct to us. Don't take a substitute and think you have Luxite. Our book, "The Gift of Science," tells more. Ask for it.

LUXITE TEXTILES, Inc., 516 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.
New York Chicago San Francisco Liverpool
Makers of High-Grade Hosiery Since 1875

Men's 25c and 35c per pair; Women's 50c

THE YOUNG MOTHER AT CHRISTMAS

By Emelyn L. Coolidge, M.D.

The Child's Toys

MUCH may be learned from toys, and they may help considerably in the development of the child. They may teach color, ideas of combining different colors so that they harmonize; they may develop the child's imagination and constructive powers. Homemade toys are valued by the child as creations of his own and will be treasured long after an expensive article from a toy shop has been tossed aside.

Games that teach the child to think quickly and accurately are especially valuable; they often make mental arithmetic come more easily.

The baby's own little fingers and toes are the first toys he notices, at usually from four to six months of age. When the mother sees that he plays with and talks to these little members she may give him his first homemade toy: a string of spools. It should not be too large or too heavy for the little hands to hold. Paper that a baby may kick and rattle is a joy to many babies; one rubber toy from which the little whistle has been removed so it cannot be swallowed, a small, brightly colored ball suspended by a cord for the baby to pat and kick, a rag doll and a rubber doll are all among the first toys for a baby under one year old. Animals covered with wool that may be swallowed,

A Registry Baby

toys of tin with sharp points or edges, noisy rattles that tire a child's brain should be avoided. It is advisable to have toys that are washable and paintless, as far as possible.

For the babies from one to three years of age there is a large variety of toys to select from. First of all come blocks. These may be plain wooden blocks, unpainted, or they may have pictures and letters on them if the coloring does not come off, for even a year-old child may put the block in his mouth sometimes. The first ideas of construction come from blocks. The baby may be taught to build a "house," "train of cars," etc., and his imagination is thus developed and his manual training begun at the same time. As soon as the baby walks well he will very much enjoy dragging a little toy cart of wood and may fill it with blocks in the house and with smooth stones, etc., outdoors. Here again do not give him tin carts with sharp edges on which he may fall. A pail and a spoon with which he may dig in the sand pile are very enjoyable to a baby from two years up. The rounded spoon is better than a shovel. Little girls will very soon enjoy toy dishes with which they may have a "tea party." Rag dolls and indestructible dolls are the best kinds for babies of this age.

PICTURE books with brightly colored animals are much liked by these little folks. A linen book is better than a paper one for babies under three years of age. Children should not be allowed to tear books or willfully destroy toys. Remember to give them only one thing at a time to play with.

Little girls from three to six or eight years of age usually enjoy doll houses, and a great deal may be learned from these. They may be made easily from packing boxes. You may add rooms from time to time as the child grows older, and thus have an everlasting source of amusement. Much of the furniture of the little house may be made at home by the child or older brothers and sisters. The little boy of this age may be helped to construct a toy stable out of boxes, or a grocery store, etc.

Children usually like to color pictures, and a set of crayons with some old magazines will keep a child busy for a long time. As he grows older he may have water-color paints, but should be taught to be neat in their use. Children also like to blow bubbles; if possible it is better to let them do this outdoors, as it is apt to be rather a "mussy" play.

NOTE—The Young Mothers' Registry is a department conducted by Doctor Coolidge, which is designed to give monthly instruction to mothers about the care of their babies. Babies must be registered before they are six months old. On receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope Doctor Coolidge will forward registry blanks, which must be filled out and returned. Advice on the care, feeding, etc., of the babies will then be mailed every month. Advice about older babies and children will also be given by mail if a stamped, addressed envelope is sent.

Prospective mothers will receive valuable advice about their physical care, clothes, diet, etc., if they will write to Marianna Wheeler, inclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Address all letters to Doctor Coolidge and Miss Wheeler in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

"We Tried to Steal Her"

So writes the advertising manager of a leading southern business house.

"BUT," the letter continues, "you pay her so much more than we could afford, and she so enjoys her work for you, that we could not shake her allegiance to *The Ladies' Home Journal*."

THE girl he could not steal is Miss Stella Williams of Tennessee. The reason he could not steal her is that *The Ladies' Home Journal* pays her over $2000 a year for pleasant, independent, outdoor work that occupies only her spare time.

HER profits have paid for extensive travel and are now defraying the expenses of a course at Columbia University. Naturally enough, she finds little to attract her in other ways of making money.

AT this season of the year hundreds of thousands of subscriptions for the Curtis periodicals—*The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*—are expiring and must be renewed.

TO take care of this enormous demand and to secure new orders we need representatives in every town and city of the country. If you start now you can make $50 or more before Christmas Day and lay the foundation of an all-the-year-round income.

This book, interestingly illustrated from photographs, tells all about our money-making plans for women. A copy will be sent to you without charge.

Agency Division, Box 98
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

Ask The Ladies' Home Journal

THIS directory is given for our readers who desire specific information by mail on any subject. Every reader may feel free to write, but please always confine your questions to the editor for the particular subject given. All letters will be answered personally and will *not* be published. Write briefly, *straight to the point, and always inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for the reply.*

To Whom to Write

Styles in Clothes

Any question about styles in clothes (other than home dressmaking), whether for babies, girls, boys, women or men, will be gladly answered by mail, by a corps of trained fashion experts, if you address your letter to

THE FASHION EDITORS
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Home Dressmaking

Any question about home dressmaking (other than styles in clothes, which will be answered by the Fashion Editors), whether of new clothes or about making over and economical cutting, will be answered by

THE HOME DRESSMAKING EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

May I Trim Your Hat?

No matter what you want to know about your own hat, or your children's hats, whether about the new hats or how to make over old ones, will be speedily answered by

THE MILLINERY EDITORS
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Arranging Your Hair

If you want to know how to arrange your hair in the newest and most becoming style (not about hair trouble—another notice covers that), also that of children and girls, address

MISS IDA CLEVE VAN AUKEN
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Children's Clothes

If problems arise concerning the best materials, trimmings and patterns for your children's clothes, remember it will be a pleasure to help you solve them if you will write to

MRS. MARTHA MASON
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Needlework

Whether it is crocheting, knitting, patchwork, tatting or embroidery, it receives the attention of a corps of experts who will give information about all branches of needlework.

THE NEEDLEWORK EDITORS
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Babies

Any question about your baby, whether he is a few years old or very young—his food, his care, his clothes, his health, anything—will be cheerfully answered by mail.

DR. EMELYN LINCOLN COOLIDGE
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Prospective Mothers

Any question as to the prospective mother's physical care, her clothes, or her coming baby's layette (but not about the baby—the notice on the left covers the baby) will be answered by

MISS MARIANNA WHEELER
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Everyday Law for Women

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, through a reliable lawyer, will answer by mail any suitable question of law, or endeavor to solve any legal problem capable of solution by mail, submitted by its readers. The suitability of answering any question, however, is to be determined solely by THE JOURNAL. Address

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., ESQ.
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

How Can I Run My Home More Easily?

Easier ways of doing housework of all kinds, and in shorter time, saving the housewife steps and time—more efficient ways of running a home—constitute the "new housekeeping." An expert on this question will gladly make clear new ways of doing household work if you will address

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

The Little House and Garden

While we cannot actually plan your house we can tell you how to obtain plans published in THE JOURNAL, answer questions about little house building, or about your garden.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Furnishing a Little House

An authority is at your command for any question about furnishing a new house, renovating an old room, color ideas—anything about the interior decoration of a house.

THE EDITORS OF THE LITTLE HOUSE
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Pretty-Girl Questions

Little aids to beauty and good health—hints on complexion, hair trouble (not arranging hair—another notice covers that), skin and eyes, etc.—are matters on which you will get advice promptly from a source you can trust.

DR. EMMA E. WALKER
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Good Manners and Good Form

The right way of doing things—what some folks call etiquette—when visiting or entertaining, in the theater or church, or on the street, is well worth knowing. Any question on these matters will be answered by

MRS. ELEANOR H. PHILLIPS
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

The Table and Cooking

On all questions of marketing and cooking, household economies, recipes, menus, leftovers, and all such problems of housekeepers, you may depend upon getting helpful advice, cheerfully given, if you will write to

THE CULINARY EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Home Parties

We will help you plan a home party if you will tell us what kind of party you would like to give and will furnish us sufficient details to enable us to answer intelligently and offer practical suggestions. Address

THE HOME PARTY EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

School Entertainments

Whether your school is large or small, in the city or in the country, if you wish help in planning an entertainment we shall be glad to offer suggestions. Address

THE SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Social Work in the Church

Practical suggestions for social affairs, Sunday-school entertainments, and workable methods for city or country will be made cheerfully if you will state your need. Address

THE MINISTER'S SOCIAL HELPER
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Music

Queries of all kinds about music, except the adaptability of original manuscripts for publication (and piano questions, which are taken care of in Josef Hofmann's department), will receive attention from experts on this subject. Address

THE MUSIC EDITORS
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Reading and Literature

Many wish to know quickly what to read on topics that are interesting them; others want to know about new books; others about courses in general reading. Mr. Mabie will answer these letters, but will not criticize manuscripts.

MR. HAMILTON W. MABIE
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Girls' Problems

Every phase of the modern girl's life presents new problems. Perhaps it is a heart affair, or a question in her life at the office or at home. Anything which is of vital interest to her will receive careful attention and sympathetic advice from a woman who understands the problems and appreciates the difficulties.

THE GIRLS' EDITOR
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

"Will You Tell Me?"

There are numerous questions of general interest—questions pertaining to women's interests, hints on travel, information on current events, the placing of quotations or of dates, questions on science, history and the drama, biographical sketches, etc. For these questions we have a special department. So, for anything not classified, address

THE EDITORS OF "WILL YOU TELL ME?"
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Special Booklets on Special Subjects

WHERE no price is given any one of the following special booklets will be mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp, except that for Smocking, for which four cents postage will be required. If you wish the others inclose in your letter, in stamps, the price-amount stated. In each case address the author of the booklet desired, always in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"The Book of Fair Booths"—100 Ideas—By Theresa Hunt Wolcott (25 cents).
"Let Me Help You With Your Children's Clothes," by Mrs. Martha Mason.
"How to Do Continuous Smocking," by Mrs. Martha Mason.
"How to Finance the Building of a Little Home," by C. M. Keys.
"What You Should Know When Building a Little House," by Charles E. White, Jr.
"Easy Patterns in Crochet," by The Needlework Editors (15 cents).
"Hat-Frame Making" (a millinery lesson), by Ida Cleve Van Auken (10 cents).
"The Embroidery Book" (15 cents).
"Your Fireplace and How to Build It," by Joseph N. Hettel.

"I'll give them the best!"

"I'll be Santa Claus tonight.
And everywhere I go
I'll leave this nourishing delight—
The finest gift I know!"

And *he comes every day.*
This merry little Santa Claus is always ready to bring you

Campbell's Tomato Soup

He carries on his capable shoulders all the burden and bother of soup-making, while you get only the enjoyment and satisfaction.

Why not have the full benefit of all this? Why not order this wholesome soup by the dozen at least, and have it always at hand?

You can't have it too often. It will do your family good every time they eat it. It improves their digestion, adds to their pleasure, promotes their health and vitality.

Why not phone or send to your grocer for a dozen right now?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HOLMES & EDWARDS
Silverware
For Christmas Gifts

MOST pleasing selections for gifts can be made from this brand of silver plate that is inlaid at the wearing points with sterling silver.

There are attractive combinations in chests, large and small assortments. Single pieces and sets also in handsome but less expensive cases. Your dealer can show them in the Holmes & Edwards Sterling Inlaid and in a high quality XIV plate without the inlay.

Send for special booklet—M-128—illustrating over sixty gifts in silverware.

The HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER COMPANY
International Silver Co.
Successor
BRIDGEPORT, CONN., U.S.A.

A Handy Post-Card Package

TAKING CHRISTMAS TO THE SHUT-IN

By Theresa H. Wolcott

WHEN planning a remembrance for Christmas it is well to let the gift be something that will have a continuous interest through the day, week, or even for a longer time.

It is possible to get apples, oranges and other fruits that look very real and contain concealed boxes into which small gifts may be placed. One of these on the breakfast tray as the fruit course will be a surprise and create an atmosphere of expectancy.

Bulbs Eager to Grow

For one who loves flowers a novel and attractive gift is a small copper jar that comes packed with pebbles, and little blue, white and yellow crocus bulbs, all prettily boxed, with this jolly little rime on the card within and also on the cover of the box.

Six Letters for Christmas Day

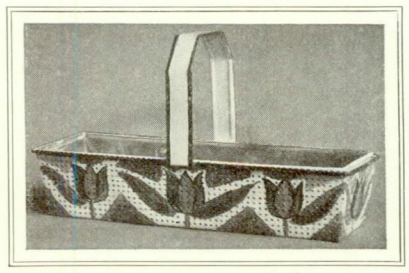
To prove to you how often
My thoughts will flit to you,
Through all the merry Christmas Day,
No matter what I do,
I send to you these letters—
Please open them on time,
And think of one who thinks of you
In name of Auld Lang Syne.

It is possible to lay small gifts between the pages of these letters. This will add to the pleasure of the greetings on the third pages.

A Rose-Trimmed Cheer Basket

One of the twenty-four rose-colored sentiments in this basket is:

I shall give her the gift of always seeing the bright side of everything. That gift will be more to her than beauty or riches or honors. It is not so much matter what color one's eyes are as what one sees with them. There is a bright side to everything, if people only knew it, and the best eyes are those which are always able to see this bright side. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



A New Window-Ledge Flower Basket

NOTE—Information regarding the prices of the novelties on this page, and the addresses where they may be obtained, will be given upon request accompanied by an addressed, stamped envelope sent to Miss Wolcott, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

The Cream of Society

When you buy toilet cream be *particular*—you cannot afford to be otherwise. Select the one that has stood the test of years of constant use—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream—and your skin and complexion will show you why it is so universally favored.

Since its introduction to New York society women twenty-five years ago,

Daggett & Ramsdell's
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

has been preferred by ladies whose social standing and duties require the maximum of good appearance. Its daily use induces a natural, healthy flow of blood through the skin, cleansing the pores, nourishing the tissues, and bringing the fresh glow of health, youth and beauty. After a long day about the house, or shopping, or motoring, you have only to massage a small quantity into the face to learn how it will steal away the hard, drawn, dry feeling and leave instead a skin which feels refreshed and clean—and is hygienically clean.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream rubs well into the skin and leaves no shiny, oily surface—justly characterized for 25 years as "The Kind That Keeps." Tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, $1.50.

TWO SAMPLES FREE

A sample of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream and a sample of Poudre Amourette, the daintiest of face powders, will be mailed free. A postcard will bring both samples. Write to-night. Address Dept. 6.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
New York

Puritan Model

FOR SMALL ROOMS.

This dainty upright is especially designed for studios, bungalows, apartments, and wherever space and price count, yet quality is demanded. Musically it is so superior that, after examining all the leading makes, a prominent college bought 27 of these pianos.

Our new catalogue describes this and other attractive uprights, grands and players. *Write for it.*

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are acknowledged leaders in the high-grade field. Their sterling integrity of construction, delightful tone and tasteful designs have made them the choice of over 400 Educational Institutions and nearly 60,000 American homes.

How to Buy

If no dealer near you sells the **Ivers & Pond**, you can order *from our factory* as safely and advantageously as if you lived nearby. We make expert selection, prepay freight and ship on trial, in your home, in any State in the Union. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans. For catalogue and valuable information to buyers, *mail the coupon now.*

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
117 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Look for the Name LISK

stamped in the cover if you want the—

Best Self-Basting Roaster

The Lisk Patented Concave Cover causes the vaporized juices to condense and drip back upon the roast. No hand basting—only the clock to watch. No dried up, shrunken roasts—but lower meat bills.

No scorching because of air space between Inner Tray and Bottom. Make gravy in Tray when roast is done.

Sanitary Seamless Stamped Steel with rounded ends where dirt can't hide—coated with Lisk Better Quality Enamel—Turquoise Blue or Imperial Gray. Six sizes.

Equally good for roasting fowl, fish or meat every day in the year.

Lisk Enameled Ware For Every Kitchen Need

Every article is distinctive in design, beauty and durability. The white lining is beautifully pure. Outside enamel Turquoise Blue, solid Blue or pure White.

For thoroughly satisfactory enameled ware insist on Lisk, the standard of high quality in enameled kitchen ware and—made in America.

Ask for it at Hardware and House Furnishing Stores

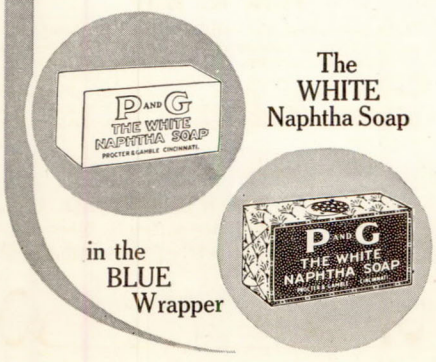
Run No Risk—Be Sure It's Lisk
THE LISK MANUFACTURING CO., Ltd.
Canandaigua, New York

Faultless washings without tiresome work.

Sweet, clean clothes without back-breaking rubbing and troublesome boiling. Clothes free from worn spots due to the action of the soap. That is the way of **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap.**

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap washes clothes so sweet and clean while they soak that hard rubbing and boiling are unnecessary. Yet it is harmless—cannot injure the clothes. It does the work successfully and safely because it is high grade soap, white soap, naphtha soap.

Likewise in general cleaning, **P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap** saves time and gives complete satisfaction, not merely because it is naphtha soap, but because it is such superlatively good naphtha soap.



THE SCHOOL AT CHRISTMASTIDE

ALL the selections here listed have been carefully examined and are suggested for presentation at Christmas entertainments:

Some Musical Features

"A Merry Christmas." Eight-line chorus, good to close entertainment.

"Constant Christmas," by Phillips Brooks. Trio for high-school girls.

"The Jolly Christmas." Chorus for grammar grades.

"Beautiful Christmas Eve." Girls' chorus.

"Recipe for Christmas Pudding." Eight-line song for a little girl.

"Christmas Eve at the North Pole." Solo for a boy; a lively parody on "The Night Before Christmas."

Pantomimed Song, "Christmas Secrets," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," to be enacted by four or more primary children, while the song is sung by a chorus off the stage.

"The Night Before Christmas." Pantomimed play to music, "Here We Go 'Round the Mulberry Bush": "We are the Fairies Who Knit the Socks, Knit the Socks."

Drills and Motion Exercises

"The Christmas Tree." March, drill and chorus for thirteen pupils. A tree is formed by the evergreen boughs they carry.

"The Snow Brigade." A winter drill for twelve boys.

"A Christmas Bell Drill." For eight little girls with wands to which bells are attached.

"Christmas Finger Game." For children from four to six: "This is the pine tree that grew in the wood."

"Christmas Patriotic Drill." Uncle Sam, Miss Christmas, six boys and six girls.

"The Christmas Tree." A nature-motion exercise for five or ten small children: "How your Christmas tree grew from a cone."

"Stocking Drill." Humorous, for eight small boys. All sorts of stockings—on heads for caps, and on hands and arms. Four lines for each boy.

"Poinsettia March and Drill." Twelve girls of the higher grammar grades. Red costumes. Poinsettia is formed in which a girl's face appears.

"A Christmas Dinner in Alphabet." Twenty-six primary children.

Recitations and Monologues

"The Christmas Tree." Twenty-four lines for a boy to recite before a Christmas tree is dismantled.

"A Very Exceptional Eskimo." Thirty lines for a primary boy.

"The Beautiful Garden of Toys." Forty lines for grammar grades.

"Merry Christmas Greeting." For a very little girl, eight lines.

"Father Christmas Message." Eighteen-line speech for a boy to close Christmas entertainment.

"Christmas Stocking Tales." For four children. Each speaker appears to be in a stocking, with head only protruding.

"The Birdies' Christmas." Twenty-line nature poem for a small child.

"Kitty's Stocking." Little child holding a stocking cut to fit a cat's foot; twenty lines for a small child.

"Bells of Christmas." Forty lines, rhythmical, and prettily picturing the first Christmas in the Holy Land; for a high-school girl.

"Good Enough." Four lines for a tiny girl.

"Christmas Eve in Wildwood Hollow." What the animals got for Christmas. Sixteen-line recitation for a boy.

"Christmas Over All the Land." The true Santa Claus; sixteen lines: "My truest and holiest name is love."

"Aunt Hetty's Christmas Gift." Monologue for high-school girl.

"A Christmas Secret." Short monologue by a boy carrying a small package.

"Fred's Christmas Shopping." Monologue for a boy of twelve.

Holiday Plays

"The Story of the Christ Child." For primary grades. Selected children and school.

"On the Eve of Christmas." Intermediate grade; as many boys and girls as convenient.

"Christmas at the Crossroads." A one-hour humorous play for high-school pupils.

"Daddy Darwin's Christmas." An hour's play for grammar-grade boys and girls.

"The King of the Holiday." At the court of the children; with special arrangement for Canadian readers.

"A Christmas Joke." Twelve boys and twelve girls, grammar grade. A Christmas tree is trimmed for Mother Goose's children, and Jack Frost changes the labels.

"The Christmas Idea" (giving, not getting). Ten-minute sketch; four high-school girls and an old-fashioned lady.

"The Pink Scarf." A short, lively sketch for six girls, grammar or high school.

"The Gifted Givers." Four boys and five girls, high-school age.

"Grandpa's Christmas Stocking." A ten-minute play for ten characters, mostly small children.

"The Christmas Sunshine Society." A number of grammar-grade children.

"The Birds' Christmas Carol." Kate Douglas Wiggin's own dramatized version and first authorized amateur arrangement. A royalty fee must be paid.

NOTE—The selections mentioned in this column are all readily obtainable in inexpensive form. The addresses from which they may be obtained, and the prices, will be sent upon request accompanied by an addressed, stamped envelope sent to the School Entertainment Editor, in care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

Schoenhut ALL-WOOD Dolls

AN AMERICAN INVENTION

MADE IN U. S. A.

An Invitation to Meet Miss Dolly Schoenhut

Who Can Do Almost Everything But Talk

No, Miss Dolly is not a real girl, but you can hardly tell the difference. See Miss Dolly, her brothers and sisters and all her Schoenhut playmates at the best store in your town.

They are the most attractive and lovable little folks in the world—and the healthiest. They are made all from wood and are practically indestructible. Even the heads are modeled of solid wood. Some are beautiful character heads modeled by artists. All are artistically painted with natural oil colors, giving a finish superior to any other doll heads.

Schoenhut All-Wood Perfection Art Dolls are fully jointed—not with elastic cord, but with our patent steel springs with swivel connections. The parts are held tightly, but are flexible enough so that the dolls will hold any pose. Having no elastic cord, they never need restringing. They come with the finest quality mohair wigs or with hair carved on wooden head painted natural colors.

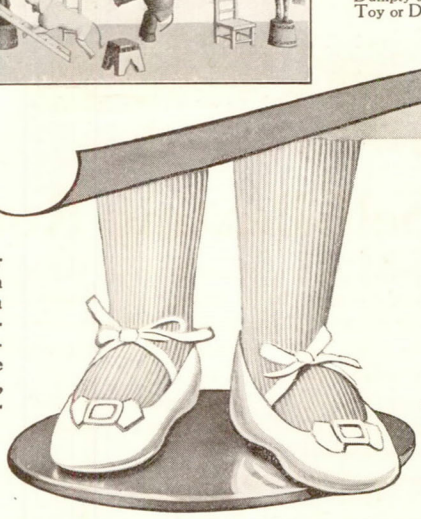
Schoenhut Dolls never break and cause heartaches. Your little ones cannot know the full joy and pride of doll possession until they own a Schoenhut. Our illustrated book shows Schoenhut Dolls of all sizes and prices. You ought to have this book to help you to select a doll that your child will love and use for years. Send for it now. The Schoenhut Dolls, being a new invention, are not stocked by all dealers; therefore, we will supply you direct from the factory if your dealer cannot supply you.

Schoenhut's Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys

Toys that gladden the hearts of our dear little ones—Appeal to boys and girls alike, of any age

The funniest thing you ever saw. The elephant can do tricks you never heard of. The donkey is better than any animal Barnum ever had. The clowns can make grown-up people, as well as children, laugh for hours.

The figures are made of solid wood, fully jointed with *elastic cord*, painted in oil colors. The clowns are dressed in fancy costumes. Will stand the roughest kind of treatment. There's no end to the fun—new tricks, each more grotesque than the last, are constantly discovered. You can search Toyland through and you'll find nothing to approach Humpty-Dumpty's Circus. Ask to see it at any Toy or Department Store.



Schoenhut Toys for 43 years have been made by American labor in an American toy factory—the largest in the world—modern, sanitary and well-lighted.

MADE IN U.S.A. SCHOENHUT ALL WOOD PERFECTION ART DOLL STRONG DURABLE AND UNBREAKABLE

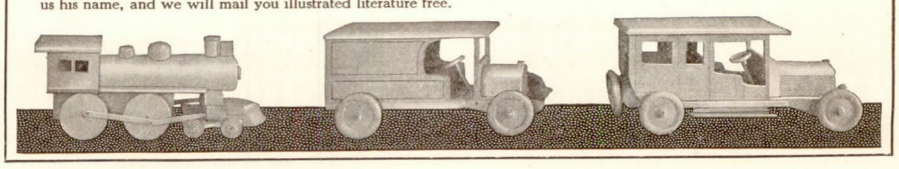
This button-shaped trade mark on the front of every genuine Schoenhut doll.

THE A. SCHOENHUT CO.
Patentees and Manufacturers
2463 Sepviva St., Phila.
Makers of the world-famous Schoenhut Toy Piano

Schoenhut's "Modlwood" Toys

All-wood construction toys for the small youngster whose unskilled hands cannot master the more complicated toys. They are made from clean white wood (not painted). Can be constructed and dismantled at will, satisfying the boyish craving to know "what's inside." Locomotives, Automobiles, Touring Cars, Racing Cars, etc., can be made.

Get your dealer to show you these toys, also the Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys. If he cannot supply you, send us his name, and we will mail you illustrated literature free.



The Walk-Over Calendar for 1916

THE Season's Greetings to all of the thousands who yearly secure a copy of the WALK-OVER Calendar.

You will agree that this year's production far outshines in artistic value any of our previous pictures.

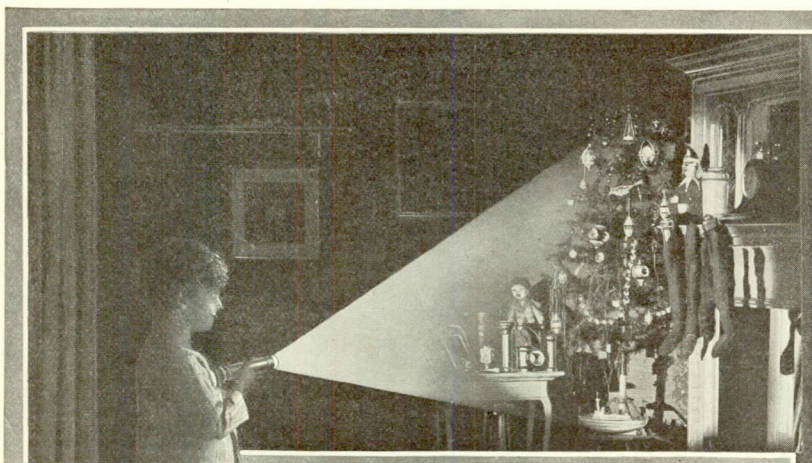
The reproduction by Photogravure retains all of the quality of the original by Lester Ralph; a study saturated with the magnetic charm of a delightful American Girl in the great outdoors.

The edition will undoubtedly soon be exhausted.

If you want to be sure of a copy **FREE**, ask your local WALK-OVER dealer at once, or send 25c to Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Mass., Makers of Walk-Over Shoes for Men and Women, and a copy will be sent you immediately.

Pictures by this process heretofore cost from two to five dollars. Size 22 x 28 inches.

Walk-Over Shoes win Grand Prize Panama-Pacific Exposition



For a Joyous Christmas

The Ideal Gift—Handsome, Handy and Useful for Every Member of the Family

The bright-eyed youngster who patters down the stairs in the dark to peek in at the things that Santa left will jump for joy when he finds an EVEREADY, all his own, nestling in his stocking; his daddy, too, or any of your folks or friends will find real Christmas pleasure in an

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

a friendly light complete in itself that can be carried in the pocket or kept in a handy spot, always ready with its fine, bright rays to save you from groping in the dark or from the danger and delay of matches and old-fashioned oil lamps. One of the handiest applications of electricity you ever saw.

You're sure to find just the one to suit each member of the family among the 75 different styles—Vest Pocket Lights, Tubular Pocket Lights, Houselamps, Hand Search-Lights, Fountain Pen Lights, Guest Candles and Flashlight Clocks. Prices range from 75c to $7.50.

Write EVEREADY on your Christmas lists to-day; ask your dealer to show them to you and drop us a line for handsome, illustrated catalogue No. 28.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Co.
Long Island City **New York**

WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH ONE TURKEY

By Betty Lyles Wilson

"OH, DEAR," said a little woman to whom I was enthusiastically explaining the many dishes I had succeeded in developing from one turkey, "don't tell me anything more about how to get much from little. I do wish I never had to think of economy again."

My, my, what a restricted viewpoint! Is life not worth living because one cannot order strawberries in January or buy according to the moment's whim without thinking of the price? The joy of unlimited spending is not joy at all, but only satiety, and food eaten in its natural season is luscious and full-flavored, as forced fruit and vegetables so often are not. Why, some of the best times I've ever had have been the hours spent in working out the world-old problem of how to make a dollar go a long way. I always feel that I have grown because I have used my brains—and none of my household problems ever gave me more genuine satisfaction than to see at how many meals one turkey could appear in the form of at least one nourishing, palatable dish.

If a ten-pound turkey is purchased for a family of six grown persons, then the later dishes should serve approximately the same number.

First, then, is the whole baked bird. It is best not to put sausage, oysters or any ingredient of a distinctive flavor in the dressing used, as the taste will be apt to cling to everything prepared afterward from the fowl.

When the turkey has been stuffed, lay it on the perforated shelf of the steamer and cook it until tender. This serves four purposes: First, the necessity for parboiling is removed; second, the steam from the water underneath cooks but does not draw out the sweetness of flavor as is the case in parboiling; third, the steam causes the seasoning in the dressing to permeate all parts of the fowl, adding a richness of taste that will increase the appetizing qualities of later concoctions; fourth, some of the fat from the turkey drops through into the water below, forming a delicious stock.

WHEN the turkey is tender run it into the stove and brown it. Place it on a big flat dish and surround it by a pen made to resemble an old-fashioned "rail fence." To make this fence roll cream pastry into rather thick sheets, cut them into strips about an inch and a half wide and eight inches long, to form the "rails," and bake them brown. Garnish with parsley and herbs.

Cut into small blocks all the white meat left. This meat, an equal amount of celery, chopped, a few sliced olives and mayonnaise are lightly mixed, and the turkey has furnished a rich, flavorous salad. The addition of white grapes, halved and seeded, adds juicy freshness of taste. Cooked dressing may be used if preferred.

The dark meat may be made into croquettes. Grind the meat with blanched almonds and mix with a white sauce made of milk, a little flour, butter, celery salt and pepper. This is admirably suited for the main meat course for a family luncheon or dinner.

Giblet pâtés are a toothsome joy. Chop, cover with cream dressing, and serve piping hot in pâté cases. Extra fine for supper are light rolls hollowed out, brushed with butter, browned, and filled with creamed giblets.

Skim one pint of stock and use it as a basis for aspic. Cut up one onion; add it, with salt and pepper, to the stock, and set it on the fire to season. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in about a third of a pint of cold water, and pour it into the strained stock. When almost cold put into a mold enough of the aspic to cover the bottom; add a layer of sliced hard-boiled eggs, another layer of the aspic, then one of eggs, and cover the top with the balance of the aspic. Ornament the top with daisies cut from cooked white of egg, arranged flat with a bit of yellow in the centers, the stems being made from parsley stalk.

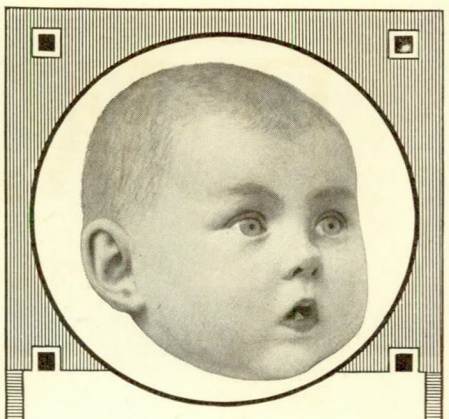
Rice seasoned, mixed with the part of the stock skimmed off, and baked brown is quite as good as it is nutritious. Cold sliced turkey with apple jelly is a very fit accompaniment where the family does not care for croquettes or salad.

THERE will be enough meat left, a bit here, a bit there, for a dish of breakfast hash, and if there are cold biscuits, try this: Split the biscuits, spread them with butter, toast them and drop them into the hash before removing it from the fire. Let it stand for a few minutes, and serve hot. Not only is this exceedingly nice but it has the double value of converting cold bread and a small quantity of meat into something of flavor and nutriment.

There still remain the bones and from them may be evolved the very best thing the whole turkey furnishes: Turkeybone soup. Crack the bones, put them into water, and boil. The marrow is rich, with a delicious taste, and the boiling gets it all. Strain; add butter, pepper, salt, some thickening and a bit of onion or celery. For some tastes leave out the onion and celery and add milk, which will give a delicate broth. Serve with the soup toasted bread chips made from thinly sliced light bread cut into small squares, brushed on both sides with butter and toasted crisply brown.

If a little bit of the turkey fat remains there is yet another treat: Turkey-fat cornbread, an old-time Southern bread that is very rare now but still retains its hold on many. It requires one pint of buttermilk, two eggs, a scant pint of corn meal, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of turkey fat. Bake in small pones to a deep brown.

With care and economy it is quite possible to make all these dishes from one fat, good-sized fowl, in spite of the man who said "the turkey is a most provoking bird because it is most too much for one man and not quite enough for two."



Take Care of the First One

Nature starts everyone with good teeth. Your duty is to preserve them. You cannot begin too young. When the first little tooth peeps through is the time. The critical age is when the milk teeth are going and the permanent second set is coming in. Then rely on

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

Make no experiments, because these second teeth will affect your child's good looks, its digestion and its whole future career.

Teach your children to use either of Dr. Lyon's dentifrices night and morning and you have done your share towards giving them good looks and good health.

For a 2c stamp we will send you a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.
526 West 27th St.
New York City

Ask for This Christmas Gift

Tell the family that your gift must be a *Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper*, the hand-propelled vacuum machine that has even greater suction power than most electric cleaners. Explain that it makes house-cleaning simple, sanitary and easy; that no other make affords its convenience; that the *name guarantees general superiority.*

How much more satisfactory than pretty trifles is a present such as this—the light-running, convenient, work-saving *Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper*—the gift you can use *every day.*

Or a *Bissell's Carpet Sweeper* for daily sweeping. Its use in connection with the *Bissell's Vacuum Sweeper* for general suction cleaning is the favorite work-saving combination in well-managed homes.

Prices are $7.50 for the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) and $9.00 for the Vacuum Sweeper (with brush). Slightly higher in the West, South and in Canada. Carpet Sweepers, $2.75 to $5.75. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. (244)

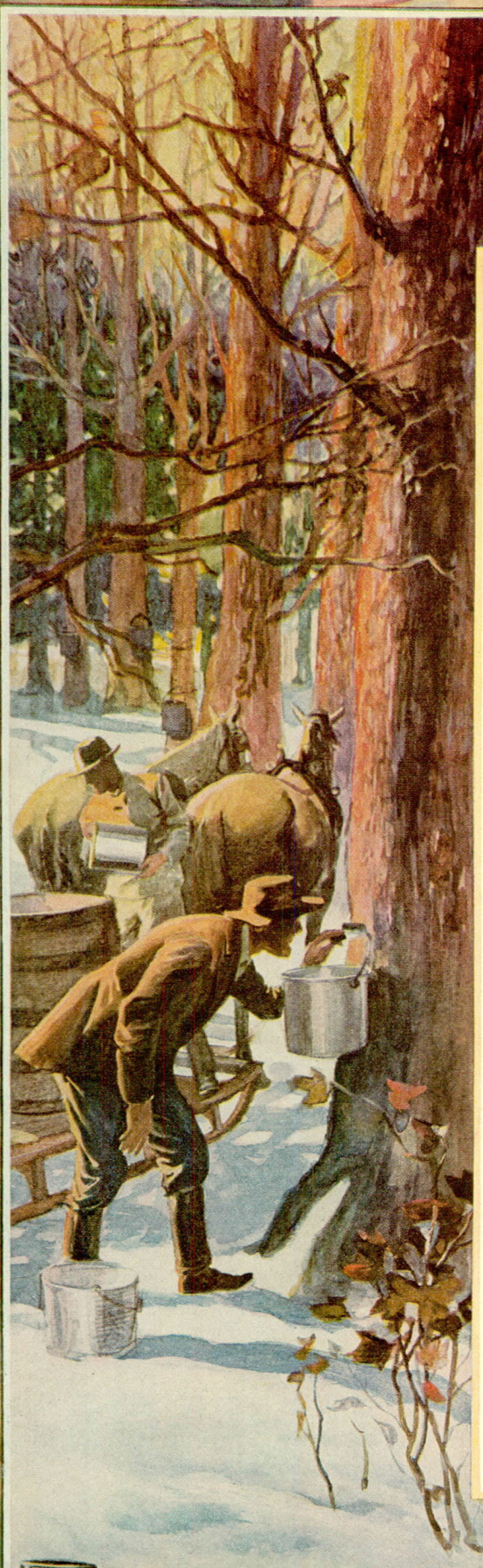
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World
Dept. 92, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too

Beautiful Holly Wreaths

Made full, 14 inches in diameter, finest foliage and berries. Better than Florist's stock. Four $1.10; Dozen $2.50. West of Omaha, $1.25 and $3.00, all prepaid.

J. SPENCER LAPHAM, Goldsboro, Maryland

R·WALLACE SILVER
Guardy dear:-
India is a long way off when I'm just dying to hug you for my adorable chest of Wallace silver.
How did you know that the Trenton pattern was the one I was longing for? but then you've always known the things I've liked best ever since I was a tiny girl and you were every thing to me. I've shown my present to all the girls, they were as overwhelmed as I was and all say you're a dear.
TRENTON
ATHENA
The Athena and Trenton Booklets showing the complete pattern of each, will be sent free on request
IN PURITY OF DESIGN AND MATCHLESS SERVICE "1835 R·WALLACE" HEAVIEST SILVER PLATE ~ IS THE COUNTERPART OF WALLACE STERLING R·W·&S· AND THE COST IS LESS THAN HALF
Guaranteed for a Lifetime of Beautiful Service
Ask any Dealer in Fine Silver
R·WALLACE AND SONS MANUFACTURING CO. WALLINGFORD.~ CONN.
TRADE 1835 · R·WALLACE MARK
Silver Plate that *RESISTS* Wear



Maybe You've Forgotten That Good Old-Fashioned Flavor Of Pure Maple

The liking for the real maple taste is an American characteristic. But perhaps you are one of the folks who have grown discouraged and who think the flavor of pure maple is a thing of the past. There are so many kinds of everything sold in grocery stores that lots of people despair of finding a good syrup.

It is really easy to get. Simply remember the can in the shape of the little old log cabin—and see that you get it!

If your grocer does not yet carry Towle's Log Cabin Syrup, send us his name and 10 cents for a regular ten-cent can, as directed in the lower right-hand corner of this page.

TOWLE'S LOG CABIN CANE AND MAPLE SYRUP

For a quarter of a century that name TOWLE has stood for good syrup—the real Log Cabin Syrup—with people who know.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup is made from pure, first-tap maple sap, boiled to sugar and blended with pure refined cane sugar, the result being a product having the necessary body to emphasize its richness and the deliciousness of the flavor of pure maple.

Enjoy Log Cabin Syrup on your griddle cakes and waffles. Serve it with hot tea biscuits at breakfast or supper. Give it to the children with their bread and butter. Make maple ice cream with it. Use it for maple cake filling and for maple sauce with puddings and other desserts.

A good maple candy has almost disappeared from the confectioners' counters. Just tell the folks to revive pleasant memories by making some maple fudge and fondant, maple caramels and kisses. We will send you the simple, sure recipes so that even the children can make them.

Write today for our free book of recipes. There are 69 delightful suggestions for the use of Log Cabin Syrup in it. Be sure to send for it—whether or not you send ten cents for the can of Log Cabin Syrup.

The Towle Maple Products Company
Dept. A
122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Offices: 42d St. Building, N.Y. City St. Paul, Minn.

Note to reader:

Address envelope to nearest office. Be sure to send for the FREE booklet, whether or not you send ten cents for the can of Log Cabin Syrup.

The Towle Maple Products Co.
Offices: 42d St. Building, New York City
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St. Paul, Minn.

Gentlemen:—
Put an X in squares to indicate wishes.
☐ Kindly send your book "Log Cabin Recipes."
☐ Enclosed is ten cents, for which please send, prepaid, regular ten-cent can of Log Cabin Syrup.

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Street or R. F. D. No._____
Post Office_____ State_____
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Address_____
Does he carry Log Cabin Syrup?
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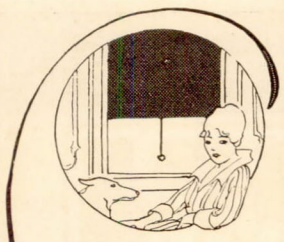

Columbia
WINDOW SHADES

FOUR GRADES
Columbia Crown
Columbia-Linolene
Columbia Arrow
Columbia Star hand made

COMING in such a wide variety of rich, attractive colorings, Columbia Window Shades make it a simple matter to keep your home well-dressed and good-looking.

They have a style that lends distinction to any home. The firm-textured fabric *wears* well—hangs smooth and rolls up trim. And you can always find just the tints you want.

Hang a Columbia Shade in *every* window in your home. You'll want to, after your dealer shows you how artistic they are—and after you see the enclosed-end dust-proof rollers that don't get out of order. Insist on "Columbias" at your dealer's and write us, if he hasn't them.

Write at once for free copy of "Cheerful Windows"—a book on making your windows more attractive.

LOOK FOR THIS ON ROLLER CAP

The COLUMBIA MILLS Inc.
New York City

Boston Cincinnati
New Orleans Chicago
Kansas City Philadelphia
Detroit Minneapolis
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COLUMBIA WINDOW SHADE

For made-to-order shades insist on Columbia Cloth and Rollers

No. 465

ON EVERY PIECE

The basket vase for cut flowers

East of Missouri River Delivered—

No. 465	Each
7-inch	$1.50
8-inch	$2.25
9-inch	$3.25

Maine, Canada, and west of Missouri River Delivered—

No. 465	Each
7-inch	$2.00
8-inch	$2.75
9-inch	$3.75

A. H. HEISEY & CO. Dept. 31 Newark, Ohio

Write for Illustrated Booklet

HEISEY'S TRADE MARK GLASSWARE

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY A. H. HEISEY & CO.

CHRISTMAS GOODIES

By Margaret E. Walker

FRUIT BARS. Half a pound of dates, half a pound of steamed figs, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, half a pound of pecan meats, two tablespoonfuls of orange juice.

Stone the dates, put all the ingredients except the orange juice through the meat chopper. Add the orange juice, and mix thoroughly. Dust the baking board slightly with powdered sugar, and roll into a sheet an eighth of an inch thick. Dip a sharp knife into hot water, and cut into squares. These bars are to be recommended in the place of candy for children.

TO CANDY HOME-CANNED CHERRIES. Stone cherries and drain the fruit. Cook one pound and a quarter of sugar in one cupful of water to a soft-ball stage. Remove from fire, and pour over the fruit to cover. Return to the fire, and boil once; set aside to drain until the next day.

To the sirup add half a cupful of sugar, and cook. Put in the fruit, then let it boil once, and set aside overnight. Repeat this process three times, adding half a cupful of sugar each time. The fruit by this time will probably have taken about all the sirup it will absorb. Let it dry off and place in glass, tightly closed.

To candy pineapple in slices it may need to be reheated in the sirup four or five times. Each variety of fruit should take up all the sirup possible. If the sirup crusts, do not add the half cupful of sugar at the next boiling, but add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water.

GLACÉ FRESH ORANGE SLICES. Peel six oranges very carefully. Separate them into carpels. Stand them round side down in a warm place until the skin is nicely dried. Put one pound of granulated sugar into a saucepan, add half a pint of water. Put over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. If the sugar is stiff and brittle watch carefully, as in a moment it will turn straw color. Add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, remove the sirup to the table, and place it in a basin of hot water. Next take the orange carpels at the top, holding them between the thumb and finger. Dip carefully into the sirup, and place them on waxed paper. They should be served the day they are made.

POP-CORN BALLS. Put into an iron saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water and one cupful of powdered sugar. Boil until when dropped from a spoon into cold water it will harden, then throw in two quarts of pop corn. Take from the fire, and stir it until it is cool. Take up the mixture by spoonfuls, form into balls, and wrap each in waxed paper.

CANDIED GRAPEFRUIT OR ORANGE STRAWS. Wash the outside of the grapefruit. Cut the fruit into halves crosswise, and remove the pulp in the usual manner to serve in glass cups. Cut the skin into halves and pull off all membrane without disturbing the white part of the rind. Cut the rind into strips with the scissors. The strips should be about a quarter of an inch wide.

With the fruit prepared take enough cold water to cover the peel. To two quarts add a quarter of a cupful of salt. Pour this over the peel, and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Drain and rinse in cold water, and cook with a fresh supply of water. Drain and renew the water. Let it cook for from four to five hours or until the peel is tender.

Take the weight of the peel in sugar, and one-half the weight in the water in which the peel was cooked, if not too salt. Boil to a sirup; add the peel, and let it simmer until the sirup is almost absorbed. Set aside to cool in the sirup. Reheat a little, and remove with a silver fork to a plate of granulated sugar. These straws will curl when cold.

PEANUT BALLS. Put one pound of sugar into a granite saucepan; add about a gill and a half of boiling water, and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is dissolved. When the sugar has boiled for six minutes try it by dropping a little of the sirup into ice water. As soon as a soft ball is formed pour the sirup on a slightly greased meat plate. As soon as the sirup is cool enough to bear your finger stir it repeatedly and constantly with a wooden paddle until a thick, creamy mass is formed. Form into tiny balls, and roll in crushed peanuts.

MARRONS GLACÉ. Have large, perfect chestnuts. Remove the outer skin very carefully; then blanch them in boiling water. Remove the inner skin and dip the nuts into cold water, having a little lemon juice in it. Make a plain sirup of two parts sugar and one part water, and cook until it spins a thread. Dip the drained nuts into the sirup, and set in a hot oven to dry.

APRICOT CREAMS. Use four canned apricots with sufficient confectioner's sugar to make a paste, adding a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Make into tiny balls, place on oiled paper, and stand away for three hours; dip them in melted fondant, and roll in crushed pecans.

CREAMED MARSHMALLOW DATES. Stone dates and place into the space one half of a pecan nut. Press the date together, roll in powdered sugar, then dip in the following paste: Cover two ounces of white powdered gum arabic with eight tablespoonfuls of water. Soak for one hour, then heat gradually over boiling water until the gum is dissolved. Drain through cheesecloth into a double boiler. Add seven ounces of powdered sugar, and stir the whole over the fire until it is white and light, or for about forty-five minutes. Take from the fire and beat rapidly for two minutes; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, and pour slowly, beating all the while, into the beaten whites of two eggs. When cool dip the dates into the cream and place them on waxed paper.

The
Appetizing Flavor

reaches perfection
in cakes made with

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER

Pure and wholesome as the grapes in the vineyard, whence comes the Cream of Tartar from which it is made.

Royal Baking Powder adds only healthful qualities to the food.

No Alum—No Phosphate

Christmas Fun For Boys

What the boys all like about Erector is the fun they have with it. What the mothers and fathers like is the fact that it solves the boy problem—keeps him busy with constructive work of educational value.

Erector is the *only* construction toy with girders exactly like structural steel.

Your boy can build remarkably *big*, *strong* steel models—inclined railroads, bridges, saw mills, machine shops, aëroplanes and 500 others. The Erector motor (free with most sets) runs many of the models and adds wonderfully to the boy's interest.

ERECTOR

The Toy Like Structural Steel

Free Boys' Magazine I want to give your boy a free three months' subscription to my interesting boys' magazine, *Erector Tips*, including the big Holiday issue in colors, full of stories and photographs and complete details of my $3000 prize offer to boys.

Write for the three months' subscription, also my new 24-page Book telling all about construction toys. Don't send any money or postage—both the Book and the subscription to *Tips* are absolutely free. Please give your dealer's name.

Buy Erector for Christmas. Dealers everywhere sell it, $1 to $25. The most popular set is No. 4 at $5, which has 571 parts and motor, builds 250 models and is packed in handsome oak cabinet.

A. C. Gilbert, President

The Mysto Mfg. Co. **101 Fox St., New Haven, Conn.**

The right kinds of visions for your boy

Your boy is constantly seeing visions—vivid mind pictures that are having a tremendous effect on him. His IMAGINATION, shaped by what he READS, is rapidly heading him towards a life of honor or mediocrity.

Don't let your boy's visions be influenced by chance reading nor poisoned by trash. Your most important duty is to see that he gets *constructive, stimulating* brain food—and gets it *regularly*—to supplement his home and school training.

We are here to help you. For 16 years The American Boy has provided pure food for boy minds, and has planned useful activities for boy hands. Right now The American Boy is influencing 500,000 boys, from 8 to 18 years of age, to work and play with a purpose, and to become leaders in thought and action.

The American Boy is filled each month with live stories. Besides, there are special departments on How to Make Useful Articles, Science and Invention, Clean Sport, Boy Hobbies, and the like. The jolliest, most fascinating reading you can give your boy. Endorsed by more than 1400 Y. M. C. A. Secretaries and Public Librarians.

For $1.00 you can have THE AMERICAN BOY sent to your boy for a whole year, and it would be the most sensible and acceptable Christmas gift that you could give him. Twelve big issues, each with 36 to 52 large pages, beautifully illustrated. You should send the dollar at once. Single copies can be bought of news-stands at ten cents.

THE AMERICAN BOY

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 296 American Building, Detroit, Michigan

Stop Worrying Over That Christmas Gift

IT ISN'T necessary. Thousands of others don't do it, and you needn't. Wouldn't you rather have a year's subscription for a good magazine than most of the Christmas gifts which you receive? Well, your friends feel just the same about it as you do.

Make out a list of those to whom you want to send gifts. Order for each a year's subscription for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST or THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. Write a check and the thing is done.

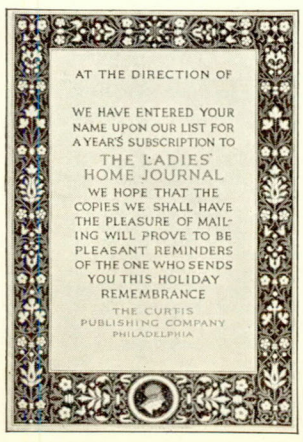
On Christmas morning each will receive from us the first copy of the subscription and in the same mail a beautiful, illuminated announcement of the gift, 6 by 9 inches, bearing your name as the giver. If you prefer the announcements will be sent to you to present

personally. The announcement for each publication is entirely different in design from the others.

Send $1.50 for either THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and $1 for THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN ($1.75 for any one if sent to Canada).

Order now and don't forget to include your own name and address as well as those of the subscribers.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



Finest Sheet Music

The above and all the other great artists of the world play and sing compositions embraced in the

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Bridal Chorus.Wagner	Il Trovatore....Verdi-Dorn
Con Amore...Beaumont	In Twilight....Gaenschals
Dorothy.....Smith	Last Smile, The Wollenhaupt
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Just to prove our point that "Century Edition" is the equal of any you ever bought at any price, we will send you any one of the above selections upon receipt of 10 cents in coin or stamps. We will also send you our Catalog Free. Use the COUPON below. Be sure to give dealer's name.

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"CENTURY EDITION"

CENTURY MUSIC PUB. CO.
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I enclose 10 cents (stamps or coin) for the selection I have named on margin of this coupon. Also send me your FREE "Century" Catalog.

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BELDING'S

AMERICA'S BEST SILK FABRICS

THE moment you feel Belding's Silks, the unequalled beauty and richness of texture of **Pure Silk** is apparent.

Be sure of the maker's identity and look for the name ◇ BELDING'S ◇ woven in the selvedge, or the Belding Guarantee Tag or Label on ready-to-wear garments.

There is a Belding Silk for every purpose.

Retail prices, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 per yard (full yard wide)

Belding Bros. & Co.

New York Chicago St. Louis
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Also Manufacturers of Belding's Sewing Silks and Belding's Embroidery Silks.

Get This New Toy!

It is Already Delighting Thousands of Children

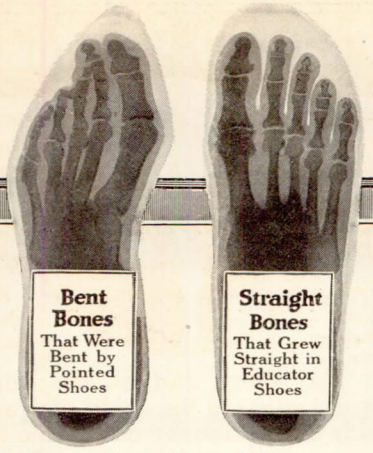
The kiddies everywhere think it the best toy they've had yet. It is a child-size model of the famous

Frantz Premier Electric Cleaner

Has a revolving brush, dust bag, handle and highly polished aluminum nozzle just like the big one. Stands 18 inches high, and operates without electricity. Well worth a dollar, but sold at the advertising price of 35c to any electrically equipped home.

The little ones love to keep house with the Toy Frantz Premier. They will be grateful to you for it. So send 35c today, coin or stamps, and see how glad they'll be when it arrives. Makes a fine gift for any child.

The Frantz Premier Co.
1126 Power Ave.
Cleveland
Ohio



Profit by Your Child's Experience

YOUNGSTERS brought up in Educators *never know* the torture of bent bones—that synonym for corns, bunions, calluses, ingrowing nails, falling arch, etc.

Listen, Parents—who persist in wearing old-fashioned, narrow, pointed shoes! Put your aching feet into roomy, good-looking Educators and Nature will relieve you—or perhaps entirely free you—from corns, bunions, etc.

For all ages. $1.35 to $5.50. But be sure that the sole is stamped EDUCATOR! If not the shoe has not the *orthopaedically correct Educator shape* that "lets the feet grow as they should."

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" tells How to Walk Right; How to have Straight-boned Healthy Feet, etc., etc. Free. Send post-card today.

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 136 High St., Boston

Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Supreme Satisfaction

There is a SAN-TOX druggist in your locality with whom, because of his established reputation for reliability and progressiveness, it will always pay you to trade. You will recognize his store by the sign of the nurse in the window.

San-Tox
The Public Service Line

You will find a SAN-TOX requisite suitable for your every need—talcum, tooth paste, cold cream, lotion—upwards of 125 preparations, each of guaranteed purity and excellence.

Your SAN-TOX druggist will cheerfully refund your money if you are not more than pleased with any SAN-TOX preparation you may try.

THE DEPREE CHEMICAL COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 A New and Welcome CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEA

It can't roll over

It won't leak

Filled with 3 qts. of Boiling Water

20 Hours of Heat

For Sleeping Porches, Baby Carriages, Sick Rooms, Elderly People with Poor Circulation; also Automobiles

Made of specially prepared clay, and glazed. Doctors, hospitals and many families throughout the country using them, all recommend them to their friends. Easy to fill—easy to handle. It will neither rot, burst nor corrode—is practical, sanitary and lasts a lifetime. Price $1.00 each f. o. b. Boston. $1.25 f. o. b. Hamilton, Canada.

Druggists and General Storekeepers will find these foot warmers good sellers. Write for our special prices in quantities.

Dorchester Pottery Works, 42 Preston St., Dorchester, Mass.

THE GIRLS' CLUB AT CHRISTMAS

With One Idea: To Make Money

DID you ever dream it was Christmas and you had no money saved up?

I can anticipate your reply: "Not since I joined The Girls' Club."

Neither have I dreamed it since I became a member and Manager of this Club; but so many times, as a schoolgirl, has my sleep been disturbed by that dismaying vision that no one could read, with more complete sympathy than I did, every word of the following letter:

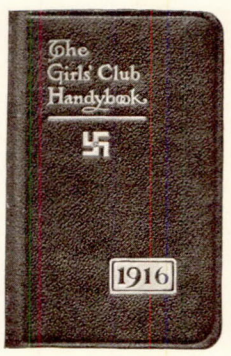
Dear Manager: I am writing to entreat you to admit me to your wonderful Club. I am twenty years of age, and a stenographer working for a moderate salary. As my mother is to a certain extent dependent upon me, I have always considered it my duty to hand in my salary untouched. Now, if I could only earn some extra money, there is so much I would like to do, and especially, coming on the Christmas season, I need it, oh, so very much! I have so many friends to whom I must really give, and so little to do it on that it almost drives me to despair. Will you admit me, and let me prove how much in earnest I am, not for this season alone but for all the future? If I could only earn, well, say $10 or so for Christmas, it would raise me to the seventh heaven of delight. I have always wished to join your Club, but as I know no one who is a member, would you kindly send me full information as soon as possible?

A READER FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

You can guess that I felt like telegraphing my answer! When I think how much "heart balm" that desired $10 check could impart, and how easily even she, a busy girl, could earn it through our Club, I feel that, if not exactly transported to "the seventh heaven," I should be even happier in my work this month than I am already if every girl who is in a similar financial fix would write to me today asking me to show her how she could earn $10 or ten times $10.

BEING Manager of a Club like ours is always a pleasure, as I said last month; but around Christmastime it's pure joy. Although I'm busy as a beaver from morn to night, answering letters, keeping account of work and sending out checks in payment, and mailing gold-and-diamond Swastika pins to their happy winners, I don't seem to notice the burden of work. I know that everybody else in The Club is working like a beaver; even the "drop-outs," who are coming back in even greater numbers than when I last wrote about them. One of them remarked, with great candor: "I have been a member of The Club for three or four years, but it seems to take the Christmas spirit of hustling to arouse my enthusiasm to the sticking point." A brand-new member writes: "The money is helping me so much with my Christmas gifts, so you see you are giving to more than one."

But the most interesting letter comes from an old member:



Dear Manager: Your letters to me are of great value, help and inspiration. I have worked a little harder this year. If I can only get a Handybook again for Christmas! It came so unexpectedly last year, and I was so wildly tickled with it! Then it proved more useful to me than I had hoped. It comes next to my own personal diary. Oh, they are such beautiful little blue-and-gold booklets! Every gift The Club designs is so tasteful and exquisite. Each one has a purpose, amounts to something and never goes amiss. I haven't earned half the rewards, but what I have I appreciate. Let me thank THE JOURNAL for founding The Girls' Club, and you for being its Manager.

A NEW JERSEY MEMBER.

This member and the rest of The Club will be "wildly tickled" to see by the above picture that a 1916 edition has been prepared of the dainty little blue-and-gold Girls' Club Handybook, which gave so much pleasure last year when distributed to our December workers as a Christmas souvenir. There seems to be nothing which so appeals to the average girl as this attractive little book, which serves the combined purpose of diary, address list and note book. It is bound in dark blue morocco, with gilt edges and lettering on the cover, and is two inches and a half by four inches in size. Only the members who work in December, 1915, will receive it, but the requirement is purposely made very simple, so that no one need be left out—not even the girl who isn't yet in The Club. Getting into The Club, earning Christmas money, and receiving the Handybook by December 25, will be short work for the girl who loses no time in writing to

THE MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

You can actually see the result One application shows it

If your face is chapped, if your hands are rough or if your skin is not perfectly soft and clear—try Pond's Vanishing Cream just once. You can actually see the result after one application.

No matter how rough and coarsened your skin is, it will immediately respond. A single application will make it softer and whiter.

Not a "Cold" Cream— What the difference is

Pond's Vanishing Cream is not a "cold" cream. It contains a famous skin-softening ingredient, but no grease or oil. That is why not a trace of the cream remains on your skin. It leaves no gloss nor shine. It cannot work out later. For these reasons, it should be the final touch in your toilette. It cannot promote the growth of down.

Miss Julia Sanderson writes: "It gives me great pleasure to recommend your excellent Vanishing Cream."

Nothing is more valuable than Vanishing Cream for *preventing* chaps and roughness. Before going out into the wind or cold air, rub a little onto the face and hands. It will keep the weather from having any injurious effect on your skin.

No matter what cream you use now—try Pond's Vanishing Cream. See for yourself how entirely different it is. A free trial tube will be sent you on request, or if you enclose four cents we will mail you enough for two weeks. Address Pond's Extract Co., 167 Hudson Street, New York.

Miss Jane Cowl says: "I endorse it highly for its vanishing qualities."

Made by the makers of POND'S EXTRACT, a household necessity for 70 years. Also Cold Cream, Tooth Paste, Soap and Talcum.

Sold in 25c and 50c jars and 25c tubes.

Her Christmas Morning

KODAK

The gift that provides the means for keeping a happy picture story of the day.

Kodaks, $6.00 up, Brownies, $1.00 to $12.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Wouldn't Your Little Girl Like a Real Doll Blanket?

This is so cunning and attractive that it delights even grown-ups. To a little girl it brings unbounded joy. We'll send it on receipt of 15 cents. A jolly gift for the Christmas tree. It will show you the soft, rich quality of

Nashua Woolnap Blankets

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Any Size Bed — **Pure Cotton** — **$1.75 to $3.50 per pair**

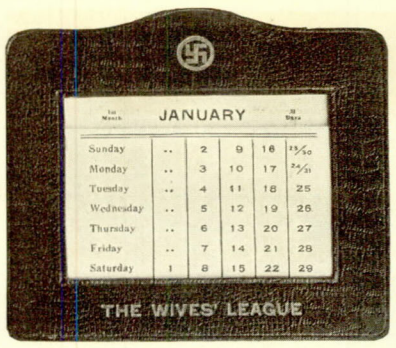
They have a deep, soft nap that makes them practically as warm as wool (scientific tests prove this) at ⅓ the price. They are also strong and durable.

Handsome as any blanket, they keep their good looks through washing. All sizes, weights and colors, plaids or plain with borders. Fancy styles a little higher price. Only blankets having the name "Nashua Woolnap" on the ticket are genuine and dependable. Look for it. Write for our interesting Booklet, "Warmth and Other Things in Blankets."

Sold at Leading Shops

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 57 — **P. O. Box 1206, Boston, Mass.**



THE WIVES' LEAGUE

A Circle of Married Money-Makers

Answering the Question: How Can Home Women Make Money?

THERE is a sentiment attaching to our first celebration of Christmas together, as an organized body of workers, which I feel very strongly as the holiday season draws nigh. I spoke of it the other day to THE JOURNAL people. They are in pretty close touch with our work, and are naturally proud of this great tree of success that is growing out of the little acorn which they planted last April. But when I told them the actual round numbers of busy women who are now wearing the League emblem, the lovely ring-encircled Swastika of solid gold; the amounts of money these women have earned in Wives' League salary checks; and the varied and interesting purposes for which the money has been used—they opened their eyes wide, and my suggestion that our first Christmas be marked by the distribution of a souvenir met with ready response. What the souvenir will be, you knew before you read these words, because its picture stands at the head of this column!

I chose a desk calendar, because there are few gifts more intimate and useful than the little convenience which not only keeps you in touch with the past, the present and the future, but reminds you of the giver at every glance. And I chose a *perpetual* calendar, because I wanted it to represent the perpetual friendship of The Wives' League. It measures five by four and a half inches, and is handsomely framed in rich red—bearing, of course, in gold, our League name and emblem. You are all going to receive some charming Christmas presents, I hope, but The Wives' League calendar will be worthy of a place beside any of them.

Everybody Will Receive It

ON OR about December twenty-fifth, this dainty and ornamental calendar will be sent to each member who does a little work for the League in December. So little is required that any one of our more-than-thousand members can accomplish it, no matter how many other "Christmas irons in the fire" she may have; in fact, so little, that the more-than-thousand women who will read this column, and wish that they, too, were League members and could receive the calendar, *can* receive it if they join the League and begin working right away.

That we shall have the pleasure (for pleasure it is) of admitting many new members in December, I know from the following letter:

Dear Madam: Did you ever know three kiddies who started early in September asking if it is not almost Christmas "soon"? And did you know at the same time that good old Santa would probably be "broke" when December comes around? Then you will understand why I am asking to join the League!

I am rather busy doing my housework, washing, etc., besides dressmaking for my three children and myself; but since I read the Arkansas member's letter in a recent JOURNAL, I thought I ought to inquire anyway.

AN INQUIRER FROM BROOKLYN.

With the right kind of pressure put on him by The Wives' League—augmented by a new efficient member—Santa Claus can put that home on his Brooklyn schedule of visitations for Christmas Eve as quickly as he has already put this one on his list for the R. F. D. routes of Oshkosh, Wisconsin:

Dear Secretary: This morning's mail brought me the check for last month's work. "Thank you!" is almost too little to say. The extras earned do mean *so* much, where there are small children in the family. Being out of town, they of course do not know the joy of Sunday-school trees or school celebrations, but we try to have it a cheerful day, even if we are away from Christmas crowds. May yours be the most *real, joyful, heartful* Christmas a true woman ever had, is the wish of

A COUNTRY MEMBER.

Or this one in the farther Northwest:

Dear Secretary: Thank you so very much for the picture, and for the $8 earned. I was telling my mother that I never got so much for nothing before. I shall hustle next week, though. I have a baby one year old to look after, also a husband (of course).

I am awfully pleased with the Swastika, more than I thought I should be. When I used to read the other members' letters telling about their emblems I thought they were exaggerating a little, but know now they were just telling the truth.

With the money I earned I bought my baby a new pony-cloth coat and bonnet. Now I am going to earn enough to buy my husband a Christmas present.

A MEMBER FROM CANADA.

The husbands should speak well of our League, for through its instrumentality some of them are going to receive very handsome Christmas presents! Does this thought interest you? If I don't know you, or you me, just introduce yourself by letter to the

Secretary of The Wives' League

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

Little Cubes of Appetite

Hot Steero is made by simply pouring boiling water on a Steero Cube.

You make the drink in one minute, sip it for another minute, and the third minute you feel like eating.

This is simply the result of the warmth of the beverage, plus its pleasing flavor of beef, vegetables and spices.

Steero is a mild, beneficial stimulant to the stomach and appetite. It is delicious—you would never dream that anything so good could be made so easily.

Steero Cubes are sold by Druggists, Grocers and Delicatessen Dealers in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes. Look for the word "Steero" on the box and accept no other. If your dealer can't supply you, a box of 12 Cubes will be sent you postpaid for 30c.

Sample Steero Cubes Sent Free

Merely send your name and address and sample Steero Cubes will be sent you without charge. If you enclose 10c we will send with the samples our 64-page Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co.
225 William St. New York
Distributors for
American Kitchen Products Co.

Steero Cubes were Awarded Medal of Honor at Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Simply Add Boiling Water

A New Product **OYSTERO** **(Oyster Broth Powder)**

Made from fresh, whole oysters with only the moisture evaporated by vacuum. Delicious Oyster Broth instantly prepared simply by adding Oystero to milk and heating it.

Send 10c for a sample sufficient to make four cups.

Schieffelin & Co., *Distributors*, New York City

Comfort for New Born Babies

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE BOOKS

Your Baby

Should Be Kept Warm With Non-Nettle White Flannels

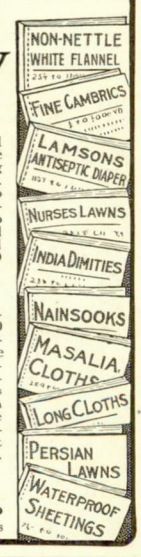
Teaseled Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teaseling process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. WE DO NOT SELL TO DEALERS.

Send for Free Sample Case

and receive sample books as illustrated. Also catalogue showing 50 styles of white Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits ($5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinettes, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. **No advertising on wrapper.** For **25 cents** we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost $1.70 if bought separately.

Write at once or save this advertisement.

THE LAMSON BROS. CO.
345 Summit Street **Toledo, Ohio**
Sole Distributors Non-Nettle White Flannels



LABLACHE FACE POWDER

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST

Under all sorts and conditions of weather LABLACHE, the powder dependable, protects and improves the complexion. It soothes, comforts and adds freshness to the skin exposed to Autumn winds. LABLACHE is an indispensable toilet requisite. Millions use it.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. A
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Put your plate right here!

Discover the appetizing taste of luscious tomatoes prepared with just enough pure spices to add piquancy.

You'll want to EAT Blue Label Ketchup—a small taste won't be enough to satisfy you.

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Adds zest to all it touches

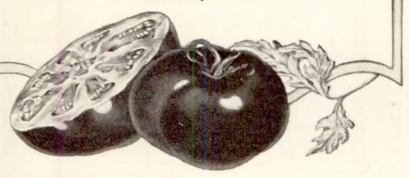
Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government.

The kind that *keeps* after it is opened.

Our chili sauce, soups, jams, jellies, preserves, meat, canned fruits and vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.



Crochet with C M C

the new crochet cotton, made by the Corticelli Silk Mills. C M C Cordonnet has a snowy whiteness, a sparkling lustre, and a round, even thread equal to any cotton made abroad. Look for the same kitten head you always demand on your silk. Put up in two sized balls:

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Princess Pearl Crochet Cotton is a full sized, lofty, smooth and lustrous thread, just the right size for crocheting bags, belts, collars and slippers; 26 beautiful colors put up in big balls. Size 3 coarse, size 5 fine. Price, 25c a ball. Ask your dealer for "Princess."

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THE NEW KEEPING-UP CLUB

The New Christmas Present

IF, AS a Christmas present, Mr. Dwight L. Elmendorf, the famous lecturer and traveler, came to your house and said, "Come on, let's you and me go to the Holy Land together and on Christmas Day be in the land and among the scenes where Christ was born and lived, and I'll tell you all about the country," and you had the time to go, wouldn't you go? Especially if Mr. Elmendorf added: "It won't cost you a penny: I'll pay the expenses"—who wouldn't go, I wonder?

Yet this is exactly what Mr. Elmendorf offers you: of course, not in person but on paper. For this month's issue of "The Mentor," The Keeping-Up Club's paper, is written by Mr. Elmendorf and takes you "Through the Holy Land," and shows you, in a delightfully personal talk, all the great and hallowed places that you have heard so much about; punctuates each place with a picture in the text, and then says: "Here are six beautiful separate souvenirs of the trip: six plates beautifully printed in soft brown ink (two of the six pictures that he gives you are printed in their exact size on page 5 of this JOURNAL); and then, 'lest you forget,' on the back there will be a description, that you can read in five minutes, of each place."

Can you imagine a more delightful Christmas trip? And it is yours: really yours, for the asking. It costs you nothing. There couldn't be a *cheaper* Christmas present—nor a finer, I may add. Just read what is printed on page 6 of this issue and you will see how you can get this Christmas present for nothing, how you can become a member of The Keeping-Up Club and what it will mean to you during the year to come.

FOR remember that Mr. Elmendorf's trip through the Holy Land is only one month's pleasure and one month's gift of six beautiful pictures. There are twelve of these delightful pleasures during a year and seventy-two pictures: each month something different: something pleasurable: something new and beautiful to look at, to keep and to prize. And all the time you are keeping up with the best, so that you can talk when others are talking, and know what they are talking about.

Here one month you are in the Holy Land on the very spots that you have so long wished to see and know about, and you're told by one who really knows, and knows how to tell you; not in a dry way but in a delightful way. The next month you are in France with Ida M. Tarbell, the famous writer, and you hear this famous woman's story of another famous woman: Joan of Arc. The next month the man who knows more about rugs than any other man in the country is telling you about the greatest Chinese rugs in the world, and says, "Here are six for you," and hands you six plates in full, beautiful colors of the most superb Chinese rugs in existence. Then says Frederick Palmer, the great traveler, to you, "You are going to hear a great deal about South America during the next few years and you had better know something about it," and lo! you are in Argentina, hearing all about it and seeing it with your own eyes, and Mr. Palmer is handing you six separate beautiful pictures.

Then, as the newspapers ring with the wonderful performances of the Wagner operas this winter at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, and thousands listen to them, Mr. Henry T. Finck, one of the foremost music critics in New York, says: "Here, I'll tell you all about those operas"; and he does, with his pen and in pictures.

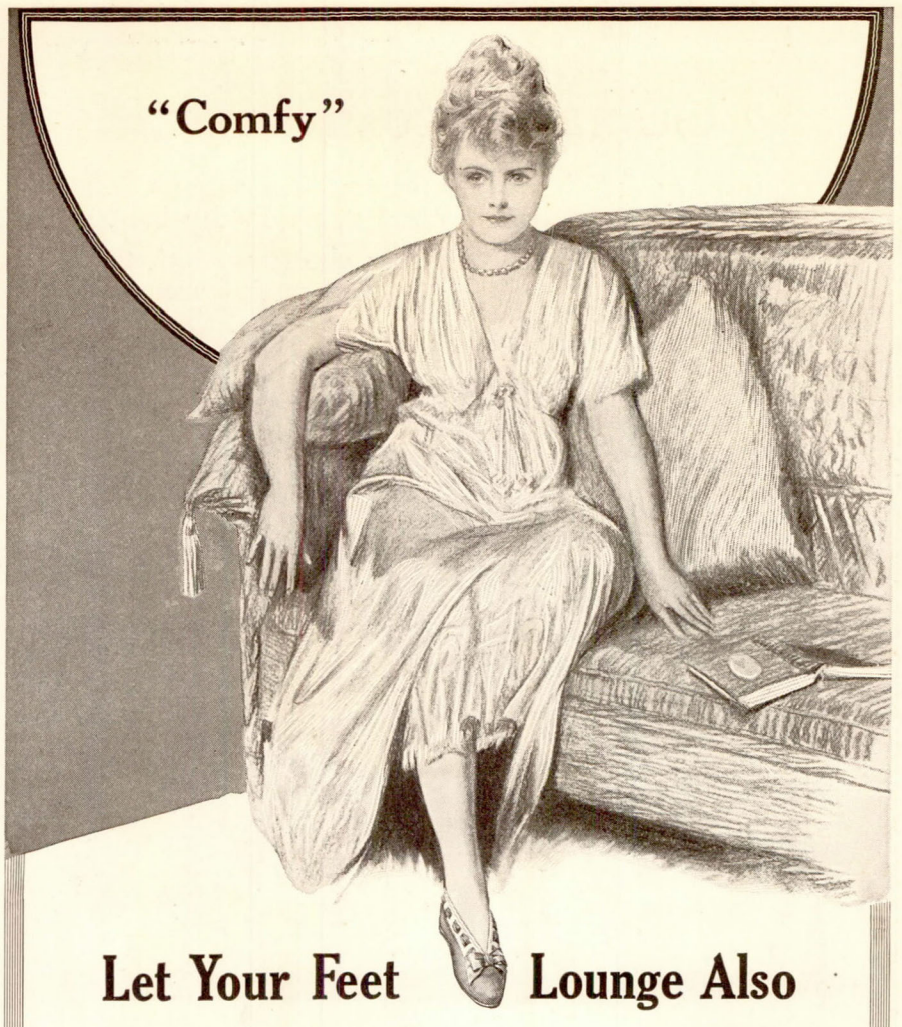
And when next year the arrangements go on for the great Shakspere celebration that will be held all through America, England, and the rest of the world, and everybody will be talking and writing about Shakspere, Mr. William Winter, the dean of all Shakspere writers, will take you "Through Shakspere's Country," and you will know more in half an hour about the scenes amid which Shakspere lived than others who have read books about the writer.

THEN Professor John C. Van Dyke, than whom there is no more delightful or authoritative writer on art in America, will take you on one of his "Personal Tours Through the Great Art Galleries of the World," and not only show you the great pictures as he knows them and has seen them again and again, but once more you are handed six of the most famous as souvenirs, with a five-minute description on the back of each one of them. And then Mr. Elmendorf comes again and takes you through the wonderful Yosemite Valley: Mr. Palmer takes you to Brazil: Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie tells you about great writers, and even the head of the Weather Bureau comes along and tells you all about how the weather is foretold and how time is kept in Washington for the whole country.

Isn't that a year of pleasure and delight and of possession? For we must not forget that we actually possess souvenirs of these men and women who tell us these wonderful things: 72 beautiful pictures they give us—a veritable home art gallery with each picture separate and ready and fit to be framed; over 150 pages of delightful talk and 250 pictures in that talk besides the separate pictures.

And the best of all: it costs you nothing. To be a reader of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL means that you can be a member of The Keeping-Up Club and get all its advantages without cost.

THE MANAGER OF
THE KEEPING-UP CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



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RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
20 N. Market Street Chicago

MISS HERTER'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20)

His voice was again vibrant as a conqueror's as he talked with the firm.

"He is just like an actor," communed Emmy when the interview was over and Jones had thrown himself creakingly into a willow chair. "He is playing a part, a comedy part, and no one must know how sore his heart is. We are all actors in this world—all Joneses—except, of course, that some of us are women, and that is worse."

The assertion, having taken form, found an opposing thought attacking it. "Why 'worse'?" she went on to herself. "We are *better* off. A woman can get help from both men and women; it is the prerogative of my sex. But a man can get it only from a man!" Yet Emmy's feminist mind continued to bristle. "And why do I say that? We are *alike*. Why can't a woman help a man if a man can help a woman?"

A little taxi horn tooted sharply above the holiday mirth. Emmy lifted her head, for the noise was in unconscious correlation with a vague train of thought. "Why can't I help him?" She rose to her feet. "But I don't know how! A woman can't go and hand money to a man; he's different."

SHE crossed the room and pressed her ear to the panel. She had caught a sound from the other side that had but one translation.

"That was a sob! I know! I've done that, too, when alone and out of work. He isn't just like an actor. He's just like an actress *too*. He's a human being. And the worst of it is, all that anyone needs at such a time is a boost. The sex of the booster hasn't anything to do with it. When I claim equality with man, why can't I play the game!"

She tiptoed to her purse; but a flush crept over her face as she took out a roll of bills. The instinct of centuries stayed her hand. Wouldn't this be hurting Jones, this taking of money—from a woman? And of course he wouldn't take it. Still, the harem woman within her warmed to the joy of finessing. But how? She drew a bill from her purse and started for the hall door. Her eyes sparkled. She hadn't the ghost of an idea how to manage, but she was positive that it could be done.

Miss Herter has never to this hour told the story of her generosity, but if she did she would not admit that Jones in any way assisted her. Yet it was Jones who answered her query as to ways and means by stumbling through the dusk toward his telephone in a final cry for Howard.

Jones, in recounting this curious response to his difficulties, at times insists that he distinctly heard a woman's voice call out "Howard has gone" one instant before the attendant in Howard's office verified the eerie prophecy. Yet he may weaken on this point, and Miss Herter would be the last to admit that she herself had given that unconscious cry as the operation of a plan attendant upon Howard's leaving the office flashed over her.

It was enough for Emmy that he had gone, and it was enough for Jones. So loud and heavy were his heartbeats that he did not hear even the frantic scrambling for an envelope in the next room. All that reached his ears a moment later, as he stood with his brow pressed against the cold window glass staring into the long, lighted avenue, was a sharp knock from the corridor. Had he been a young man less intent upon his Martha he might have caught the mad rush of skirts as Emmy returned to her room to close her door noiselessly and fly to the connecting one.

THE knock brought him to the right-about and his eye caught for the third time in three days a mysterious offering upon his threshold. Yet it was no mystery when the envelope was opened, and a fifty-dollar bill with the season's greetings from Howard smiled up at him. Emmy's knees gave way and she sat upon the floor when she heard Jones laugh aloud, while satisfaction with her sex and renewed conviction as to the simplicity of man engulfed her.

She laughed, too, with her hand over her volatile mouth when Jones dashed to the receiver to demand from the astonished operator Martha—no, Howard—no, Martha! Yet it was Howard who received first choice when order was restored. "Just to thank him; he'll understand," said the broken voice of the young man next door, to Howard's stenographer.

Even then Martha was not the next one to speak to him, for as the wires were snapping to bring the two together the president of the United Fuel Company sent him a brief message to report next week; and it was evident that the salary was highly satisfactory.

Emmy leaned her head against the door—Emmy the superstitious, the true player. "The luck has turned," she whispered through her tears. "All he needed was a boost."

At half-past five Jones had told Martha that business was completed and that he would be out by eight with "a little something for you, dear," and a few minutes later an ecstatic bell boy having received, if one can judge by his whoop of joy, forty-five cents, bore up the hotel bill and bore out the trusty bag. Jones paused for a minute on the threshold of mystery; what passed through his mind Miss Herter will never know. Then he closed the door softly and quitted forever the neighbor whom he never saw.

For a long time she remained upon the floor, smiling in the dark. "What did I say last Sunday? 'Do unto a man as one man would do unto another'?" She arose and shook out her skirts. "Well, it's crazy, but these are crazy times. And, thank heaven! I'm just as good as any man—even better."

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Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience, and I should like to tell you about it.

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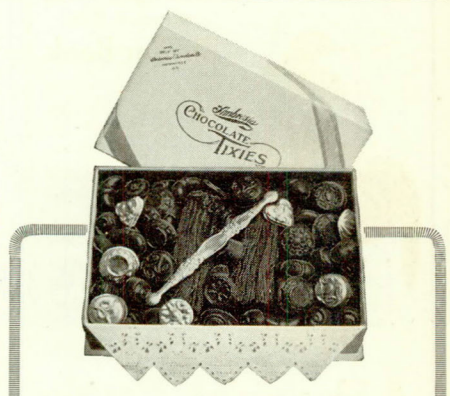
Rand, McNally & Co. have just published Miss Cocroft's new book, "Beauty a Duty." For sale at all booksellers. Beautifully bound. **Price $2.00.**



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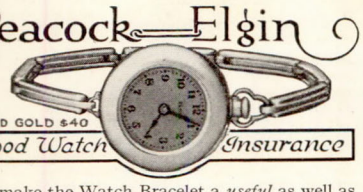

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RESTORING THE GARDEN OF EDEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

dies his tent is torn down and destroyed. Belief in the "evil eye" is common, and the first warning given me by the British engineers was that I should not for any purpose point at passing men or animals.

On Eden's Old "River of Babel"

FOLLOWING Eden's old "river of Babel," now the Euphrates, I floated downstream in a *goofa*, a round, cup-shaped boat of woven willows lined with bitumen; tradition here says it was just such a boat that Moses was cast adrift in. Along the river banks busy Arabs picked dates or sheared sheep; in the watered orchards comely girls picked plums, apricots and grapes. Adam's children who come back will have to work. Farmers were irrigating their fields with *cherrids*—crude windlasses turned by water-buffalo, drawing goatskins of water up from the stream by means of creaking wooden wheels. Herodotus describes these same squeaky waterwheels in his enthusiastic narration of Babylonia.

At one point on the river bank I came suddenly on an imposing monument with a bronze tablet—and a story. Some few years ago—when a previous attempt was made by the Sultan to get irrigation started anew in Eden—he sent a foreign engineer to build a dam and dig canals. First the engineer built this monument to himself, to commemorate his erection of the dam. The monument he finished, but for some reason quit Eden without even beginning the dam. But the monument still stands—a rather imposing obelisk.

Off from the Euphrates—at the foot of this monument—a canal takes off for Babylonia. Long ago this same canal was the main channel of the Euphrates. Down it I floated to Nebuchadnezzar's old capital, where for thirty years the German Oriental Society has been excavating, bringing to light the age-old secrets of this buried city. They showed me a giant bas-relief of Nebuchadnezzar himself, with his quaint curly beard and feathered headdress; they showed me a stone goose, which had served as the standard measure of weight. And there were thousands of odd urns, utensils, dishes, vases, figures of men and beasts, bath tubs and bowl-shaped coffins.

On the massive walls of the king's palace, where the Hand came and wrote, I saw strange figures of mythological animals and the sacred bull of their pagan worship. On many bricks was stamped the name of Nebuchadnezzar; and on the bitumen between the bricks in the walls—for in building the palace they used bitumen instead of mortar—I saw plainly the finger prints of masons dead thousands of years ago!

Seen From the Top of the Sand Mounds

STANDING on the sand mounds about ruined Babylon you may look off for miles in every direction. It was this same view, you will remember, that led the kinky-bearded old king to boast of his city and caused him to be turned out to graze with the wild asses.

To the east, miles away, arise the giant arch of Ctesiphon and the tomb of Salman Pak, once private barber to the Prophet; to the south is the crumbling tower that may have been Babel—"Birs Nimrud," the Arabs call it ("And Cush begat Nimrod, the beginning of whose kingdom was Babel"); to the west is Ezekiel's tomb; and all about is the great plain that in olden times was a waving sea of verdure, grain and fruit. Canals of limpid water traversed it, and here and there cities dotted the picture. No wonder Nebuchadnezzar was proud!

So today modern engineers are vying with the ditch diggers of old, pitting their twentieth-century science and skill against primitive Babylonian cleverness, assiduously seeking to guard against the floods that worried the early irrigators.

Like our own southern Mississippi, the beds of the Euphrates and Tigris—in their lower reaches—are higher than the flat plains through which they flow. Hence in May and June, when melting Armenian snows send torrents of yellow water rushing seventeen hundred miles down to the Persian Gulf, these streams overflow, their waste waters creating vast shallow lakes from Bagdad to the sea. During such floods the Arab *safinas*—the same type of sailboat that Sindbad knew—cruise about old Eden over land that is as dry as dust ten months of the year.

What Has to be Done to Restore Eden

IT IS to tame these historic twin streams, to confine them to their banks, and to use their surplus waters to irrigate the thousands of square miles in their basin, that Sir William Willcocks is working. And, bold and gigantic as his plans are, they yet conform curiously to the gravity scheme of the ancient irrigators, who in their day beheaded the unfortunate dike tender who allowed his levee to break.

East of the Tigris, for example, and parallel with it for some hundreds of miles, runs the ancient Narawan Canal, a great ditch four hundred feet wide, built by native hordes toiling hopelessly with wooden shovels and baskets. Into this same ditch, they say, Cyrus's favorite saddle horse slipped and was drowned. This canal, like so many others of the cleverly planned old gravity ditches, forms a part of the new project. And above Bagdad, at old Opis, once a city of millions, a new *barrage* is to be flung across the Tigris on the same site as a former dam, wrecked long ago by the Mongol raider, Jenghiz Khan.

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 70

The holiday season of recent years has witnessed more and more, a well-defined desire to select gifts of intrinsic worth and real utility.

The unrivaled beauty, exceptional shapeliness and wonderful durability of

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have placed it in high favor not only as a holiday gift of unusual attractiveness, but as a necessary adjunct of daily attire.

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Sent for 10c

Any little girl may cut it out by the pattern (stamped on the back) and make it easily. She'll love the pretty rosebud design and it will show *you* how soft and exquisite this inexpensive fabric is for negligees, bath robes and house gowns.

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Never more than 15c a yard—27 inches wide.

Do you want Pink or Blue? Tell us this when you send your 10c—also state size of doll (12-inch or 14-inch) and give us the name of your dealer.

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Here's a real jubilee breakfast — just the thing to start Christmas right!

Order this package of purity *today.* Thin, uniform slices—alternate stripes of cherry lean and creamy fat. 2½ pounds of delicious eating. *No waste.*

"Get-Acquainted" Box $1.00

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Hormel's Dairy Brand is your guaranty of quality. Whether it's a whole ham or flitch of bacon, a box of sausage, or sliced in this attractive package, it is *certified* pork-perfection from the great Northwest dairy land. Ask your dealer.

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Special $1.00 Size

If Mary Garden Herself Told You The Secret of Her Beauty—

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It was ***Rigaud***—famous master perfumer—who created the rich, caressing Mary Garden Perfume—the perfect expression of this great artiste's personality. And it is again ***Rigaud*** who made

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soft and smooth as the velvet on a butterfly's wing. Make your complexion as transparently lovely as Mary Garden's. Get the special $1.00 box of Mary Garden Face Powder today. Any tint.

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RIGAUD—16 Rue de la Paix—PARIS

RESTORING THE GARDEN OF EDEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69)

So at Feldjah on the Euphrates, from whose neighboring bitumen springs, it is said, Noah took pitch to calk his Ark, and at Hindieh above ancient Babylon, new dams are already built. It is from above these dams that canals will take off, feeding the vast network of laterals covering the plain.

Already an artificial river has been dug, leading off from above the Hindieh dam, and carrying water down past the ruined palace of Nebuchadnezzar, where they "drank from golden vessels," where Ishtar held court, and where the hanging gardens flourished. These same hanging gardens, archæologists tell us, were simply giant arches of masonry flung across the river Babel, or modern Euphrates, whose main channel in that day flowed hard by the city of Nebuchadnezzar.

Sir William Willcocks says that while it is true that his plan may spoil the rivers of Eden for purposes of navigation, by leaving them too shallow for vessels, railways can be built to haul the goods; whereas only water can irrigate the land.

Like our own famous Salton Sea on the lower Colorado, sinks and basins below sea level occur along the Tigris, from Bagdad to the south. Into these sinks are being turned the surplus waters that are not needed for the canals, thus forming great inland lakes which may in time be stocked with fish, and on whose shores the future pleasure resorts of New Eden may arise.

Though its winter days are raw and chill, the summers of Eden are long and scorching. The temperature of this section ranges from twenty degrees above zero in winter to one hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit in the shade in summer. This "date heat," as the Arabs style the sizzling summer days, is quite necessary to ripen the fruit of the date palm, which grows so profusely in the watered groves of Mesopotamia.

This same blistering heat gives a luster and distinctness to the stars of the summer nights which cannot be imagined by one who has not passed a hot season on the plains of Shinar. The theory has been advanced that perhaps this is why astronomy was first developed there, and why, incidentally, it was there that men first learned to divide the year into months, weeks and days on a plan that lasted till Julius Cæsar's time.

Modern Eves in Eden

TODAY in old Eden you see Arab girls drawing water from wells, just as Rebekah was doing when Abraham's agent found her and took her as the wife of Isaac. For, unlike Eve's idle, easy days, the life of modern women in Eden is one of toil and hardship.

Out on the lonely plain, far from the villages of brown goats'-hair tents, one meets tiny Arab maids of eight and twelve dutifully tending the herds.

In the camps women milk the camels, churn, weave tent cloth from hair, and even take their places in battle beside the men when the tribe is attacked. They are women of marvelous physique, unspoiled by the customs and costumes of our own super-civilization.

Though the Koran allows an Arab four wives, here in Eden one wife to one man is the rule. One of these headstrong Bedouin women is all that any man cares to manage!

Divorce is easy in Eden. If an Arab's wife displease him he has but to pronounce the formula, *Ent Telek,* three times, and the woman is considered divorced and must return to her own people! But before she goes the husband is compelled by tribal law to restore to her the same dowry which she brought with her at marriage.

Often an offended husband says *Ent Telek* once, as a warning; and usually the threat serves to make the erring wife more careful of her conduct thereafter.

As in olden times, too, the Arab women still wash the feet of distinguished guests. And at funerals, in the great Arab burying grounds outside Bagdad, I have seen Arab women sitting cross-legged on the ground, throwing dust in their hair as a demonstration of grief.

A Delicious Garden-of-Eden Fudge

MANNA, the Arab women insist, still falls from heaven; and this singular belief is shared by even the intelligent Jews and Chaldeans of Bagdad. It is the same manna, they will tell you, as originally fell for the Children of Israel. As a matter of fact, it appears to be merely a sweet, whitish gum that drips from certain hill trees in Northern Mesopotamia. From it the Arab women make a delicious confection called *Mellubus,* a sort of Garden-of-Eden fudge.

And yet, interesting, resourceful and active as the Arab woman is, she is nevertheless regarded by the men of the tribe as a distinctly inferior being. Through all the tribal songs, legends and poetry there runs this note. But brighter days are dawning for the women in this historic nook of the world. As the long arm of modernism reached out and transformed China, putting an end to foot-binding and routing superstition from that country, so progress is coming at last into this old Bible land that was Eden, awakening it from its age-long slumbers.

Already the famous Bagdad railway is nearing completion; already the classic Euphrates has been bridged; and soon the inevitable steel rail will link Europe with India.

Gone forever is the "Changeless East." The advancing world cannot permit so vast and potentially rich a region as Mesopotamia to lie idle. All the good land there is was created ages ago, and the compulsory world movement "back to the farm" is steady and irresistible.

After the Christmas Dinner

After dessert, pass around a dish of delicious Lenox Chocolates. For an after-dinner nibble no more appropriate confections could be served. In every box of

Lenox Chocolates

there's a wide variety of tasty centers—some hard, some soft—and a flavor to please every taste. When buying the Christmas presents, don't forget Lenox Chocolates—the gift that *all* will appreciate, *all* will enjoy.

In half-pound, pound and five-pound packages.

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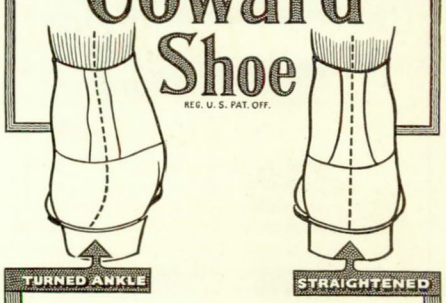

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the value of New Thought; and she tells about it in the little booklet, "What I Know About New Thought." More than 50,000 persons have sent for this booklet.

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The Elizabeth Towne Company, Dept. 916, Holyoke, Mass.

The Most Useful Fruit

Here are some facts about lemons that all housewives don't know, and they mean a great deal to your family. In your own interest, don't pass this page until you learn what they are.

* * * * * *

Lemons are used in hundreds of thousands of homes in four times as many ways as you probably use them. That's because hundreds of thousands of housewives have found out through experience about their household convenience and healthfulness.

They use lemon juice almost entirely in place of vinegar, as most famous chefs do today. They insert two halves of lemons in fish and bake them *with* the fish to get a delicious flavor.

They use lemon juice to flavor innumerable other foods. And the lemon flavor predominates in home-made sweets.

Try using *more* lemons in the 86 ways explained in the Sunkist Lemon Book. See what you can do with lemons in *your* home to make the household work easier and to better the family's health.

The world's finest lemons—Sunkist—are grown in California — the more reason why American housewives should use them to the utmost of their possibilities.

For Sunkist are picked by gloved hands under sanitary conditions, washed by machinery, and sent to your dealer, tissue wrapped. Thus you get them *clean.*

They are practically seedless, firm, juicy and full flavored, with a beautiful color and bright waxy appearance — no finer lemons were ever grown. So see that you get SUNKIST.

Delicious Foods Made With Lemons

Be sure to send for our free recipe book and try the delicious dishes described: pies, ices, cakes, cookies, puddings, jellies, beverages, candies, etc. This book will surprise you — you'll regard lemons as indispensable when you know the many ways to employ them.

Sunkist

The World's Best Lemons

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Other Uses

Sunkist Lemons or their juice can be used also—

To make tough meats tender.
As a liver tonic, diluted with water.
As a mouth wash, slightly diluted.
As a cleansing agent, for hands and face.
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In the bath.
To soften water. To make clothes-washing easier.
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To clean silver, brass and glassware.

Complete directions for these uses and scores of others are given in our free lemon book. Just send a postcard for it.

Recipe for Sunkist Lemon Pie

Mix one and one-fourth cups of sugar thoroughly with one-third of a cup of flour and a little salt. Grate a little of the rind from a Sunkist Lemon and mix with the juice of the whole lemon, and add to the sugar. Beat three egg yolks well, stir in a scant cup of water and blend carefully with the sugar and lemon mixture. Pour all into a pan lined with flaky pie-crust (preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire) add a tablespoon of butter cut into bits, and bake in moderately hot oven.

Make a meringue of three egg whites and half a cup of powdered sugar, with a teaspoon of lemon juice. Heap onto the pie (after baking) in large spoonfuls and brown slowly. Serve when cooled.

Save Sunkist tissue wrappers for beautiful silver premiums. Ask for the Premium List and directions.

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Delicious as candy, Dromedary Dates are just as real a food as meat, eggs and bread. They are a growth food for children and a work food for men and women.

FREE **One 10-cent Dromedary Cookie Cutter, a "One-Cake" package of Dromedary Cocoanut (our new product) and a book of recipes—all Free. Send us your name and address and your grocer's name, and 5c partially to pay the postage.**

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. B, 375 Washington Street
New York City

THE LATER TROUBLES OF SUSAN CLEGG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

It's a sad thing as how we may be found out no matter how careful we sweep up our trackings. And I don't mind telling you as the bitterest pill in my cup of clearing out has been that very same clock. It was such a handsome clock that we weren't allowed to pick it up and look at it. Father screwed it down with big screws, so we couldn't, and he wet 'em so they rusted in. I had a awful time getting those screws out today, I can tell you. You get a very different light on a dead-and-gone father when you're trying to get out screws that he wet thirty-five years ago. Me on a stepladder digging under the claws of a clock for two mortal hours! Then I got a block and a bed slat and I proceeded very carefully to try how heavy that handsome clock—that handsome marble clock—might be. I put the block beside it and I put the bed slat over the block and under the clock. Then I climbed my little ladder again, and then I bore down on the bed slat. Well, Gran'ma Mullins, you can believe me or not, just as you please, but it's a solemn fact that nothing but the ceiling stopped that clock from going sky high. And nothing but the floor stopped me from falling through to China."

"The saints preserve us all!" ejaculated Gran'ma Mullins.

"IT WASN'T no marble clock a *tall*," confessed Susan. "It was painted wood. That was why father screwed it down. Oh, men are such deceivers! I expect it was always a real pleasure to father to think as mother and me didn't know that marble clock was wood. Well, he's gone now and the Bible says 'to him as hath shall be given,' so I guess he's settling up accounts somewheres. Give me the other egg!"

After supper they stepped over to Mrs. Macy's, which was next door, and the four sat there on the piazza in the pleasant spring twilight.

"Well, Susan," Mrs. Macy remarked meditatively, "I never looked to see you leave your house any way except feet first. Well, well, this certainly is a funny world."

"Yes," returned Susan, brief for once; "it certainly is."

"It's a very sad world, I think," contributed Gran'ma Mullins with a heavy, heavy sigh. "My goodness, to think this time last spring Hiram was spading up the potato patch! And now where is he?"

"Nobody knows," answered Susan. "See how many years it was till Jathrop come back. But I do hope for your sake, Gran'ma Mullins, that when Hiram does come back he won't take it into his head to buy this house and build it over for you."

Gran'ma Mullins looked at Mrs. Macy, and Mrs. Macy looked back at Gran'ma Mullins, and a message flashed and was answered in the glances. "Well, Susan," said Gran'ma Mullins with neighborly interest, "you do see that the house needs fixing up, don't you?"

Susan was the owner and Mrs. Macy only the tenant, and the implication was not at all pleasing to her. She turned with the air of the weariest worm that had ever done so and gave Gran'ma Mullins a look that could only be translated as an admonition to mind her own business.

It was on a Monday—the very next Monday—that the workmen arrived and set to work to demolish the outer casing of the homes of those two souls so very dear to us. Susan went up and stood about for an hour, viewing the way they did it, with great but resigned scorn. She went every day thereafter, too, and her heart was rent at the sight of the sacrilege. Then, to add to her woe, Gran'ma Mullins proved less soothing than had been expected, and Susan suffered keenly at her hands.

"OH, MRS. LATHROP!" she said one morning when the exigencies of shopping left the two old friends full freedom of intercourse; "if I'm going to live in that house for this whole summer the first thing that I'll have to do is either to change Gran'ma Mullins or change me! I'm stark, raving crazy hearing about Hiram. Gran'ma Mullins says no child was ever like Hiram and I begin to wonder if it ain't so. No child ever made such an impression on his mother before—I can take my Bible oath on that, for she's talking about him from the time I wake till long after I'm asleep, and she remembers things in the stillness of the night and wakes me up to hear 'em for fear she'll forget 'em before morning. Last night she was up at two to tell me how Hiram used to shut his eyes before he went to sleep when he was a baby. She said he had a different way of doing it from any other child that's ever been born. He had it in May and well into June the year he was born, but along in July he began to lose it, and by October he opened and shut just like other people's babies. That's what I was woke up to hear, Mrs. Lathrop, and Herod was a sweet and good-tempered mother of ten compared to me as I listened. And then at daybreak if she didn't come in again to explain as Hiram was so different from all other babies that he crept before he walked, and the first of his trying to walk he climbed up a chair leg."

"Why, Jathrop ——" volunteered Mrs. Lathrop.

"Of course. They all do. But I must say I don't see how I'm going to stand it till my house is ready to receive me back with open bosom, if this is the way she's going on straight along. My lands alive, Mrs. Lathrop, you never hear the beat! Hiram used to wrinkle up his face when she washed it and he never wanted to have a bath. And he used to bring mud turtles into the house; and when she thinks of that and how now he's off for the

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 73

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and other hard polished surfaces throughout the house—copper, brass, nickel, glass and aluminum, you'll find this new polish a real revelation. Parrot contains no harmful or dangerous ingredients.

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DRI-POO is a delightful preparation and so good for the hair. Excess oil, dandruff, "dirt" and all foreign matter instantly respond to a Dri-Poo treatment. Use it as often as you wish. It is harmless. Just loosen the hair with your fingers, fill with Dri-Poo and brush out. That's all. And the result is hair sweetly clean, fluffy and in the best dressing condition.

We will send a small size can of Dri-Poo to your home postpaid for 25 cents or 50 cents for the large size, if you will mention the name of your merchant.

Our booklet, "The Crown of Beauty," which we will send free on request for the name of your merchant, tells how to prevent discolored, faded, brittle and falling hair, and also gives valuable hints about dressing the hair.

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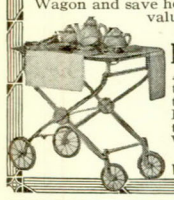
Lots of Christmas cheer for *her!* Give her this Tray Wagon and save her time, steps and strength. Invaluable service in parlor, kitchen, sewing-room, sick room, etc.



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make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms. Every day, in washing, you rub off the dead skin.

This is your opportunity—you can make the *new* skin what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly.

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. This treatment with it will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

***Write today for sample**—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 211 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O. **In Canada,** address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 211 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*

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Misses' length $2 to $3.50.
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made to measure of lustrous satin messaline, all shades. Also skirts, coats and corsets. Gowns $2.50 up. Ask also for new regular wear catalog. MRS. GRACE MINOR, Dept. A, 783 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LATER TROUBLES OF SUSAN CLEGG

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72)

Klondike she says she feels like going straight after him. She says she could polish his pick and his sled runners, and hang up his snowy things, and wash out his gold and his clothes. She says she can't just see how they wash out gold, but she knows how to polish silver, and she says mother-love like hers can pick up anything. She goes on and on till I feel like going to the Klondike myself. I'm getting a great deal of sympathy for Lucy. Lucy always said she could have been happy with Hiram—maybe—if it hadn't been for his mother."

"Is your ——?" asked Mrs. Lathrop, striving toward pleasanter paths.

"Well, it ain't burnt up yet," answered Susan. "I stopped at Mr. Shores' coming back and took a look at it, and I was far from pleased to find the door as opens into the next room to the room as my furniture is locked up in a little open. It looked very much like someone had been trying my door, to me. I asked Mr. Shores and I saw at a glance as it was news to him, which shows just how much interest he's taking in looking out for my things. He said maybe the cat had pushed it open. The cat! I unlocked my door and went in. The furniture's all safe enough, but it's enough to put any housekeeper's heart through the clothes wringer only to see how it's piled. The beds is smashed flat along the wall, and wherever they could turn a table or a chair upside down and plant something on the wrong side of it they've done it."

"AS FOR the way the dishes is combined, I can only say that the Lord fits the back to the burden, so the washbowls is bearing everything. It's a far from cheering sight, Mrs. Lathrop, but you know I was against being built over from the start. When I see the walls of my happy home being mashed flat and then picked over like they was raisins to see what'll do to use again, and then when I see my furniture put together in a way as no one living can make head or tail of, and when I see myself woke up at three in the night to be told that sometimes when Hiram was a baby he would go to sleep and sometimes he wouldn't, why I feel as if that Roman as they rolled downhill in a barrel because he wouldn't stay anywhere else where they put him was sitting smoking cross-legged compared to me. It would just drive an ordinary woman crazy. But I presume I'll survive."

Mrs. Lathrop looked saddened. "Well, Susan ——" she began sympathetically.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" said Susan. "Of course if it gets where I can't stand it we'll just have to change houses, that's all."

NOTE—In the next—the January—JOURNAL will be recorded "The Moving Adventures of Susan Clegg."

MY NEW YORK: LITTLE TALES OF A BIG CITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

his head hopelessly. "She's kept her contract; now she expects us to keep ours," he added.

"What's his business anyway?" asked the other.

"Commission of some sort; he's vague about it." The father mused for a moment, his face very sad. "Can't understand it, Van," he began again after a moment. "She and I have always been very close, you know. Jim's eight years older than she is, and Charles six; she was like a gift from God to Mary and me. And often, when Mary'd take the boys to the Zoo or the matinée, my little Daisy-girl and I would trot off together. She was only five years old when she bought me a scarfpin out of her own money. I've got it yet. Why, she'd take my opinion on a horse or on a play. But now, well, I simply don't count!"

"We oughtn't to have bounders like that in society," submitted the broker.

"She didn't meet him in her own home; it was one of those accursed week-end affairs at Asbury Park," the father said. "Her mother went down with our boys, chaperoning some older girls. Margaret was sixteen. This man turned up; somebody knew him ——" He fell silent.

"OUR first baby would have been Margaret's age if she'd lived," said the broker with a sigh. "We lost her just before the boy came. I think that's why Nell went. Just didn't care to stay. This time of the year, it was. Of course I've got Dick; we're going up to my mother's tonight. But a girl is pretty sweet."

"I was thinking today," said the doctor slowly, "of the time when Daisy-girl was so ill; she was five years old. I had to go down to the office for an hour. Heaven! what an hour it was! Every time the telephone rang a cold sweat broke out on me. But, when I got home, she was better—knew her dad—wanted some 'tories.'" He brushed the back of his glove quite simply across his eyes. "And I thought that was trouble, Van!" said he.

There was a silence. Then a pretty, furwrapped woman, on her way to the door, touched the broker on the shoulder.

"Merry Christmas, Van!" said she brightly. "Oh, how do you do, Doctor? Didn't I hear some very exciting news about Margaret yesterday? Congratulations! Don't go by your corner, Van. Merry Christmas!"

"I get off here," said the broker. "Good-by, George. Good luck. Merry Christmas!"

NOTE—The fourth story in this series of little tales of a big city will appear in an early number of THE JOURNAL.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"

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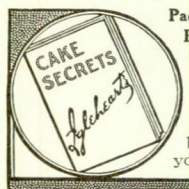

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baby Ben

A bright-faced little chap who tells really truly time and will wake you promptly at any hour you say.

He is Big Ben in quarter size, half as tall, half as broad. A dainty clock on the dressing table, a handy clock in the traveling bag, a wake-up clock beside the bed.

baby Ben stands 3¾ inches high, runs 30 hours with one winding, has selective alarm calls, intermittent or steady; a shut-off switch stops him short in either call.

His price, $2.50 in the States, $3.00 in Canada, at any jeweler's. If your jeweler is out of stock—a money order addressed "*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*," will bring him postpaid.

Made by Westclox, La Salle and Peru, Illinois

IN THE LAND OF MICHAEL O'LEARY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24)

"There'll sure be someone handy to pick us up," answered Paddy; "they're used to accidents in these parts."

All was lost save humor. On and on we jogged, under the overhanging brow of cliffs, on the very hem of precipices, until Paddy was obliged to get out and lead the uncertain steed. I knew that the Irish dusk would last until nine o'clock; but could any dusk outlast an Irish mile?

At the last turn of the mountain that was rippling down to the little hills Paddy suddenly backed us against a cliff and jumped on his seat. "Swate Mother!" I heard him gasp, and his knees pressed together. But nothing could alarm me after I had stilled my soul to go a mile with Paddy.

I looked with keen interest at the old creature who straggled along with the way of half walking and half running that I noticed afterward in the queer folk who prowl like witches about the remote parts of Ireland. This was like a mystic old of Yeats. She had a withered face and her straggling hair fell about a man's coat torn away from her arms and throat. Her body looked full of resistance, like a giant's; but the strange thing was the two umbrellas she shook in front of her.

WHATEVER was the curse she carried, it certainly had the proper effect on Paddy, for as she passed he gave the horse such a shove that we rolled down one hill and half up the next before I could question him.

"'Tis a doom she carried," he said, and would not speak about it.

"But how about those two umbrellas?" I persisted.

"Oh," he cheered up, "I guess one of thim is for the rain and one for the shine."

But I thought that, being Irish, probably one was for herself and one for her better self.

Even the longest mile must have its ending, and it was paradise to have mine end at Mrs. O'Leary's. The pretty white cottage with the donkey browsing beside a flowering bush in front, and the pig contentedly grunting beside him, was a cheerful contrast to the first old hut we passed, where Michael was born.

As I walked up the cobbled path bordered with field flowers Mrs. O'Leary, seeing a visitor, opened the half door and met me with a smile the whole German Army would have surrendered to. Sure she was glad to see anyone from "Ameriky." Hadn't she been there herself once as a girl, and hadn't she this minute a son and two daughters there, and wasn't Michael in "Ameriky" when he was called? "Now will ye have a cup of tay?"

"You've got a grand son, Mrs. O'Leary," I said, "and Ireland's a grand country."

"We have not," I heard a staccato voice behind me, and Mr. O'Leary shook me warmly by the hand. "I've never had a day o' peace in this house since that b'y took to earnin' medals. I'd as soon he'd be on the enemy's side and not earnin' so many medals."

"Of course you're for the other side, Mr. O'Leary," I laughed; and he answered me seriously enough: "I was that, until I heard they were killing the dead and wounded, and then I turned for England."

As Mrs. O'Leary busied herself about the tea himself went to the cupboard on one side of the large, single, ground room and, taking from its nook a handsomely flowered cup, blew into it hospitably to make sure it was dustless, and then presented it to me for my "tay."

It was wonderful to think this little cottage would one day be a great shrine in Ireland. As we sat before the open peat fire, with the stir-about bubbling on its iron crane, the dog and the cat at each side, a few homely saints' pictures on the walls, and that beautiful picture of the mountain twilight framed by the open window itself, through which the donkey's ears perked, it seemed that all the dignity and humor of Ireland blended with the evening twilight and the pig struggling through the half door together.

YET what poem or play of Yeats, of Lady Gregory, could equal the story of this little cabin that had seen four children leave to go out to America, "with the foot-free way o' the young," leaving the old folks lonely yet resigned, with that strange Irish fatalism that kept them from murmuring when Michael, "the b'y of me heart," came back only to go out and fight for a flag which his father had never spoken of as Ireland's?

"Were you surprised to hear of Michael's great honor in receiving the first Victoria Cross and then the Russian and the French Legions of Honor?" I asked Mrs. O'Leary.

"We were not," Mr. O'Leary replied laconically, while Mrs. O'Leary smiled as she sipped her tea, and himself applied more openly to his saucerful.

"We were that surprised it nearly killed us," said Mrs. O'Leary without a glance at himself. "I had never a tilligram before. They had no right to send me one, me expecting me b'y killed every minute."

"They had not," said Mr. O'Leary.

"Himself and I were sittin' together like this evenin', only it was mornin'," continued Mrs. O'Leary undaunted, "and up comes a b'y on one of them bicycle-automobiles, and he hands me the tilligram, but I dursn't read it. 'Tis death of Michael,' I says, and off we went to the praste to get him to break the news to us. We were down at the second turn of the mountain when up comes four more men on them bicycle-automobiles, and they says: 'Could you direct us to the O'Learys'?'

"'For the love of heaven,' I says, 'what's happened to me b'y? He was as decent a lad as iny.'"

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 75

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

Games bearing the imprint of PARKER BROTHERS are not only finely made but are ALWAYS SPLENDID GAMES TO PLAY.

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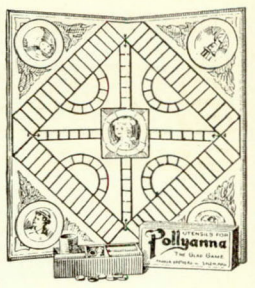

The best new board game in the last quarter century. **Absorbingly fascinating, easily learned in a few minutes.** Pollyanna is a perfect game for Two, Three or Four players. Partnership games are the greatest of fun. It holds the interest from start to finish. It will delight you!

Price **75** Cents at all *dealers*.
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The best loved household game in America. For evening hours, parties, socials. A strong game—full of cleverness and absorbing fascination. **It's irresistible.** ROOK is for two, three, four, five or six players. Price **50c** at your **dealer's** or by mail **from us. Get it** today.

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For laughter, excitement and a rollicking good time Pit has no equal. It is learned in two minutes. It is worth many times its price.

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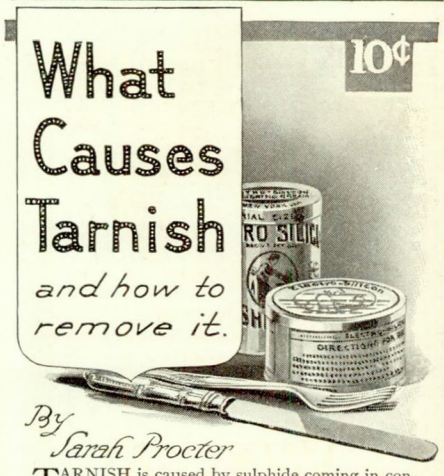
Each will delight you in a different way.

PARKER BROTHERS INC
SALEM MASSACHUSETTS

What Causes Tarnish and how to remove it.



By Sarah Procter

TARNISH is caused by sulphide coming in contact with silver. Sulphide is present in eggs, animal foods, rubber, coal gas, bleached material, etc., etc. The best way I know for removing tarnish and giving silver and plated ware a beautiful luster—and the method employed for nearly fifty years by owners of valuable plate—is to apply Electro-Silicon with a piece of soft flannel.

You can get Electro-Silicon at nearly all grocers', druggists', jewelers' and department stores. It comes in Powder and Cream form for 10c. The Cream is also put up in a Big Enameled Tin Package at 25c, which gives you 50 per cent. more material than can be purchased for 25c from other manufacturers in the ordinary 8 oz. Glass Jars. If you cannot get it readily send to the Electro Silicon Co., 28 Cliff St., New York, or send a 2c stamp for Sample of the Powder and Cream.

COLUMBIA MERCERIZED CROCHET

The cotton noted for its lasting lustre, smoothness, and durability. Made by the makers of the famous Columbia Yarns—that is sufficient guarantee of its high quality.

White and ecru in all sizes. Colors in four coarse sizes.

ONE PRICE 10c
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The Columbia Cottons Manual of Crocheting (Third Series)—10c at dealers or by mail—shows beautiful articles and tells how to make them.

COLUMBIA COTTONS
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Your Christmas Gifts to Mother and Sister Should Include a Box of

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

They will appreciate the comfort and the smart style of these snug-fitting, knit-to-shape stockings.

Nature's shape of foot, ankle and leg is knit-in without seams by special patented machines, unlike any others in the world.

Burson Hose, tho seamless, retain their shape thru wear and washing.

Mercerized, Lisle and Cotton
25c, 35c
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Made in Regular, Outsize, Trunk Top, Rib Top, White Sole and White Foot Styles.

If your dealer will not supply you, write us. Booklet sent free upon request.

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One of the Greatest of French Actresses, writes:

"Suprema Cold Cream, which I have used during my tour of America, has shown me what a cold cream can be—it far surpasses the French creams."

Suprema Cold Cream

For the woman who keeps in touch with the newest in toilet preparations, both here and abroad, Suprema Cold Cream is indeed the ultimate attainment. Its purity, delicacy and subtle but lasting perfume combine to make Suprema the cold cream that is indisputably correct. Women who know, prefer it.

Your druggist should have Suprema Toilet Preparations; or, a large jar of Suprema Cold Cream by mail for fifty cents.

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Rest Your Feet in "Yipsi" Shoes

Indian moccasin — genuine buckskin — soft, comfortable. Buckskin sole — long wear. *Write for catalog.* Dealers write for terms.

Send for a Pair on Trial

Men's sizes 5½ to 10, $2.50
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YPSILANTI INDIAN SHOE CO.
1249 East Cross St. Ypsilanti, Mich.

NO MONEY

Just ask for a generous trial bottle; 3-in-One cleans and polishes all veneered and varnished surfaces; saves old furniture. Write 3-IN-1 OIL CO., 42CVM. Broadway, New York

IN THE LAND OF MICHAEL O'LEARY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74)

"He was that," said Mr. O'Leary.

"And then they says, says they: 'Mrs. O'Leary, mam, if you be the mother of Michael O'Leary, you're the greatest woman in Ireland.'"

"You are," said Mr. O'Leary—and her honest, gentle face shone.

"They were writers on the papers of London and they told us all about Michael and read us about him, too, and they fell to takin' pictures of the house and the rooms, and the church where Michael was an altar boy. Then they took us back and took a picture of us just as we was, himself in his diggin' clothes and all, and meself without me Sunday waist.

"Now will ye tell all our friends in 'Ameriky' that seen thim first phottygraphs that we didn't mane to have thim like that atall, atall, but we didn't have time to think? They was angry that I didn't have a picture of Michael, but why should I have a picture of the lad when I had himself, and when I didn't have himself how could I have his picture taken?"

"And your telegram, Mrs. O'Leary?" I asked.

"Well," she said, wiping off the tears with her blue-checked apron, "I was sittin' here cryin' with the luck of Michael, when the praste came in to tell us about him, and then he opened the tilligram and it was from the great Gineral Kitchener, the one that is runnin' the war from over London; and he said how all England was proud of Michael, and then, before we could git used to thinkin' of the b'y as havin' a medal atall, atall, up comes some more tilligrams.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. O'Leary. "'Twas I that was only wishin' to have me Michael back and not carin' about hearin' about him instid." Then, turning to Mr. O'Leary, who sat like a drape completely covering the low stool, she said: "O'Leary, mon, fetch me thim tilligrams."

MR. O'LEARY walked to the cupboard with a proud stride and, after much manipulation of a secret drawer, brought a bundle of letters, telegrams and newspaper clippings. They had been exhibited at all the recruiting stands of Ireland, as well as the schools and churches, but Mrs. O'Leary knew them by heart.

In a sweet, low voice that trembled she told me their message again and again. Here was one from Kitchener, and one from Sir John French, one from the King of England, and a separate congratulation to Michael's mother from the Queen.

They were from dignitaries of France, Russia, England, from Catholic and Hibernian societies of America—a wonderful collection—one that might well bring frequent tears to Mrs. O'Leary's eyes as himself took refuge in muttering into his pipe.

Then she turned back to the second batch of telegrams and shook them angrily.

"'Twas these that stabbed us to the heart," she exclaimed.

"Did they bring bad news?" I asked, for I had not heard this chapter of the story of Michael.

"They did," said Mr. O'Leary.

"They came from all the same friends telling us their sorrow to read the death of Michael in the papers. Himself and I not radin' papers, how did we expect it? Oh, it was a terrible, terrible day!" Mrs. O'Leary groaned, though it was an old story now. "All the people came out to see us and stayed to mourn, and we made our plans for the grandest wake Ireland ever held, and they all took on somethin' terrible, terrible.

"Then another tilligram came, and I was so used to the sad ones by now that I had them open it just like the others, and it was from Michael himself, bad cess to him, contradictin' his death by sayin': 'I am nayther dead nor wounded and hopin' you're the same.'

"And then we had to send everybody away disappointed in not havin' the wake, and after they came all these miles and havin' made plans.

"Then there was the second time the papers said Michael was dead, and we went through the same sorrowin' again and the plans for the wake and all, and it was terrible, terrible; and thin we got a tilligram from the b'y himself saying he was comin' home on lave, and he was to be driven through London in a coach and four; and now," concluded Mrs. O'Leary, "I won't ever belave Michael is dead until he tills me so himself."

AT THE last rays of twilight I rose to leave the little cottage after a hearty invitation to stay and sup from the reminiscent black pot. "You can take the short way through the valley." Mrs. O'Leary pointed to a straight path, but I didn't ask how many miles it was!

"Ye can," said Mr. O'Leary.

"The Lord love ye," she said tenderly with her arm about me; "ye'll till them in the States that niver do I forget the happy days I spint there. But till thim we're contint now in Ireland, that 'tis best for us to turn from our wanderin's to the auld sod at the end. Till thim, often I sit up here in the mountains dramin' of me young days," her face lit softly; "and 'tis often of an evenin', as I look across the valley, I say me prayer: 'God bless "Ameriky"!'"

I swung on to my jaunting car and turned back for my last glimpse of the little cottage, so humbly great, so beautiful in the evening light, so tenderly, whimsically lovely—it was a memory to always warm my heart as I thought of Ireland.

"May the saints guide ye home." Mrs. O'Leary pressed my hand, and I turned back in my uncertain seat to see himself standing against the donkey, and saying very soberly into his pipe: "They will."

HERE is a contest that everybody will like—boys, girls, mother and father. It gives the boys and girls an incentive to eat and insures their eating good, wholesome, nourishing food that they will enjoy. Builds them up while they are trying for a prize.

First Prize, $100.00

2nd Prize . .	$50.00	3d Prize . .	$25.00
4th " . .	15.00	5th " . .	10.00

455 prizes — 50 Prizes $5.00 each; 100 " 2.50 "; 300 " 1.00 " — **455 prizes**

Any boy or girl 1 to 14 years old may enter before January 31, 1916. Write direct to Ralston Purina Co. for entry blank. Simply measure the children and have grocer weigh them. Fill out entry blank and send to us, with top of Ralston Wheat Food package for each child entered. On May 1st reweigh and remeasure children, forwarding record on result blank with tops of all packages used. All record blanks must be in by May 9th, 1916.

The prizes will be given to the 455 boys and girls who make the best record of development, age, sex and length of time in contest considered. Rules followed by authorities on child development will govern. In case of a tie the full prize will be given to each tied contestant.

Prize winners will be announced in the October, 1916, issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Ralston WHEAT FOOD makes children sturdy

Ralston Wheat Food is just the kind of food your doctor would recommend for building up strong constitutions. It is a wholesome whole wheat food that contains the very elements that build flesh, bone and muscle. It can be cooked in a great variety of ways, making tempting dishes for breakfast, dinner and supper. Children never tire of it. Very economical. One cup makes a breakfast for six. 10 and 15c packages. Get a package today and give the children a start and the whole family a treat. If your grocer doesn't sell Ralston Wheat Food send us his name and 60c for four 10c packages of Ralston, a package of Purina Bran and a checkerboard school tablet, prepaid. Offer limited to United States east of Rocky Mountains.

What mothers say of children in last year's contest

Has not gained only in weight, but has got rosy cheeks which she didn't have before. I owe it to Ralston Food.

His flesh is hard as a rock, where before it was soft. He is more regular in his bowels, too, and sleeps much better.

Has had very good health since entering the contest; troubled only by new teeth. She begs for Ralston.

His flesh is very firm, complexion fine, and sleeps so well. Everyone asks what makes him so fat, and he says Ralston Wheat Food.

Never have to give physic, digestion excellent, bony structure and muscular development fine.

Ate it twice a day most of the time, and often cried for it. I was certainly pleased with the results, as he has cut six teeth in the time, and has been perfectly well.

She was bothered with constipation a great deal, but is not now.

Good digestion, better appetite, seems stronger, and has had less colds than a year ago this winter.

Much healthier color, better appetite, general health and strength improved. Has learned to love Ralston Wheat Food.

Before using this food he was troubled with constipation, but now is very regular and also full of life. My boy boilers for his Ralston Food every meal.

Bowels more regular. Sleeps better and longer.

More robust and the bowels are in better condition. Has been stronger in every way this winter.

He is decidedly stronger. Bowels regular. Sleeps better and much happier in disposition.

Sleeps better, less nervous. Joseph had one week's sickness during this contest, and could keep nothing on his stomach except Ralston. Even milk toast, etc., would not stay on his stomach, but could retain Ralston every time.

General improvement in health. Much improvement in bowel movement. Better complexion.

Ralston's was the only food he would take after being weaned. It has regulated his bowels, as before its use he was constipated.

Joseph has always tired of and fussed at other cereals. He has never tired of Ralston. His bowels are also better.

Better color, digestion is much improved, cured of constipation.

Development Chart

Purina Whole Wheat Flour

Makes delicious bread and muffins. Will help develop the youngsters and increase chance of prize. Try it. Ask your grocer for 5-lb. carton or 6-lb. or 12-lb. Checkerboard Bag.

Purina Sterilized Bran

An ideal digestive and bowel regulator food. Not an ordinary bran, but a scientifically prepared bran so milled that to all the laxative virtues of the wheat hull is added the nutritive value of the grain. Makes delicious bread, muffins, breakfast food, etc. Large carton.

Ask for this Free Chart

It shows height, weight and measurements of average boy and girl one to fourteen years old. Contains many suggestions about diet and care of children; has tape line attachment for accurate measurements and space for recording same. Folder of recipes sent with each chart.

Ralston Purina Company
810 Gratiot Street St. Louis, Mo.

Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup

YOU know—one of the rarest things in the world about a tomato catsup is the *real tomato flavor.*

But here is Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup, the *natural tomato catsup,* with all the full rich flavor of the tomato retained from the vines for your table.

Tomatoes famous for flavor, ripened on the vines near Rochester plant—no shipping, no waiting, no recooking, no loss of flavor—two hours to make, bottle and sterilize.

Yet Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup costs no more than other catsups, 15c and 25c (in the extreme West, a little more).

Makers of America's Most Famous Bacon—
Beech-Nut Bacon

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.
Catsup Plant at Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10 cents in stamps for the newest, most fascinating game—"Going to Market"—amusing and instructive and sure to interest the whole family.

THE THREE THINGS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

out the deep lines and the radiance of his tired eyes—"I don't mean I want to be a bounder, Uncle Jemmy. Only—there's a thing a cut higher than a gentleman. And a common man can be that. I know." He was thinking of Lefty.

"So you've turned religious, have you?" Uncle Jemmy inquired sharply. Philip nodded and felt his mother's fingers. "You'd call it that," he said.

"You really believe that some Unseen Power made a bargain with you: 'I'll swap your life for a promise to be My servant'?"

Philip considered, his mind now on that tremendous hour by the Yser, and not on Uncle Jemmy. "'Some Unseen Power'—that's it. But a Power—great Scott! a Power. I don't know about swapping; the bargain was my feeble idea. But I made a promise, and I'll keep it. I was lifted—out of the depths. Some things a person knows without reasoning. If you get very far down and are pulled out you learn that. You pass by other roads than reason to some solutions. Maybe they include reason, those straight, hidden ways—I don't know. Brains aren't built to know. But the things that matter—love and faith and the hope of eternity—we have to accept with precious little help from reason. We've got to resign ourselves to that, consciously or unconsciously."

UNCLE JEMMY rose to his distinguished height—scornful, dignified. "Since you have become a mystic, Philip," he stated, "you and I will have less in common. I never appreciated mysticism. I hope, at least, you'll take no irretrievable steps with your fortune. Don't let him, Margaret," he appealed. Philip's head went back in a shout of boyish laughter and a crutch fell rattling.

"Me a mystic!" he flung at the older man. "Holy Mike! Uncle Jemmy, you're the droll one. Why, bless you, sir, I'm going in for the most practical things ever heard of—Meggy's keen about it. A wonderful girls' club for her and a boys' for mine; why, you'll be in it heart and soul in six months yourself."

He made a skillful dive for the crutch on the floor and caught it and swung himself to his feet, and the two tall men, with the family look—strong, alike, different—in the faces, stared at each other.

And with that Uncle Jemmy's glance fell on the crutches, and then wandered back to the curved young cheeks, the burning, smiling eyes. His look softened. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"My lad," he said, "it really doesn't matter what you do or think. What matters is, that we've got you back. Throw away your money—there's a margin; believe in a dozen religions ——"

"I do," smiled Philip.

"Only get strong ——"

There was a light sound. Philip swung about on his crutches. A tall girl in white stood in the wide doorway; a pile of astonishing bright hair appeared to radiate light; dark eyes gazed, blazed toward Philip; the young face, oval, childlike, seemed yet to have known all the sorrow of life; the face of a child, of a martyr. It was as if a stained-glass window swimming with sunlight sent down one of its tall angels to stand in the doorway.

With that she was close, and he knew her now, his "salvage," the forgotten little girl of the attic of Dixmude. Her eyes shining almost on a level with his eyes, she gazed at him, and her face grew slowly luminous till Philip remembered that his mother had said that the child was "heavenly."

"One does not say 'Thank you,' for such things like as you have done." She began to speak in a low tone yet with the fire of the eyes through the halting words. "You saved my life; it is much. You fought for Belgium; that is more. You who did not have, who were safe and of good honor here, you went to that dreadful place and fought because you were so great big-hearted. You threw away your life—oh, many times!—for us, and for the rightness; it is that to be a hero. And every Belgian owes you—I owe you—the life for you to use."

SHE stopped, and the three people, wordless, stared at her. To the tall boy on crutches there came suddenly, not phrased, not recognized, but overpoweringly sweet, on the fringe of his consciousness as yet, the dawn of a knowledge. This face which he had forgotten, this illuminated, racked young face, with the unbeaten soul looking from it, the soul which like his own had "gone through fire and come out unscarred"—this girl's face might be for him

. . . the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.

The soft voice went on: "I am glad I owe you my life. I will be your servant with gladness for as long time as you live."

And suddenly Philip, swaying on his crutches, felt with an astonishing thrill the clasp of hands about his ankles, looked down once again at a bright head against his feet.

"Good heavens!" groaned Philip unhappily. "Oh, don't! Oh—get her up, Uncle Jemmy!"

But it was his mother who lifted her, and the two held together—the two very beautiful women—as his mother put an arm about the girl, laughing, crying.

"Not his servant, dear child. We'll try to find a better way than that."

Uncle Jemmy, refuged from the scene behind his Jacobean chair, folded his arms across the tall back and regarded the group, amused, sardonic, not unsentimental.

"I think it quite likely," observed Uncle Jemmy, "that among us we may find a better way than that."

THE END

Utter comfort in every step—

with smartest footwear style!

That's what the Red Cross Shoe means to thousands of women everywhere—women who never knew, until they wore it, how really enjoyable a walk could be.

That's what it will mean to *you,* if you will only do this:

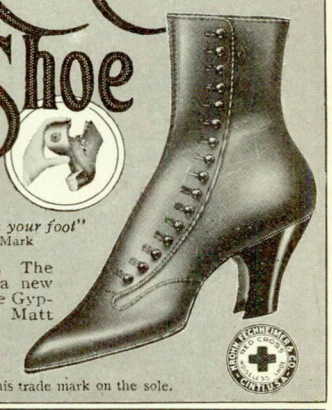
Go to the Red Cross dealer in your town and see the new models. Choose that one which gives just the charm you want your foot to have. *Walk in it*—note how perfectly adaptable it is. *Wear it home.* You will step forth with comfort such as you have never known before—in a shoe that will be everywhere admired.

Write today for "Shopping List," a unique little book for your purse and a guide to what to wear in shoes. With it we will send name of your Red Cross dealer or tell how to order direct.

Red Cross Shoes, $4, $4.50 and $5. A few styles, $6 to $8. Red Cross PLIO, a shoe of excellent value, *$3.50* and *$4.*

The Krohn-Fechheimer Co.
501-551 Dandridge St. Cincinnati, O.

Red Cross Shoe



"Bends with your foot"
Trade Mark

Model 423. The Princess—a new Seam-to-toe Gypsy boot in Matt Kid.

Look for this trade mark on the sole.

Crane's Fruit Cake

delivered to your home, prepaid

Mellowed in airtight tins for 6 months—luxuriously ripe; and ready to ship to you anywhere. Pure, finest ingredients (imported fruits, etc.) cleanly and scientifically mixed and baked by the **famous Crane recipe.** Guaranteed incomparably rich, spicy, delicious—or your money back. **60** cents per lb. (3-lb. to 20-lb. tins). Express or parcel post, prepaid.

Famous Wedding Cakes and Special Fancy Cakes, 60 cents per lb., also carefully shipped to order.

CRANE ICE CREAM AND BAKING CO., Philadelphia

Style 142

"Doublewear" MATERNITY Dresses

conform to the changing figure at all times and do not differ in outward appearance from the latest, most fashionable dresses.

Money Back We guarantee that "Doublewear" Maternity Dresses can be worn both before and after maternity without alteration, giving you as much value as from a regular dress. Your money will be refunded if you are dissatisfied with the appearance or fit of "Doublewear" Maternity Dresses after maternity. These dresses are sold direct to you at savings of $2 to $5, all delivery charges paid.

Style 142 illustrates newest fashion feature of season — the Russian Tunic trimmed with fur. Materials—Charmeuse, Crêpe de Chine or Crêpe Meteor; all colors.

Free Maternity Book M-1

showing "Doublewear" maternity styles, from $1.75 up, sent free on request. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Economy Mfg Co 433 West Broadway New York

Gifts of Sentiment

fresh cut flowers delivered anywhere in the U. S. less than 24 hours old, from you to yours, at prices never greater than if ordered locally. Order your Christmas and New Year's flowers now.

Details how to order anything and booklet, "Give Flowers," on request.

NATIONAL FLORAL CORP., 220 Broadway, N. Y.

THE BELGIAN COOK BOOK

Belgian women are celebrated for their excellent tables and strict economy. This collection of original recipes was gathered from Belgian refugees in England and sold by sanction of Queen Mary for the Belgian Relief Fund. Price $1, at book stores.

E. P. DUTTON & CO. 681 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

KAZOO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Suspender Waists

For Boys and Girls

To assure perfect development of figure at maturity, every girl should wear the Kazoo—a combined hose supporter and body brace. It holds the stockings snug and smooth and gently aids the child in breathing properly.

There are styles of Kazoo for boys, too. They assist the growing boy to stand erect, prevent sagging garments and afford freedom of action at work or play.

Buy each of your children a Kazoo at any department, clothing, furnishing or notion store. Only cost 50c—worth twice as much. If not at your dealer's, we'll supply you upon receipt of price.

Send for booklet which tells how to dress the kiddies.

HARRIS SUSPENDER CO., Dept. C
694 Broadway at 4th Street, New York

"Brings beauty while you sleep"

CHAPS

and rough, dry skins are banished by Pompeian *Night* Cream. The skin is soothed and softened.

Winds, cold weather, dry climates or approaching age dry up the protective oils of the skin. Thus, beauty is stolen from the face.

Pompeian NIGHT Cream

replenishes the skin and beautifies while you sleep.

The expert makers of Pompeian *Massage* Cream have another big success in Pompeian *Night* Cream. It is not too dry nor too oily. It is just right, and has the unguents which your skin needs. At the stores, jars 35c and 75c; tubes 25c.

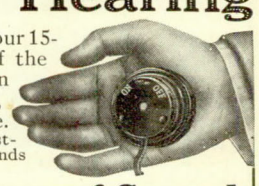
Trial Jar & New Game

sent for 10c. *"Going to Market"* is a 25c game sent for the cost of postage and packing. Lots of fun for the whole family. Get it with trial jar.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 1 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Better Hearing

Write today for our 15-day trial offer of the New 1915 Thin Receiver Model, Mears Ear Phone. It has eight adjustments of twelve sounds in each.

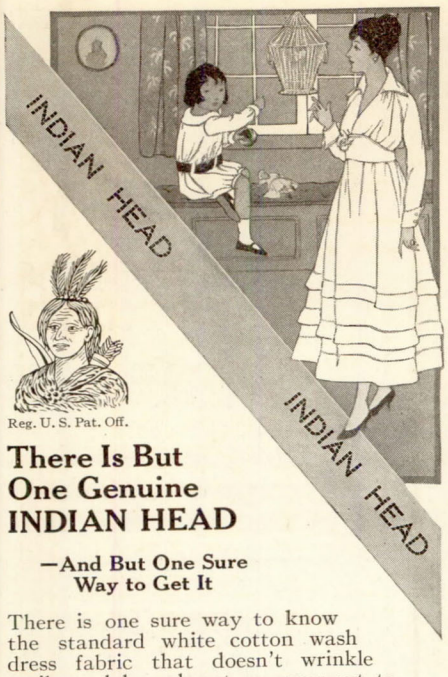


96 Degrees of Sound

The complete range of tone for the human ear is covered. It is the final perfection of an efficient substitute for the natural hearing organs. Instrument hardly noticeable.

Write for Free Book Write today for valuable book on deafness; sent free. It explains our low direct prices to you. 15-day free trial offer. If you are a sufferer from deafness or if you have a deaf friend don't fail to write for this book now.

Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 2019, 45 W. 34th St., New York City



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There Is But One Genuine INDIAN HEAD

—And But One Sure Way to Get It

There is one sure way to know the standard white cotton wash dress fabric that doesn't wrinkle easily and has almost no wear-out to it—every yard of real "Indian Head" has the name in dotted letters on the selvage.

INDIAN HEAD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

27, 33, 36 and 44 inches wide, 12½ to 25c a yard

is the white wash fabric for dresses and children's clothes that has all the beauty of linen and even better wearing quality at ⅓ the cost. Ask your dealer for it. Don't accept it unless it has "Indian Head" on the selvage.

A Useful Sample Make some little girl happy by sending three 2-cent stamps for doll's dress of Indian Head, cut ready to sew with directions. State whether for 14, 16 or 18 inch doll.

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 31 **P. O. Box No. 1206, Boston, Mass.**

INDIAN HEAD

It is easy and simple to keep all furniture as clean, bright and sparkling as new. Simply use

O-Cedar Polish

this way: Wet a cloth in water and wring it until it is almost dry, then pour on as much O-Cedar as the cloth contains water and go over the furniture. Polish with a dry cloth.

O-Cedar is sold by all dealers, druggists, hardware and department stores in convenient sizes —25c to $3.

Liberal Sample Sent FREE

Channell Chemical Co.

Chicago Toronto London Berlin

Use only WILEY'S Lamb's Wool and Satin-Quilted Soles. The patent "CAPITOL," the biggest seller of all brands.

Men's, 45c
Women's, 35c
Misses', 30c
Child's, 25c per pair

Many other kinds; send for prices. Accept only *Wiley's*. At all dealers'. If your dealer doesn't handle, write to us with remittance. Mention size. Address

Box A, Wm. H. Wiley & Son Co., Hartford, Conn.

PETER RABBIT

Jolly little bunny in blue coat, white trousers, with pint hot water bag in body, $1.25.

Mistress Patty J. Comfort, North Cambridge, Mass.

Wedding graved Calling forms. **100 Engraved Announcements, $5.40** Invitations, $6.75, 2 envelopes for each. Each add'l 25, 55c. Postpaid. 100 En-Cards, $1. Write for samples and correct **Royal Engraving Co., 814-A Walnut St., Phila., Pa.**

THE TWENTY-FOUR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

But, no! I was disgustingly regular. My baggage was in the rack. My feet were in their place. My head was not out of the window. I was not smoking in a ladies' compartment. He gave it up, and those noble waiters, martyrs to their passion for accommodation, got the water. I think they telegraphed ahead for it and borrowed it from some museum.

In Berlin we spent five days and were timid and abashed, once more having another new language to misunderstand and another set of signs and warnings to puzzle out. With moans of despair the girls cast themselves upon Miss J——. Miss J—— was a quiet little girl who had averaged two remarks a day in England, Belgium and Holland, but suddenly in the Berlin railway station she had seized an official with a firm hand and had addressed him in thirty yards of pure German—the family tongue in her St. Louis home. Thereupon she changed from an unnoticed fraction of the party to a leader and a firm rock in every storm. She got directions from policemen, bargained with shopwomen, did the quarreling for all of the party with the chambermaids at the hotel, and became banker for the crowd. It was touching to see the confidence with which the girls crowded about her.

I speak, of course, of the first day. Nothing seemed to daunt the girls for more than a day. By the next afternoon they were shopping with great success, now and then dashing back to the hotel, with dazed clerks in their wakes, to consult Miss J—— on the difficult subject of crowns and thalers.

IT WAS amazing to see how quickly they became at ease in this great and reverberating land. They even picked up the language itself after the first day and did remarkable things with it. When we entered Germany Mrs. X——, like most of the rest of the party, knew no German whatever. Yet on the second evening when the girls took up the thrice-daily job of getting butter and water for their tables, Mrs. X—— turned to her waiter and addressed him, with a perfect accent, as follows:

"Looken sie here, young man: Booter und wasser, kalt, sehr kalt mit ice; and get a wiggle on you before I call up the American consul."

The proprietor himself did her the honor of translating this when the young man had fled to his protection.

Most of our time in Berlin we rode about the city in a huge automobile amphitheater in charge of a local guide, who strained his small English vocabulary all out of shape trying to do justice to his city. He was not a boastful guide—only Americans are boastful, we are told by all Europeans. He was simply dogmatic. He stated facts in a manner which would have made argument a misdemeanor at least:

"Attenshon! Fr-r-riedrichstrasse, gr-r-readest strasse fur business in die vor-r-rldt. Now, ladies und herren, ist Unter den Linden, gr-r-readest boulevardt in die vor-r-rldt. Der Tiergarten—gr-r-readest park in die vor-r-ldt. Attenshon! Gr-r-readest sight in die vor-r-ldt! Fier r-railroaden dracks, von über der other. Noddings lige it nowhere—nowhere, verstehen! Ach nun kommen wir par-r-rade groundt! E-normous! Zehn miles long, yah! Ganz recht. Gr-r-readest in die vor-r-rldt! Charlottenburg now ist. Sooburb! Booteful—noddings like it in your goundree. Finest in die vor-r-rldt! Vortheim's! Gr-r-readest store. You haf never like it anything gesehn, nein. Five stories—elevatoren—gr-r-readest in die ganz vor-r-rldt."

All this was especially hard for Miss O—— to endure. Coming from Chicago, where in the last few years they have made rather a specialty of size themselves, she restrained herself with difficulty. But when she looked at Berlin's only department store, its pride and joy, and heard it called the greatest in the world, she broke loose from her moorings altogether. It was a personal insult. She leaned over and caught the guide firmly by the elbow.

"Say, my friend, you ought to see a real store," she snorted. "You call this coop a big store! Rats! In Chicago we've got stores where they run automobiles like this in the aisles."

WE LEFT Berlin in the cool of the morning one day and went to Cologne, where four young men whom we had met on the steamer were very much surprised to see us and immediately offered to show Miss S—— the sights. Our only duty in Cologne consisted of the Cathedral, so after we had walked through it with our heads well back on our shoulders, and had inspected the sacristy with its dingy old vestments, and had walked around the vast and soaring handmade cliff from the outside, the three young men, who hadn't found Miss S—— soon enough, took the rest of the party out to dinner and I went over to the hotel alone.

I ate a solitary meal and went up to my room to write a letter. As I passed through a long hall Paradoni came out of a room with his hands full of towels, soap dishes, napkin rings and other little hotel articles which usually elope with a guest unless closely watched.

I was not interested, but he gave a great start when he saw me and beckoned me hastily into his room farther down the hall. "You will, I hope, not speak of this you have seen?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly not," I said accommodatingly. "What is the idea?"

"The idea"—he spoke very bitterly—"it is that I am robbing the young ladies' room. It is a new duty," he went on. "I have never had it before. The Misses B—— and E——, they are what you call souvenir fiends. They rob the hotel. The young ladies have spoons from London, saltcellars from Brussels, a sofa cushion from Amsterdam. Always they get

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Hotpoint Boudoir Set

Here is that rare combination—giftiness and usefulness—and full measure of both. The Iron is best described in one word as petite—the entire set as chic.

Think of the pleasure it will be to iron those dainty waists and filmy handkerchiefs, those ribbons and silks, yourself—wherever there is a lamp socket.

Connect your Boudoir Iron and in a couple of minutes it is hot enough to iron with. Ample heat so you iron right along.

Standard Hotpoint quality and guarantee, but with sharp nose and beveled edge specially adapted to the work. Attached stand, cool handle and hot point.

But now notice—you can instantly convert your iron into a curling-tongs heater or an efficient electric stove.

Simply invert your iron on the stand, put on the tongs cover and slip tongs into opening (it's large enough for Marcel-wave tongs).

Boudoir set includes stand, cover and folding tongs packed with the iron in a dainty felt bag.

Hotpoint Boudoir set,	$3.50 Can. $4.75
Boudoir Iron only,	$2.50 Can. $3.25
5 pound or 6 pound standard Hotpoint,	$3.00 Can. $3.50

Hotpoint El Perco

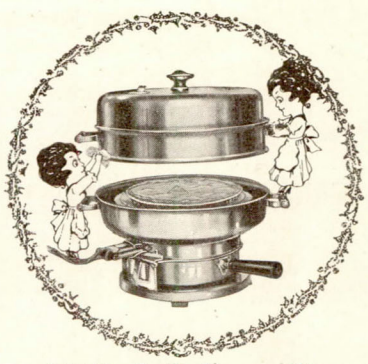
Enjoy luxury coffee—make it right on the table—serve it steaming hot (but not boiled).

Whichever El Perco you use, simply—
—put cold water into the pot
—coffee into the basket
—insert the plug.

Water begins dripping through the coffee in about 30 seconds.

Coffee ready to pour in eight to ten minutes according to strength desired.

9 cup Machine (as shown)	$9.50 Can. $12.50
Aluminum six cup pot,	$5.00 Can. $ 6.50
Nickel seven cup pot,	$8.00 Can. $10.50



Hotpoint Ovenette

Has such wonderful capacity. It's such a beauty, and so quick.

Bakes, roasts or boils anything its size (11 in. in diameter) will accommodate.

As quickly and well as any large oven.

Small operations (biscuits, etc.) are hastened by omitting middle ring, which is used for a thick roast, chicken, etc.

Ovenette contains no heater, but is used over one of the Hotpoint stoves—El Grilstovo (shown above) or El Glostovo.

Ovenette (has no heater)	$2.50 Can. $3.25
El Grilstovo (8 in. stove)	$5.00 Can. $6.50
El Glostovo (7 in. stove)	$3.50 Can. $4.25

Hotpoint Safety Comfo

At last you can apply heat to any part of the body and do so with a feeling of safety.

This new style Comfo is of metal, but sufficiently flexible to fit the body.

Temperature controlled by one finger, in the dark or under the covers, and will remain at any desired heat.

Easy to disconnect at switch four feet from Comfo. Heavy eiderdown cover.

Price (including 10 feet cord)	$6.50 Can. $9.00
Aluminum (not flexible)	$4.50 Can. $6.00

Hotpoint El Boilo

Just plunge El Boilo into any liquid; in a jiffy it begins to bubble—soon it's boiling.

Especially handy for heating baby's bottle or hubby's shaving water.

Attaches to any lamp socket.

A straight, smooth cylinder, highly polished and easily kept clean.

Uses little current. Guaranteed.

Toilet Size,	$3.00 Can. $4.00
Kitchen Size,	$4.00 Can. $5.00
Professional size for Sterilizing	$5.00 Can. $6.50

Buy of the Dealer

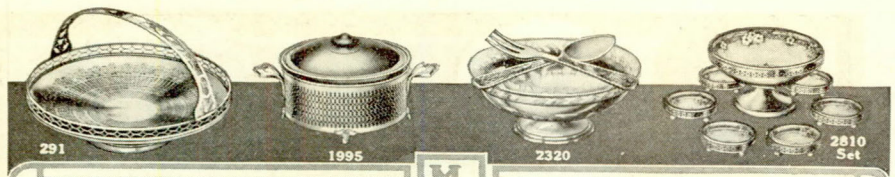
But if you cannot locate the Hotpoint dealer, send check to our nearest office and we will ship prepaid.
Be sure to give voltage.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Co.

New York, 147 Waverly Place. Chicago, 2240 Ogden Ave.
Ontario, Calif. London, 38 Poland St., Oxford St., W.

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co. Limited

Toronto, 25 Brant St. Vancouver, 365 Cordova St.

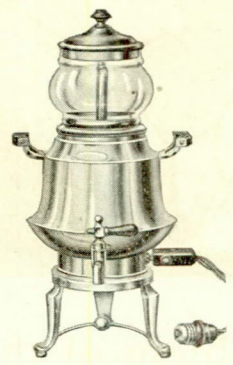


Means MB Best

Give Christmas Gifts That Are Useful

Christmas can be made a much happier time by making your gifts useful and practical. Every woman who likes to make her table attractive by little niceties of service would be overjoyed to receive articles of the famous line of Manning-Bowman Ware.

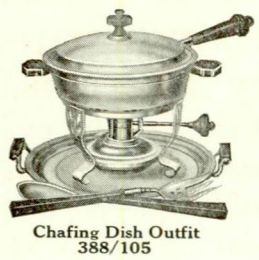
The beauty of these devices can be judged by the illustrations. Their utility and practicability are assured by the fact that



Urn Electric Percolator 12293

Manning-Bowman
Quality Ware

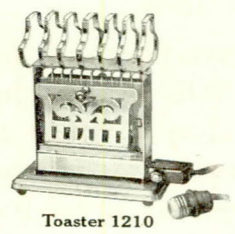
has established a standard for cooking and heating devices for use with electricity, alcohol or on ordinary coal or gas range.



Chafing Dish Outfit 388/105

The coffee percolators offer the most advanced ideas of the percolation principle of coffee making. Over 100 pot and urn styles to select from.

The chafing dishes have established a reputation that brings instantly to mind the name Manning-Bowman. Those equipped with the "Alcolite Burner" have the cooking power of a gas stove.



Toaster 1210

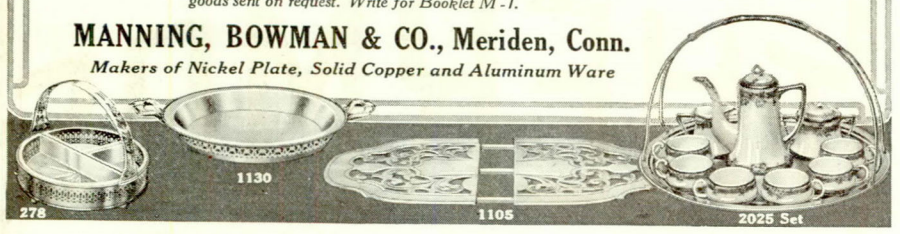
Exclusive features like these distinguish the entire line of Manning-Bowman household utilities.

Satisfactory selection can be made at jewelry, housefurnishing, hardware and department stores.

Catalogue illustrating an assortment of these goods sent on request. Write for Booklet M-I.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of Nickel Plate, Solid Copper and Aluminum Ware



Write for Your Free Copy of

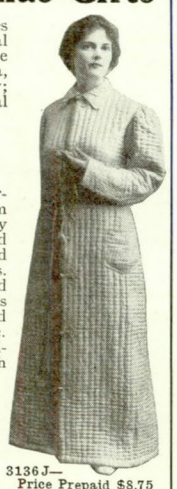
Vantines
The Oriental Store

Catalog of Xmas Gifts

ILLUSTRATES and describes thousands of unique Oriental objects collected by the Vantine representatives in Japan, China, Turkey, India, etc. Write today; your name and address on a postal will do. Address Dept. J.

Japanese Wadded Robes

The ideal cold weather garments, imported direct from Japan; made by hand from heavy Oriental silk, carefully quilted with cotton to insure warmth and cut to conform to American tastes. Included are men's robes and jackets, women's robes, jackets and vests, plain and embroidered in Habutai silk and Kabe crêpe. Prices $1.50 to $16.50. Beautifully illustrated in four colors in the new Vantine catalog.



No. 3136 J. Ladies' Habutai Silk Japanese Wadded Robe, silk lined throughout, collar, cuffs, and pockets tailor-stitched, silk cord and tassels; comes in old blue, light blue, pink, navy, maroon, old rose, black, gray and lavender; sizes 36 to 48. Price prepaid, ... **$8.75**

3136 J—
Price Prepaid $8.75

Be sure to state size and color when ordering

A. A. VANTINE & CO. Inc.
Fifth Avenue & 39th Street. New York

The largest Oriental Store in the world. Established 1866.

UTICA
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sheets and Pillow Cases

THE "Utica" label is a pledge of quality—a passport to the best homes—a surety of longest wear and biggest money value in sheets and pillow cases.

Our "Mohawk" Brand is a good sheet, not quite so heavy as "Utica."

Sold by dry goods stores everywhere.

Try this Delicious Recipe for CREAMED SAUSAGES—Parboil 1 pound pork sausages. When cold remove skin and cut sausages into pieces. Have ready 1 cup of white sauce, add to it ½ cup cream, 2 teaspoons LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE, salt and pepper to taste and bring to boiling point. Add sausages and cook 10 minutes. Serve with hot baked potatoes or croquettes.

Lea & Perrins SAUCE

Kitchen Recipe Hanger sent free upon request by Post Card.

LEA & PERRINS, 237 WEST STREET, NEW YORK

THE TWENTY-FOUR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77)

out of the country the next day safe. But from Berlin they take many things. It is a joke in your country. In Berlin they have no humor. They have telegraphed to the police here. So I make myself a thief and send the things back." He shrugged his shoulders wearily.

On the next day we took passage on a swift, narrow steamer, with capacity for three hundred passengers and twenty-four thousand bottles of refreshments, and steamed for twelve golden hours up the Rhine, past a thousand vineclad hills at whose feet factories smoked and electric trains buzzed, and on whose summits stood grim and blackened castle towers extinct as old skyrocket shells—relics of the brave, bad days when robber barons ruled the land and took what they wanted from the stranger without even the formality of running a tourist hotel. It was a glorious trip without a cloud in it. The boat was crowded with tourists, most of whom were from America.

We spent the next day placidly at Heidelberg, viewing the celebrated ruin and waiting for the evening, when it was to be illuminated with red fire. Three of the boys on the steamer had chanced to turn up again, which annoyed me because of the absurd confidence which the girls had in them. Whereas they wouldn't trust me to mail a souvenir card since our adventures in Warwick, they followed these young men with blind faith to candy stores and restaurants and other places which I should have been glad to show them, if I hadn't fed them so heartily on the way to New York. It was irritating, because these boys had no experience as conductors. They couldn't have brought the party across the ocean to save them. They would have swum to shore if they had been confronted with the responsibility. Yet here was I, a scarred veteran of the conducting business, discredited, while the young women accepted offhand information on trains and street cars from these youngsters and went off rowing with such of them as Miss S—— was not using.

I THOUGHT of it that night while we stood on the stone bridge over the river waiting for the illumination. All the town was there and things were very crowded. It was tiresome waiting. After an hour many of the girls began to murmur and repine. At a crisis like this a man with resource and originality might make himself valuable. I looked around to provide a proof of the originality and discovered a little restaurant. This was my chance!

I escorted five of the weariest girls to this retreat and fed them chocolate. They hesitated and were afraid they would miss the show, but I laughed at this, for with the first excited "Ah!" of the multitude we could step out, refreshed, and see the whole thing. So we sat and rested, and after half an hour I became quite triumphant. We were warmed and fed and rested while the rest of Heidelberg was still waiting for some imposing official to touch off the illuminations.

Presently the restaurant filled up tight, and when we went outside to see what had caused the rush we discovered the last, faint, dying glow of the illumination. The whole thing had come off while we were waiting, and out of the ten thousand Teutons present not one had peeped. They had drunk in the show in silence and we had missed the whole business.

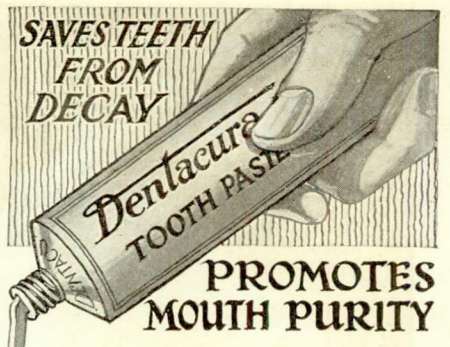
I was very indignant and tried to blame it on the government, but the girls suggested that I take the blame. In fact they insisted on it. They said I had a reassuring air while blundering which was as persuasive as a club, and that I ought to take something for it.

From Heidelberg we traveled successfully to Frankfort and there saw, with no complications whatever, the home of Goethe, the original lair of the Rothschilds, the Jewish quarter and timbered houses with their beautifully carved and painted fronts, and an art gallery which was one of the frankest a modest American party ever wished itself out of—everything of interest, in fact, but the sausages which have made Frankfort so justly famous in many quarters of America. When we loaded ourselves in the hack for the train Paradoni came and sat with me on the driver's seat. He was very cheerful. Another twenty-four hours would see us in Switzerland, where they have regulations, too, but not such obtrusive and sacred ones; and where hotelkeepers can take care of themselves, and then some, without calling in the government to assist. He mentioned this in grateful tones and then, out of sheer relief, he took up his permanent subject of the superiority of Europe.

THERE was something naïve and childlike about the modesty with which Paradoni discussed Europe. He disapproved of France, despised Germany, laughed at England and criticized his own land frankly. But when he discussed America, which he did for matter of comparison some fifteen times a day, he lumped all Europe together and worshiped it. Its worst imperfections were intellectual triumphs beside America's best. Not that he disliked our country—oh, no! He felt as kindly toward America as a charitable old college professor might feel toward an ignorant small boy who was trying to conquer the alphabet.

I had in times past believed that Americans were perhaps a little inclined to brag. But after I had listened for a month to Paradoni discussing the wisdom of Europeans, the cleverness of Europeans, the art of Europeans, the phenomenal neatness of Europeans, the transcendent statecraft of Europeans, the miraculous practicality of Europeans and the impenetrable capability of Europeans, I changed my mind about America. It is a slow nation and doesn't know the first principles of bragging. I was so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



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Purifies the mouth, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums and whitens the teeth.

Contains no grit, acid, alcohol or starch.

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Two of the Most Popular Brands

Princess HERCULES

The above illustrations show the relative popularity of "GOODYEAR 1851" Hard Rubber Combs and other makes.

Ask your friends which combs they use and you will find that the large majority prefer the "GOODYEAR 1851" combs because they are positively the best that can be made. Smoother, stronger, unbreakable with ordinary usage, and reasonably priced.

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For sale at all stores where combs are sold.

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Having no "filling" to crack and fall out, it wears twice as long as the ordinary shade. At dealers everywhere. *Write for booklet today.* Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2325 Reading Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Everything needed from *birth* to *two years;* dainty dresses from 39c; 40-piece layette $8.41. Maternity Corsets $1.50. Write for 60-page Catalog. **MARIE A. STUART, 57 W. 39th St., New York**

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Marlex TURKISH TRADE MARK REG. TOWELS

Two Bath Towels Two Hand Towels
Two Wash Cloths One Bath Mat

The donor may add a charming touch of personality by embroidering the initials of the recipient.

A wide variety of exquisite designs in Blue, Pink, Orange and Lavender.

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It's a soft wheat rolled—a luscious food—with 25% unground bran.

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Please enjoy for one week the taste and the effect.

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THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT
Is a Year's Subscription For
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE TWENTY-FOUR

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78)

impressed from our first day with Paradoni that I didn't even attempt to discuss America at all. It takes a lifetime of painful practice in self-esteem to bring an American to the point where he can cope with the granite-ballasted satisfaction of the Continental.

On this particular day Paradoni talked about railroads. "I shall show you today," he said, "a car such as you have never dreamed of in America. It is beyond you. You have not thought that far yet. Such luxury—such convenience—such ingenuity—ah, you shall see! We shall travel in it. I have secured it for the party. You do not yet know what railroad traveling is in America. I have traveled on your lines. So late, all the time. You see how it has been in Germany. Always on time. No trouble. All system and good order. In Germany every man knows his work. It is by law. You Americans should study system—in this country ——"

And so on and with maddening complacency while I ground off my teeth and kept still out of pure stubbornness.

We arrived at the station and were carefully tucked away in our special car. I must admit it was a wonderful car. It had great plate-glass windows which disappeared downward at a touch and came up as easily. It had comfortable little four-seat compartments and a great open room with wonderfully upholstered divans down the middle, and chairs and cushions in the corners. It even had a cool-water tank—an innovation which must have staggered all Europe when it was tried out.

We arranged ourselves about the car with a great deal of satisfaction. But it did not last. In a minute an official hurried in and ordered us out. There was no argument about it. It was "Heraus!" And out we went, our baggage going out of the window in a stream as we departed.

PARADONI, who had been in the station, came up at that moment and exploded into high German, low German and Dutch with Italian trimmings. No result. The Herr head usher was very apologetic but powerless. It was the engineer who was to blame. He was a tyrant, that engineer. He would haul only so many cars. If he was late he was responsible, and he took no chances. It was too bad, but nobody could influence the engineer. He was a principality in himself. Would we please take first-class compartments in the regular train?

We did so with much pain. But here a worse complication arose: The Herr conductor arrived and he was not pleased. He was king, emperor and sole authority on board that train behind the engine and he wanted no third-class tickets in his first-class coaches. Out we went, faster than we had come in, and at that minute, with confusion supreme on the platform, the station master, who was emperor of all he surveyed and responsible only to the Kaiser, arrived and jumped joyfully into the fracas.

Back we went into our private car with desperate haste, urged on by uncouth cries. But here a new complication arose—the Herr yardmaster, who had sole control of couplings and switches, sided in with the Herr engineer. Suddenly the train was cut, and our car was jerked hastily out of the station and set on a side track. Then the triumphant engineer backed down to his train, coupled on again and gave a cheerful toot indicating that he was ready to proceed.

Shrieks and cries arose from the abandoned car. Paradoni, who had remained to wrestle with the conductor, gave up. "What shall I do?" he cried despairingly as I reached him. "They will go without us."

"Oh, no, they won't," I said comfortably, in my American ignorance. That was all I knew about it. The station master's watch was in his hand. Suddenly he gave the signal. Leaving time had come. A whole carload of passengers would be left, but that did not alter the ironclad rule. The train must leave on time. We had been caught between the cogs of the wonderful German system.

The conductor blew his whistle. But the train did not start. The laws, by-laws and constitution of the Empire bade it start, but Mrs. X——, a not too frail American lady, objected. Single-handed and alone she blocked the German nation and threw a brick into its inexorable system. While our girls were running shriekfully for the train, crossing track after track in defiance of all laws, she sat calmly down on the track in front of the engine.

We reached her half a minute later. A foaming engineer was conversing with her and she was replying comfortably:

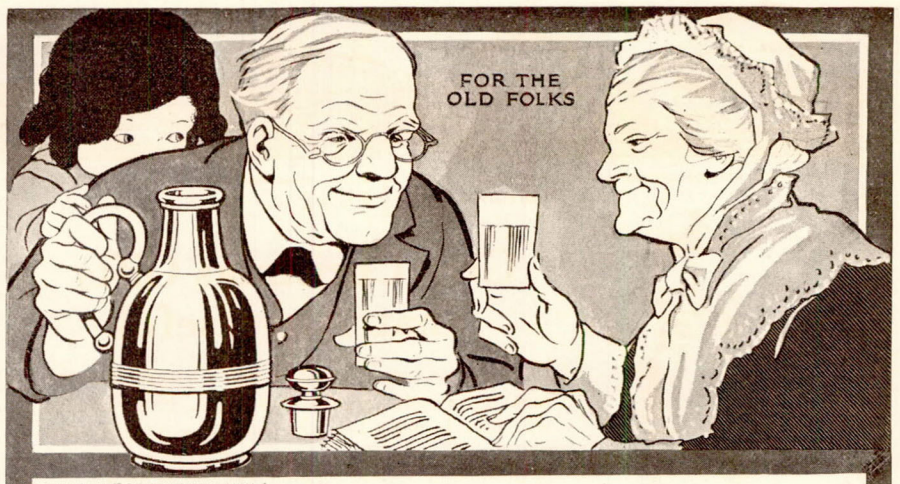
"I don't understand a word you say. Don't waste your breath, young man. Here I sit until every girl and every suitcase is on board, and don't you forget it!"

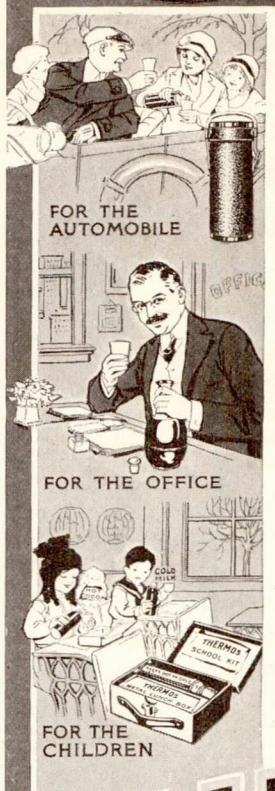
IT WAS an inspiring scene. It even inspired Paradoni with the sacred fire of independence, and he lit into the station master and conductor and engineer with such unnatural fury that they were somewhat abashed and didn't even hand Mrs. X—— over for execution. When the last girl and suitcase were on board we helped her to her feet and she walked with dignity down to a coach. She turned as she reached the step and glared at Paradoni.

"There!" she said coldly. "Don't let me hear any more about system. What these folks need is less system and more sense."

Then we rolled happily off to Switzerland, and while Paradoni sat silently in the smoking compartment I spoke to him at length about railroads in America, government in America, climate in America, engineers in America, and many other important subjects which had been previously overlooked. And I spoke without interruption.

NOTE—The concluding sketch in this series will appear in THE JOURNAL for January.





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Thermos brings to them in the hot summer months all of the comforts produced by ice, and in the cold winter season all of the joys to be obtained by fire—for

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Bakers of

Sunshine Biscuits

SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

Patsy had it on the end of her tongue to say she preferred smoking cars, intending to duck simultaneously under the conductor's arm and enter, willy-nilly, but instead she turned obediently back, reëntering the car and taking the first seat by the door. For this her memory was responsible. It had spun the day's events before her, stopping precisely at the remark of Marjorie Schuyler's concerning William Burgeman: "He's the most conventional young gentleman I ever saw in my life. Why, you would shock ——"

A strange young woman doling out consolation to him in a smoking car would be anything but a dramatic success; Patsy felt this all too keenly. He was decidedly not of her world or the men and women she knew, who gave help when the need came regardless of time, place, acquaintanceship or sex.

"Faith! he's the kind that will expect an introduction first, and a month or two of tangoing, tea drinking and tennis playing; after which, if I ask his permission, he might consider it proper ——" Patsy groaned. "Oh, I hate the man already!"

"Ticket!"

"Ticket? What for?"

"What for? Do you think this is a joy ride?" The conductor radiated sarcasm.

Patsy crimsoned. "I haven't mine. I—I was to—meet my—aunt—who had the ticket—and—she must have missed the train."

"Where are you going?"

"I—I—why, I was telling—my aunt had the tickets. How would I know where I was going without the tickets?"

The conductor snorted.

PATSY smiled coaxingly. "It sounds so stupid, but, you see, I haven't an idea where I am going. I was to meet my aunt and go down with her to her summer place. I—I can't remember the name." Her mouth drooped for the fraction of a second; then she brightened all over. "I know what I can do—very probably she missed the train because she expects to be at the station to meet me—I can look out each time the train stops, and when I see her I can get off. That makes it all right, doesn't it?" And she smiled confidingly.

But it was not reciprocated. He eyed her scornfully. "And who pays for the ticket?"

"Oh!" Patsy caught her breath; then she sent it bubbling forth in a contagious laugh. "I do—of course. I'll take a ticket to—just name over the stations, please."

The conductor growled them forth: "Hampden, Forestview, Hudson, Arden, Brambleside, Mayberry, Greyfriars ——"

"What's that last—Greyfriars? I'll take a ticket to Greyfriars." She said it after the same fashion she might have ordered a mutton chop at a restaurant, and handed the conductor a bill.

When he had given her the change and passed on, still disgruntled, Patsy allowed herself what she called a "temporary attack of private prostration."

The train rumbled on. Each time it stopped Patsy watched for sight of her quarry; each time it started again she sighed inwardly with relief, glad of another furlough from a mission which was fast growing appalling. She had ceased to be interested in Billy Burgeman as an individual. He had shrunk into an abstract sense of duty, and as such failed to appeal or convince. But as her interest waned, her determination waxed; she would get him and tell him what she had come for, if it took a year and a day.

She was saying this to herself for the hundredth time when the train pulled away from another station. She had already satisfied herself that he was not among the leaving passengers.

But suddenly something familiar in a solitary figure standing at the far end of the gravel embankment caught her eye; it was back toward her, and in the quick passing and the gathering dusk she could make out dim outlines only. But those outlines were unmistakable, unforgetable.

"A million curses on the house of Burgeman!" quoth Patsy. "Well, there's naught for it but to get off at the next station and go back."

THE conductor watched her get off with a distinct feeling of relief. He had very much feared she was in no mental position to be traveling alone. Her departure cleared him of all uneasiness and he settled down to his business with an unburdened mind. Not so Patsy. She blinked at the vanishing train and then at her empty hands, with the nearest she had ever come in her life to utter, abject despair. She had left her bag in the car!

When articulate thinking was possible she remarked acridly: "Ye need a baby nurse to mind ye, Patricia O'Connel; and I'm not sure but ye need a perambulator and a rubber comforter as well." She gave a tired little stretch to her body and rubbed her eyes.

A headlight raced down the track toward her and the city, and she gathered up what was left of her scattered wits. As the train slowed up she stepped into the shadows, and her eye fell on the open baggage car at the end of the train. She smiled grimly. "Faith! I have a notion I like brakemen and baggagemen better than conductors."

As the train started the baggageman, who happened to be standing in the doorway, was somewhat startled to see a small figure come racing toward it out of the dusk and land sprawling on the floor beside him.

"A girl tramp!" he ejaculated in amazement and disgust, and then, as he helped her to her feet: "Don't you know you're breaking the law?"

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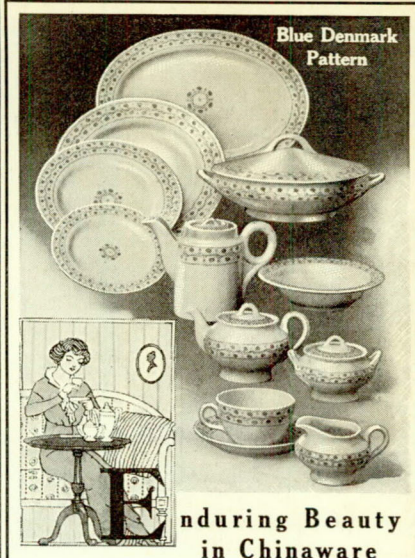

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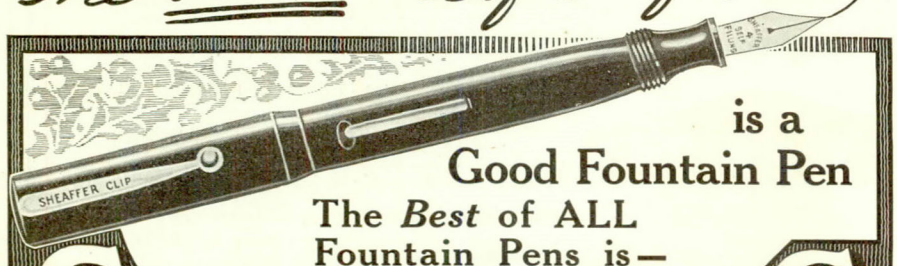

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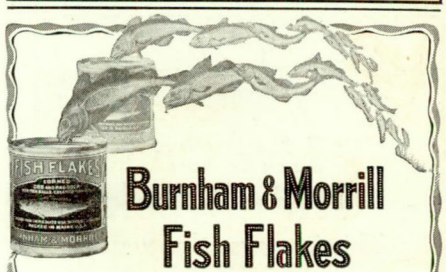

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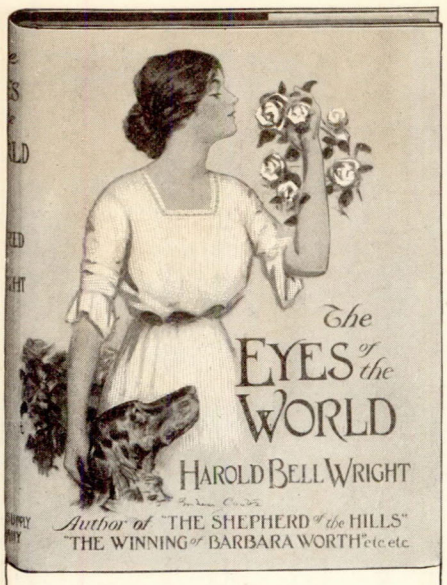

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SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80)

She laughed. "From the feelings, I thought it was something else." She sobered and turned on him fiercely. "I want ye to understand I've paid my fare on the train out, which entitled me to one continuous passage—*with my trunk*. Well, I'm returning—as my trunk; I'll take up no more room and I'll ask no more privileges."

"That may sound sensible, but it's not law," said the man, beginning to grin. "I'm sorry, miss, but I'll have to put you off at the next station."

"All right," agreed Patsy; "only please don't argue."

She dropped down on a trunk and buried her face in her hands. The baggageman watched her, hypnotized with curiosity and wonder. At the next station he helped her out and called a shamefaced "good-by" after her in the dusk.

She hunted up the station agent and received scanty encouragement: Very likely he had seen such a man; there were many of that description getting off every day. They generally went to the Inn—Brambleside Inn. The season was just open and society people were beginning to come. No, there was no conveyance. The Inn's busses did not meet any train after the six-thirty from town, unless ordered especially by guests. Was she expected? Patsy was about to shake her head when a roadster swung around the corner of the station and stopped in front of where she and the station master were standing.

The driver peered at her through his goggles in a questioning, hesitating manner. "Is this—are you Miss St. Regis?" he finally asked.

"Miriam St. Regis?" Patsy intended it for a question, realizing the absurdity of inquiring the name of an English actress at such a place.

BUT the driver took it for a statement of identity. "Yes, of course, Miss Miriam St. Regis. Mr. Blake made a mistake and thought because your box came from town you'd be coming that way. It wasn't until your manager, Mr. Travis, telephoned half an hour ago that he realized you'd be on that southbound train. Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting. Step right in, please."

Whereupon the driver got out, assisted her to a seat, covered her with a rug—for early June evenings can be rather sharp—and the next moment Patsy found herself tearing down a stretch of country road with the purr of a motor as music to her ears.

The lights of a large building in the distance reminded her there was more work for her wits before her and no time to lose. "I must think—think—think, and it grows harder every minute. If Miriam St. Regis is coming here, it means like as not she's filling in between seasons, entertaining. Well, until she comes, they're all hearty welcome to the mistake they've made. And afterward—troth! there'll be a corner in her room for me the night, or Saint Michael's a sinner."

The driver unbundled her and helped her out as courteously as he had helped her in. He led the way across a broad veranda to the main entrance, and there she fell behind him as he pushed open the great swinging door.

"Oh, that you, Masters? Did Miss St. Regis come?"

"Sure thing, sir; she's right here."

The next moment Patsy stood in a blaze of lights between a personally conducting chauffeur and a pompous hotel manager, wholly aware of the shabbiness of her brown Norfolk suit, the rakishness of her boyish brown beaver hat, and the vagabond gloves. But of what value is the precedent of having been found hanging on the thorn of a Killarney rosebush by the Physician to the King, of what value is the knowledge of past kinship with a certain Dan O'Connell, if one allows a little matter of clothes to spoil one's entrance and murder one's lines?

The blood came flushing back into Patsy's cheeks, turning them the color of thornbloom, and her eyes deepened to the blue of Killarney, sparkling as when the sun goes a-dancing. She smiled—a fresh, radiant, witching smile—upon that clay lump of commercialism until she saw his appraisement of her treble its original figure. Then she said sweetly:

"I have had rather a hard time getting here, Mr. Blake; making connections in your country is not always as simple as one might expect. My room, please." And, with the air of a grand duchess, Patsy O'Connel, late of the Irish National Players, Dublin, led the way across one of the most brilliant summer hotel foyers in America.

As she entered the elevator a young man stepped out, a young man with a small, blond, persevering mustache, a rather thin, æsthetic, melancholy face, and a myopic squint. He wore a Balmacaan of Scotch tweed and carried a round plush hat.

Patsy turned to the bellboy: "Did that man arrive tonight?"

"Yes, miss; I took him up."

"What is his name—do you know?"

"Can't say, miss. I'll find out, if you like."

"There is no need. I rather think I know it myself." And under her breath she ejaculated: "Good heaven!"

IV—The Occupant of a Balmacaan Coat

SAFE in her room, with the door closed and locked, Patsy stood transfixed before a trunk—likewise closed and locked.

"Thank heaven for many blessings!" she said fervently. "Thank heaven Miriam St. Regis has worn wigs of every conceivable color and style on the stage, so there is small chance of anyone here knowing the real color of her hair. Thank heaven she's given to missing her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

Who Knows Better What's Good?

Bobbie and Bettie are very good sometimes—two or three times a week, at least—though you might never guess it from their roguish faces, and then mamma gives them for dessert something which they like very much. More often than anything else it is Jell-O, not merely because it is more economical and easier to prepare than the other good things they like, but because they prefer it to almost anything else and because it is good for them.

JELL-O

is pure and wholesome, and it makes up into an almost infinite variety of dishes, some to appeal to the most fastidious appetites, and others to satisfy any healthy appetite.

There could not be anything better for the Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner dessert than one of these delicious dishes. It can be made as simple or as elaborate as any one could wish, just as the Jell-O dessert for every-day dinner can.

About New Year's Day we shall be prepared to supply our friends with copies of the New Jell-O Book, which is the most interesting and beautiful ever issued. It tells the story of a lovely young bride, who knew nothing about cooking, but who soon learned how to make up delicious desserts and salads. Her experiences are illustrated in reproductions of beautiful paintings made for the book by a Boston artist. If you will write to us now and ask for a copy of this book, it will be sent to you as soon as we receive the first lot from the printers.

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In the meantime, if you have not had one of the famous Kewpie Jell-O Books, and will write and tell us so, we shall be glad to send one to you.

Jell-O is made in seven *pure fruit* flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each **10** cents at any grocery or general store.

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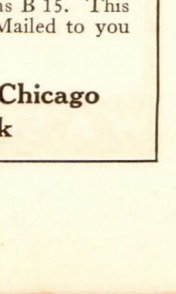

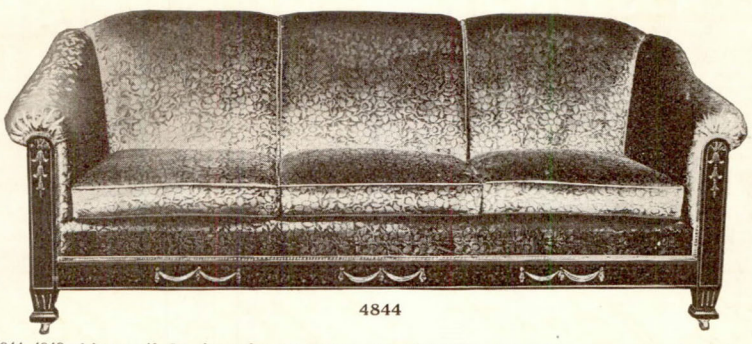

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4844–4848 Adam motif, Genuine mahogany, Karpenesque upholstering. Covered in an engraved velour in blue or mulberry. Moderate prices. This suite comprises a davenport, large arm chair, fire-side chair, and small arm chair and rocker, ladies' size. A four-legged table and a davenport table are made also to go with this suite.

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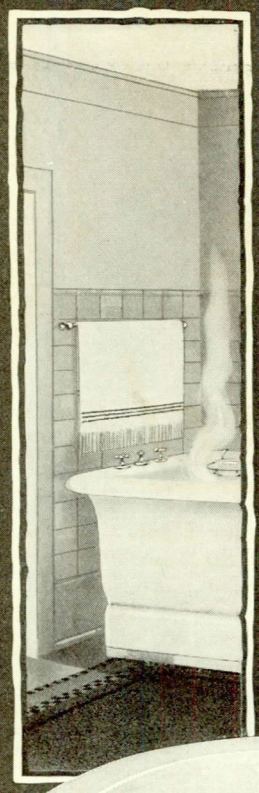

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The white oval cake fits the hand

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

5¢

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81)

engagements and not wiring about it until the next day. Thank heaven I've played with her long enough to imitate her mannerisms, and know her well enough to explain away the night, if the need ever comes. But, holy Saint Patrick! how will I ever be getting inside that trunk?"

On the heels of her fervor came an inspiration. Off came her gloves and hat, off came coat and skirt, blouse and shoes, and into the closet they all went. For, whereas Patsy could carry off her shabbiness before masculine eyes, she had neither the desire nor the fortitude to brave the keener, more critical vision of her own sex, and above all else did she stand in awe of the opinion of the hotel chambermaid. Unlocking her door, she rang the bell; then crept in between the covers of her bed, drawing them up about her.

The chambermaid came and Patsy ordered the housekeeper. The housekeeper came and Patsy explained to her the loss of her bag—the loss of the keys was only implied; it was a part of Patsy's creed of life never to lie unless cornered. She further implied that she was entertaining no worry, as a well-appointed hotel always carried a bunch of skeleton trunk keys for the convenience of its guests.

PATSY'S inspiration worked to perfection. In a few minutes the Inn had proved itself a well-appointed hostelry, and the trunk stood open before her. Alone again, she slipped out of bed—to lock the door and investigate. A wistaria lounging robe was on in a twinkling, with quilted slippers to match. Then Patsy's eager fingers drew forth a dark emerald velvet, with bodice and panniers of gold lace, and she clasped it ecstatically in her arms. "Miriam always had divine taste, but the fairies must have guided her hand for the choosing of this."

"Miss St. Regis" dined in her own room, and she dined like a king's daughter, with an appetite whetted by weeks of convalescing, charity fare. Even the possible appearance at any minute of her original self offered no terrors for her in the presence of such a soul-satisfying, hunger-appeasing feast.

At nine-thirty that evening, when the manager sent the hall boy to call her, she looked every inch the king's daughter she had dined. She was ravishing. The green and gold brought out the tawny red glint of her hair, which was bound with two gold bands about the head, ending in tiny emerald clasps over the barely discoverable tips of her ears; little gold shoes twinkled in and out of the clinging green as she walked.

"Faith! I feel like a whiff of Old Ireland herself," was Patsy O'Connel's subconscious comment as "Miss St. Regis" crossed the stage; and something of the feeling must have been wafted across the footlights to the audience, for it drew in its breath with a little gasp of genuine appreciation.

She heard it and was grateful for the few seconds it gave her to look at the program the manager had handed her as she was entering. It had never occurred to her that Miss St. Regis might arrange her program beforehand, that the audience might be expecting something definite and desired in the form of entertainment. It took all her control to keep from bolting for the little stage door after one glance at the paper. Her eye had caught the impersonation of two American actresses she had never seen, the reading of a Hawaiian love poem she had never heard of, and scenes from two plays she had never read. It was all too deliciously, absurdly horrible for words; and then Patsy O'Connel geared up her wits, as any true kinswoman of Dan's should.

IN A FLASH there came back to her what the company had done once when they were playing one-night stands and the wrong scenery had come for the play advertised. It was worth trying here.

"Dear people," said Patsy O'Connel-St. Regis, smiling at the audience as one friend to another, "I have had so many requests from among you—since I made out my program—to give instead an evening of old Irish tales, that I have—capitulated; you shall have your wish." The almost unbelievable applause that greeted her tempted her to further wickedness. "So few people seem ever to remember that I had an Irish grandfather, Denis St. Regis, and that I like once in a while to be getting back to the sod."

There was something so hypnotic in her intimacy—this taking of everyone into her confidence—that one budding youth forgot himself entirely and naïvely remarked: "It's a long way to Tipperary."

That clinched her success. She might have chanted "Old King Cole" and reaped a houseful of applause. As it was, she turned faërie child and led them all forth to the Land of Faërie—a world that neighbored so close to the real with Patsy O'Connel that she had acquired the habit of carrying a good bit of it about with her wherever she went. It was small wonder, therefore, that when she fixed upon a certain young man in the audience, a man with a persevering mustache, an æsthetic face and a melancholy myopic squint, and told the last tale to him direct, that he felt called upon to go up to her at the end and express his abject, worshipful admiration.

"That's all right," Patsy cut him short, "but it would sound so much nicer outside, somewhere in the moonlight—away from everybody."

"Oh, would you?" And he almost broke his melancholy with a smile.

They reached a quiet corner of the veranda, and Patsy dropped into a chair, while her companion leaned against a near-by railing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

"A form more fair,
A face more sweet"

ALWAYS the quest is on for a more beautiful complexion. Washing the face is only superficial and does not remove the skin's imperfections. *Try once more.* The cream that you will call ideal comes to you like a good gift from the fairies.

Crême de Meridor
(Greaseless)

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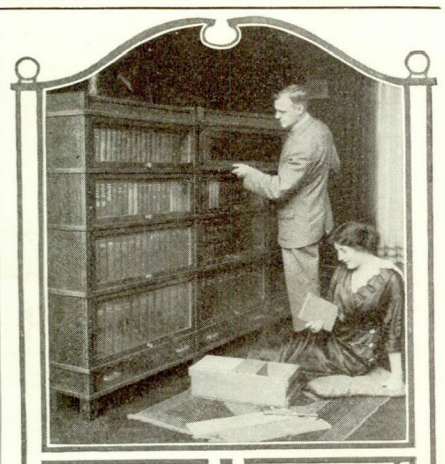

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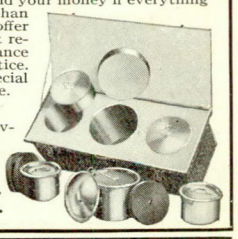

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SEVEN MILES TO ARDEN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82)

"I might have known all along," Patsy was thinking, "that a back like that would have a front like this. Sure, ye couldn't get a real man to dress in knee-length petticoats." And then, to settle all doubts, she faced him with grim determination: "I let you bring me here because I had something to say to you. But first of all, did you come down here tonight on that five-something train from New York?" The man nodded. "Did you get to the train by a Madison Avenue car, taken from the corner of Seventy-seventh Street, maybe?"

"Why, how did you know?"

"How do I know!" Patsy glared at him. "I know because I've followed you every inch of the way, followed you to tell you I believed in you—you—you!" and her voice broke with a groan.

"Oh, I say, that was awfully good of you." This time the smile had right of way, and such a flattered, self-conscious smile as it was! "You know everybody takes me rather as a joke."

"Joke!" Patsy's eyes blazed. "Well, you're the most serious joke I ever met this side of London. Why, a person would have to dynamite his sense of humor to appreciate you."

"I don't think I understand." He felt about in his waistcoat pocket and drew forth a monocle which he adjusted carefully. "Would you mind saying that again?"

Patsy's hands dropped helplessly to her lap. "I couldn't—only, after a woman has trailed a man she doesn't know across a country she doesn't know to a place she doesn't know—and without a wardrobe trunk, a letter of credit, or a maid—just to tell him she believes in him, he becomes the most tragically serious thing that ever happened to her in all her life."

"Oh, I say, I always thought they were pretty good; but I never thought anyone would appreciate my poetry like that."

"Poetry! Do you—do that too?"

"That's all I do. I am devoting my life to it; that's why my family take me a little—flippantly."

A FAINT streak of hope shot through Patsy's mind. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Why, I thought you knew. I thought you said that was why you wanted to—to —— Hang it all! my name's Petersen-Jones—Wilfred Petersen-Jones."

Patsy was on her feet, clasping his hands in a shameless burst of emotion while she dropped into her own tongue. "Oh, that's a beautiful name—a grand name; don't ye ever change it! And don't ye ever give up writing poetry; it's a beautiful pastime for any man by that name. But what—what, in the name of Saint Columkill, ever happened to Billy Burgeman?"

"Billy Burgeman? Why, he came down on the train with me and went back to Arden."

Patsy threw back her head and laughed—laughed until she almost feared she could not stop laughing. And then she suddenly became conscious of the pompous manager standing beside her, a yellow sheet of paper in his hand.

"Will you kindly explain what this means?" and he slapped the paper viciously.

"I'll try to," said Patsy; "but will you tell me just one thing first? How far is it to Arden?"

"Arden? It's seven miles to Arden. But what's that got to do with this? This is a wire from Miss St. Regis, saying she is ill and will be unable to fill her engagement here tonight! Now, who are you?"

"I? Why, I'm her understudy, of course—and—I'm—so happy ——" Whereupon Patricia O'Connel, late of the Irish National Players and later of the woman's free ward of the City Hospital, crumpled up on the veranda floor in a dead faint.

CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY JOURNAL

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Required by the Act of August 24, 1912

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CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Edward W. Bok, Editor

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[SEAL] WILLIAM M. ROCKEY, Notary Public
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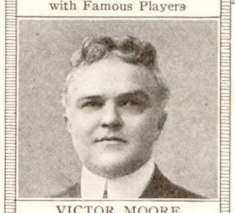
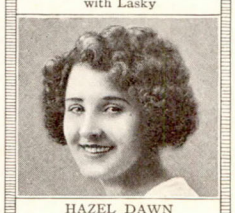
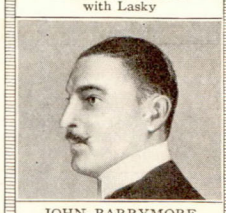
DUSTIN FARNUM with Pallas


VICTOR MOORE with Lasky

BLANCHE SWEET with Lasky


HAZEL DAWN with Famous Players


JOHN BARRYMORE with Famous Players

BLANCHE RING with Morosco

MARGUERITE CLARK with Famous Players

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Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen"; "Behind the Scenes"; "Cinderella"; "Mistress Nell"; "Fanchon the Cricket"; "Dawn of a Tomorrow"; "Little Pal"; "Rags"; "Esmeralda"; "The Girl of Yesterday" and "Madame Butterfly".—*Famous Players.*

Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" and other photoplays to be announced later.—*Lasky, by arrangement, Morris Gest.*

Blanche Sweet in "The Warrens of Virginia"; "The Clue"; "Stolen Goods"; "Secret Orchard"; the Lasky-Belasco Production, "The Case of Becky" and "The Secret Sin".—*Lasky.*

Dustin Farnum in "The Virginian"; "Cameo Kirby"; "Captain Courtesy" and the Pallas Production, "A Gentleman from Indiana".—*Pallas.*

Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower"; "The Crucible"; "The Goose Girl"; "Gretna Green"; "Pretty Sister of Jose"; "Seven Sisters"; "Helene of the North"; "Prince and The Pauper" and "Still Waters".—*Famous Players.*

John Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico"; "Are You a Mason?"; "The Dictator"; "The Incorrigible Dukane" and "The Red Widow".—*Famous Players.*

Hazel Dawn in "Niobe"; "Clarissa"; "The Heart of Jennifer"; "The Fatal Card" and "The Masqueraders".—*Famous Players.*

Victor Moore in "Snobs"; "Chimmie Fadden" and "Chimmie Fadden Out West".—*Lasky.*

Blanche Ring in "The Yankee Girl".—*Morosco.*

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THE UNKNOWN WOMAN AT THE NATIVITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

tears down the 'ouse lookin' for their presents, which are hid. 'Appens they wakes up and finds no presents and no mother, there'll be the riot call for Pembroke Court this night."

"Can't your husband handle them?" laughed the doctor.

"That 'e jolly well carn't," replied Mrs. Biddick calmly; "not tonight. Biddick'll be heating real turkey at gov'ment hexpense this day, while 'is fambly thankfully demolishes sparerib without 'im. Biddick, poor bloke, carn't pass a grog shop and 'im with the price of a drink; 'e got thirty days this time."

"Oh, Mrs. Biddick, I'm sorry!" exclaimed the doctor. "I had no idea!"

"Tut! Don't worry yer 'ead. Biddick's common gossip, so it's no secret," she explained with engaging directness. "It's a chancet us wimmen takes. But the shame's Biddick's; I won't let it touch me whatever. We'll move against the time 'e comes hout."

CLOAKED and bonneted, she stood by the hall door settling a ragged fur neckpiece snugly in place, with Jem Watters approaching her on tiptoe with strategy evidently intended to turn her left flank. Mrs. Biddick surveyed him in open amazement.

"What ails the little man?" she cried. "Jem Watters, you've been to the 'movies'; them beautiful screen people always says good night with such crazy antics. What's come over yer? I wants to know."

Jem possessed himself of one of Mrs. Biddick's hands, and, in full view of the doctor, was trying to slip a coin of modest value into her palm unnoticed.

"None o' that, Watters," she warned him crisply, "or you'll get your ears boxed good. Hi'm no paid woman in this 'ouse tonight; what's done's done for 'Arriet. And why shouldn't I? Me and her was girls together in the 'ome country, and friendship's friendship, which no shillings'll buy." She patted the little man on the head. "Keep yer money, Watters," she added softly. "You meant well; but with five kiddies to feed and the doctor to pay, you can't be —— Well, just keep yer money. Good night."

Jem seized a smoky lamp and lighted her downstairs. Great blasts of icy air heralded his return, and still the doctor sat and mused before the fire.

"She's right," said Jem, spreading his hands to warm. "Hard times and many mouths. I can't pay you tonight, doctor. The baby's a full month ahead, and Christmas took what little we'd saved. We couldn't disappoint the kiddies, could we now?"

"Not by a long shot," agreed the doctor; "this is their time of all times. Childhood is a fabric of tears and smiles, and it is our privilege to make the smiles outweigh the tears."

"Now you're jolly well right," said Jem admiringly. "I couldn't say it that neat, but I've felt it just so."

"But, Jem," began the doctor hesitatingly, "tell me. Are you happy here? Do you get much out of life but hard work? Isn't your big family a terrible burden to you? Times are hard and living extremely high, and yet you have just added another mouth to feed."

Jem pondered for the briefest second, then straightened himself and reached down the smoky lamp again from the mantel.

"Come with me, doctor," he said, flinging open a door.

THE doctor followed him into a room long enough for a bowling alley and frosty to an Arctic chill, their breath streaming out like smoke on the frozen air. It was barren of furniture, save for a tipsy bureau, a three-legged blue-plush chair and two beds. In each bed were two children, snuggled close together for warmth under the clean but worn bedclothing. A cheap drum and a pair of skates adorned the foot of the boys' bed, and a pair of dolls, hectic as to cheek and glassy of eye, were suspended from the other, while four bags of Christmas candy and four oranges were disposed within easy reach of the sleepers.

"Smiles instead of tears," said Jem, touching the skates and including the other gifts with a wave of his hand. "'Tain't much, but it's what the kiddies want, and that's everything to a child. I suppose yourn have got forty times as much, but, doctor, yourn won't wake up to any more 'appiness'n mine will. Yourn are used to more, yourn expect more, but they ain't one dot more pleased with what they do get. You yerself ain't one dot 'appier with your family than I am with mine. You've got all the children you can afford to keep, accordin' to the way you want 'em to live; it's the same with me.

"Do I get anything out of life? you ask me. Doctor, these kiddies are God's, loaned to me for a while, be it long or short, and life has been sweeter and I've been a better man for their coming. We're not rich with gold and land, but in His kindness we—'Arriet and me—are millionaires in these treasures."

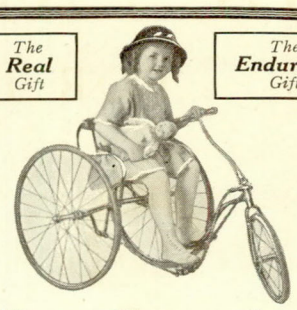
He turned to the doctor with shining eyes and a smile that was rare to look upon.

"Doctor, good man," he almost whispered in the intensity of his emotion, "you've pitied me; I saw it when you thought I didn't; but it's the soul of a man that makes the eye bright or dull. Don't pity me; be glad with me."

His hand went out to touch the other's sleeve, and was gripped in a mighty clasp. The doctor's free hand slipped up and rested on the other's shoulder, and thus the two stood for the space of forty heart-beats, until a pinpoint wail from the kitchen pierced the silence.

"That'll be William Dike Watters," said Jem tremulously. "Come out by the fire."

The *Real* Gift — The *Enduring* Gift



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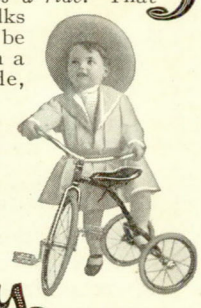
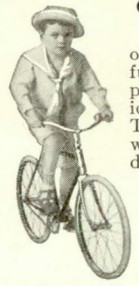


Fairy

Velocipede, Bicycle or Tricycle



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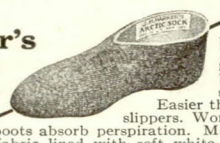

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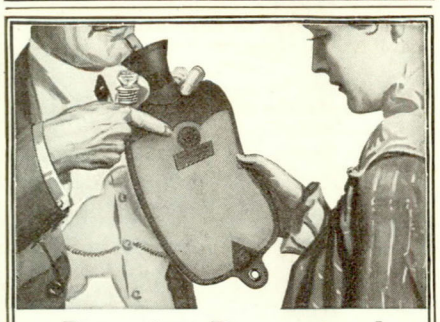

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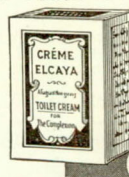

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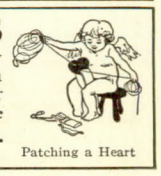

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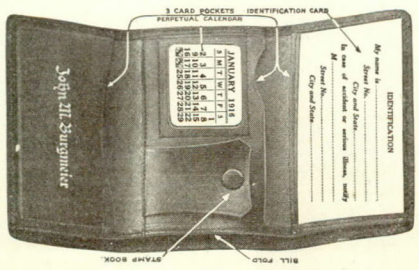
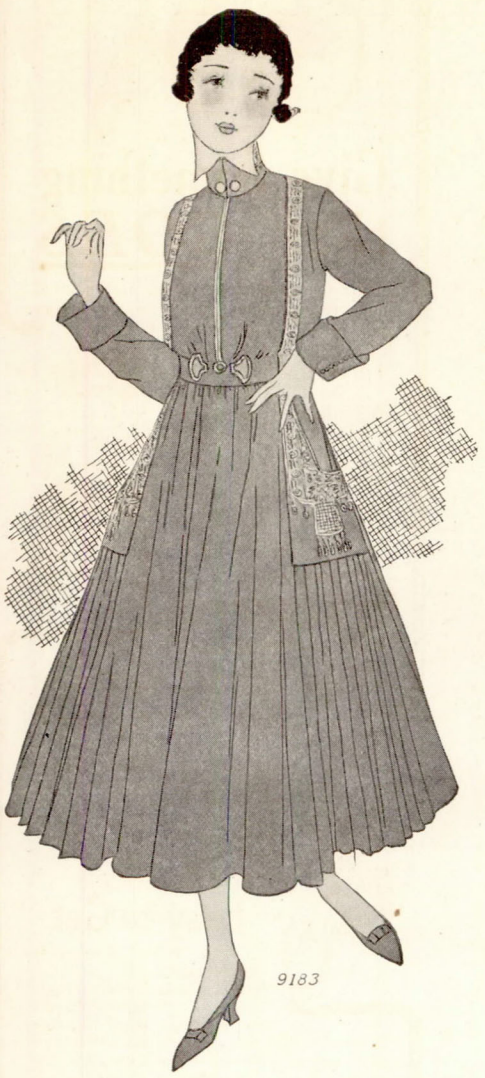


THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

FOR THE WINTER: *Edited by* HENRY T. FARRAR



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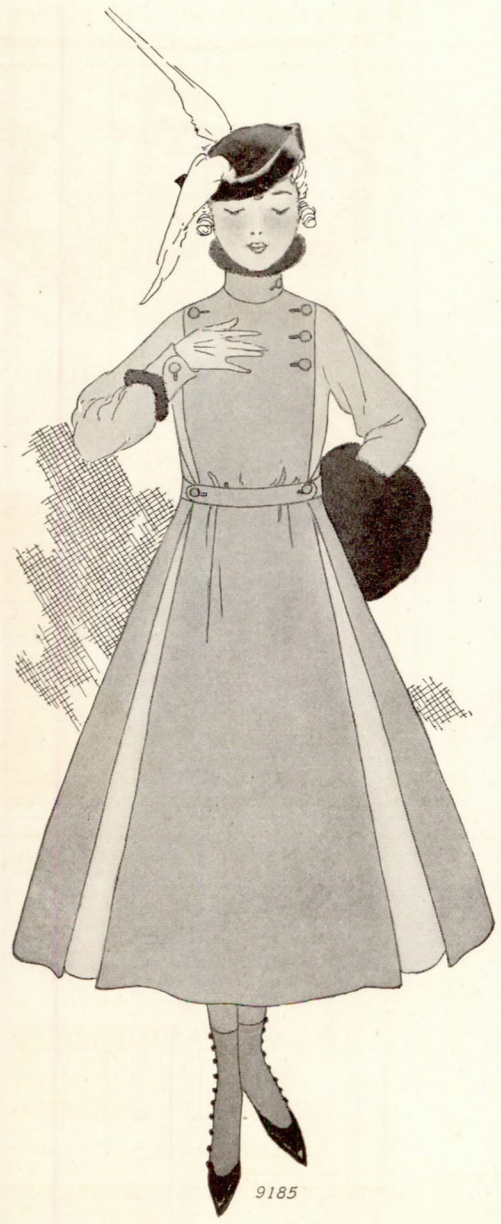
9189



9185

THAT skirts are wide and growing wider, sleeves long and growing fuller, that collars are high but variable, that materials are growing crisper and stand-offish, that chiffon may be combined with velvet, Georgette crêpe with faille, broadcloth or serge, that something of the old in fashion may temper something of the new—all these things you should remember if you are planning a new frock for the expectant daughter who is coming home for the holidays, and are hesitating as to which it shall be in mode or fabric.

Girdled in skunk is this delightfully girlish frock (No. 9187), by Jeanne Lanvin. Made of bias-cut folds of cloth is the trimming, in a wide and narrow width, as on the tight cuffs, the three-piece circular flounce and mounting up to the top of the high collar, with just a suspicion of flare.

As if to neutralize the sheerness of the upper half of the skirt and the bodice, which is of Georgette crêpe in the modest Quaker-toned *taube*, this unique trimming crosses centerwise the bodice, focuses attention on the fullness of the bishop sleeves, runs twice the length of the front, and, separating, tours the skirt. If broadcloth, gabardine, serge or silk claims your preference, remember that any one of these materials may be made like this, or any other old-timey trimming, and that it offers an opportunity for utilizing old materials and ideas in a very modern way.

ALL the masculine intentions of the smart outfit in the upper right-hand corner, from the one-piece coat dress (No. 9189), made of chestnut-brown velours cloth, with Piccadilly collar points, to the dapper bowler hat of black hatter's plush, are modified by the purely feminine preference for curved lines instead of straight ones. Hence the scallops of the front, velvet-corded, with a bit of gold within, the quaint bellowing pockets, cloth without and velvet within, and the turn of the cuffs, which makes possible a velvet ending.

That something of the old in fashions may temper something of the new is demonstrated in the characteristic Jenny dress (No. 9183) of marine gabardine. Old as your grandmother's oldest frock is the style of the full-length sleeves with soft, turned cuffs and simple bodice; old, too, the voluminous skirt of abbreviated length, in four gores, with very full plaited sides inset under the deep pockets. Quite new is the rose-pink stitching which embroiders its way from the back of the collar to the shallow yoke, continues on to shoulder straps and finishes most elaborately on the pockets; and new the use of pink for the collar points and inset at the center front of the bodice.

That the strictly tailored girl may delight in the severest of the mode is here shown by No. 9185, proving quite conclusively that for this type of gown, which combines artichoke broadcloth in panel front and skirt sides, and faille silk in sleeves, underarm and skirt insets—with seal fur its only trimming—cut-off sleeves and low collars are irrevocably of the past.

Remnants may find their place in the making of the bridge or theater gown (No. 9191), which in the original combined Garibaldi red chiffon with plaided velvet of the same hue, striped in green. Using old velvet for the cascaded drapery, new chiffon may make the five gores of the skirt, and embroidered velvet the biblike girdle which divides the skirt and kerchief blouse and terminates surprisingly in a postilion ruffle in back.

9185 9183 9187 9189 9191

9191

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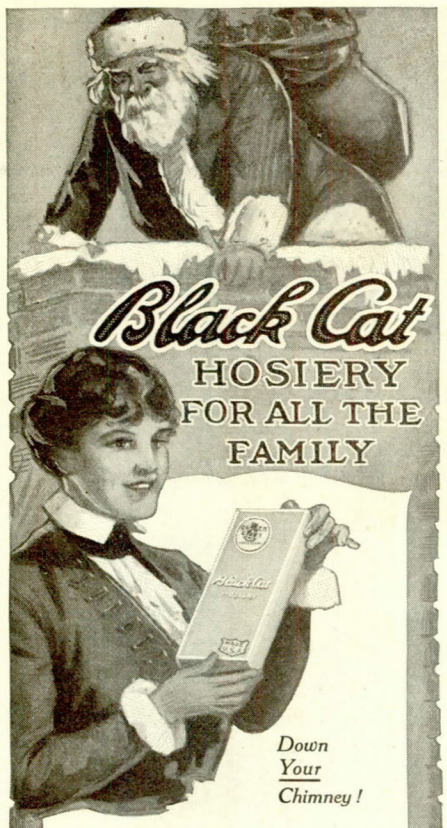
(Page 85)



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NO MATTER what the purpose and intention of a blouse may be, whether to be frankly utilitarian or purely decorative, meeting the strenuous play of golf, tennis or hockey or, delicately transparent, taking its proper place at bridge, luncheon or the matinée, the sleeves indicate the preference for full length and, with the collar, reveal themselves to be the most variable features of the mode.

Free movements of the arms, looseness and ease at the throat and protection at the back of the neck, all this and more the out-of-door girl will find in the shirt blouse, pattern No. 9173. It is yoked in the back for extra strength, and the collar may be linked or rolled down, made with or without bib fronts, and the blouse ends worn under your skirt belt or overhanging, thus rendering double service by its convertibleness. Linen, flannel in gold, rose, Belgian blue, lavender, watermelon pink, lavender and green, and white washable silk are the materials and colors mostly seen, although plaid taffeta is frequently used.

Puritanically collared, boasting not a tuck or gather across its front or back, mitigating its severity only by the fullness of its sleeves and its hand fagoting, and by its avoidance of generally accepted forms of trimming, this simple blouse, pattern No. 9181, merits your admiration. In washable crêpe it would be pretty and useful; in organdie, batiste or Georgette crêpe, sheer and dainty.

THE decorative character of contrasting sheer textures used in the making as well as in the trimming of a blouse is revealed in pattern No. 9186, which is of Georgette crêpe, and with a double fold of wash organdie edging the deep Cavalier collar and pointed cuffs. Pin tucks give what little fullness there is to the blouse fronts, and the tiniest of buttons and stitched buttonholes lend themselves as trimming.

By a judicious use of real Valenciennes lace accenting its cuffs, its center front opening and pointed Gladstone collar, the waist, pattern No. 9171, is lifted out of the ordinary into the particular class of blouses reserved for nice occasions. Pin tucks and tiny box pleats trim it and handkerchief linen is the material.

Smart enough for any affair is the blouse, pattern No. 9190, of glistening white satin, corded as to seams and departing from severity only to the depth and width of its écru lace collar, its spreading jabot and sleeve ends.

Using navy chiffon for the collar with a hem of écru, and écru chiffon for the bib upper-half and navy for the lower-half of the blouse, striking contrast within the bounds of good taste has been effected in waist No. 9188, all of which is trimmed with machine hemstitching.

Audaciously military is the shirt blouse No. 9161, in khaki taffeta, with strapped shoulders, military collar and half belt at the front.

PATTERNS (including Guide-Chart) for the designs on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents each, with the exception of No. 9190, which is ten cents, post-free. Nos. 9161, 9181, 9186, 9188 and 9190 come in seven sizes: 32 to 44 inches bust measure; No. 9173 comes in eight sizes: 32 to 46 inches bust measure, and No. 9171 comes in seven sizes: 34 to 46 inches bust measure. If there is no agency for Home Patterns in your town patterns may be had by mail by inclosing number, size and price to The Ladies' Home Journal, or to any of the following: Home Pattern Company, 114 and 116 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, California; 1013 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri; 36 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Illinois; 183 George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

The second Millinery Lesson, "Making a Velvet Hat," is now ready. Price ten cents. Describes fully the process of covering and trimming a hat. Address Ida Cleve Van Auken, The Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

BY *a* COMPLEXITY *of* PIECES *is the* FAVORITE DRESS *of the* WINTER MADE ONE-PIECE

8814-9176

COMPLEX in its simplicity, simple in its complexity, the one-piece dress of today forsakes the straight and narrow way of its types that have gone before. By its usefulness and beauty only will you recognize it, for in no other way does this most satisfactory of all dresses bear resemblance to the one-piece dresses of other days. Not in a moment can we alter our figures, and no longer are women willing to mold their bodies to suit the fashion; clothes must be designed that are graceful and becoming and that lend themselves to the more natural feminine lines of the present time. So in an altered form, not less beautiful and assuredly more graceful than ever before, appear the new dresses, which outwardly show no indications of the one-piece nature of their inward construction.

Parsimonious of trimming, each detail must be perfected, for it is by the lines and materials that these dresses are made distinctive. Starting out with every determination to portray the straight, unbending lines of the *moyen âge*, the unique gown (Nos. 8814-9176) weakens and permits itself to be belted partially, with a belt that, slipping under each arm, restrains not the youthful grace of the straight side lines. Midnight blue is the color, and *gros de Londres* the silk, of the blouse; and intermingling gold, green, black and blue the plaid of the plaited skirt, which, most generously fashioned, insists that the figure underneath be slender to girlishness.

Possessing slim hips one could becomingly wear the unique dress in *tête de négre* charmeuse (No. 9178). Trimly tailorish is the bodice, with side seams and rolling collar narrowing into revers to the broad belt, which most logically expands into a hip yoke, giving grace and length to the side lines.

AS IF protesting against militarism the narrow-belted dress (No. 9180), fashioned of "Allies" blue worsted, with its only too obvious standing collar and soldierlike fittedness of sleeves and bodice, slits its numerous bound buttonholes vertically, inserts crisp white satin down its center, plaits in the waist fullness, and gathers full the sides of its buttoned-at-the-front skirt.

Exemplifying the princesse mode in its most graceful wearable form, No. 9182, in *morille* (mushroom) broadcloth, deviates not from the essential side-skirt fullness which proclaims the newness of this and other skirts this season. Not even the assured position of the belt, again present by inserting itself sidewise between front and back panels, daunts the efforts of the slender sash to overshadow it, which, starting from the side fronts, languidly ties itself in back.

Infringing upon the tailored severity of the smart dress (No. 9184) below, in field-mouse gabardine, the blouse is collared puritanically in white Georgette crêpe, the lower sleeves made transparent, and the skirt yoked and made wider and fuller by gathered breadths of material.

MRS. RALSTON.

9178

9180

9182

9184

PATTERNS (including Guide-Chart) for the designs on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. Nos. 9176, 9178 and 9184 come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure; No. 8814 comes in ten sizes: 32 to 50 inches bust measure; No. 9180 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 44 and 46 inches bust measure; and No. 9182 comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. If there is no agency for Home Patterns in your town, patterns of any numbered designs shown in The Ladies' Home Journal may be had by mail, by stating the number and size, and inclosing the price to The Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia; or to any of the following: Home Pattern Company, 114 and 116 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, California; 1013 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri; 36 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Illinois; 183 George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

The winter number of The Home Book of Fashions is on sale at every branch office for Home Patterns for twenty-five cents a copy; or it may be ordered by mail from the Home Pattern Company, 114 and 116 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for thirty-three cents (this includes postage). The book contains a coupon which may be used for any fifteen-cent pattern illustrated in it or in The Ladies' Home Journal.

(Page 87)

Good Teeth a Social Duty

The attractiveness of a ready smile

showing the flash of well-kept teeth — the atmosphere of dainty cleanness that goes with a wholesome mouth — the general good health and good spirits associated with regular care of the teeth — all these are *positive* reasons for using COLGATE'S Ribbon Dental Cream.

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CHICAGO'S FASHION WEEK

WHY should not Chicago, the Western center, the second city of importance and population in the United States, assert herself as a fashion authority and take the place which rightly belongs to her?

Through the combined efforts and encouragement of the Fashion Art League, the Association of Commerce, the merchants and the dressmakers, a week is set aside each season to be called "Fashion Week," special preparations are made by the hotels, theaters and cafés, and a right successful week it is!

The Sunday afternoon before, while strolling along Michigan Avenue and State Street, I could see that all was hustle and bustle inside the various women's-wear shops, each preparing to outdo the other in window display; when the shades were raised Monday morning the showing of elegant gowns, luxurious furs and *chic* hats, together with the beautiful floral decorations, would have done credit to any Fifth Avenue establishment, all of which showed me that the very city was imbued with the spirit of Fashion Week.

By far the most important feature of the week was the "exposition of latest fashions for autumn and winter," beautifully staged by Lillian Woodward Street, and given in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel. To break away from the influence of Paris, I was given to understand, is not the object of these expositions, but rather to prove that smart clothes can be made right here in America. Before the showing a dressmaker said to me she believed we Easterners had little faith in any fashion created outside of Paris or New York; to show her how wrong she is, I want her to know that I was agreeably surprised at what I saw; it was an extraordinary achievement — all of it — for fashion and for Chicago; and that I agree with Madame Ripley, president of the Art League, when she says that "Chicago has produced the goods."

IT WOULD be impossible for me to describe the many beautiful creations shown, but there were a number which to me stood out as above the ordinary and worthy of particular mention, and that would compare favorably with many shown in the great Parisian collections. Before telling of the clothes I must pay a compliment to the irrepressible manikins — we all know them by their walk and beauty tint, and we must not forget that 'tis they who help to decide the success or failure of a clothes show.

Madame Marguerite was awarded the Gossard trophy, so we must concede that her group of three were the best. Her evening gown, "Inspiration," was made glorious by its happy combination of mauve and blue-shot taffeta, heavily embroidered with birds, and draped — oh, so simply! — over a white princesse slip, bugle covered. The slip was close-fitting and admirably showed the new slightly defined waistline. Her three-piece costume, called "Good Morning," was of stone-colored cloth, entirely new in cut. The most striking of the group was her afternoon costume, "Good Afternoon," cut mandarin style, of mustard-colored suède cloth, trimmed with light blue and handsomely embroidered; to carry out the color scheme, yellow Japanese sable was used.

Two gowns in particular I want to mention, both made by Allie Bailey, one called "Hiawatha," an afternoon gown of striped taupe velvet and chiffon over changeable rose taffeta, with bodice of plain velvet, fascinatingly embroidered with beads. I was told that a picture of Longfellow's Hiawatha on her wedding journey was the inspiration for this gown. There are several things I can say about it; it was elegant, it was refined, it was modish; in fact, it was what the French would call *très-dame*. The other was an evening gown of black jet and tulle over black satin, the bodice cut away to show some beautiful crystal embroidery. The gown was so simple, yet so elegant; a gown any Paris *couturier* would be proud to have flaunt his label.

A STRIKING but most attractive note was struck when a white-haired matron joined the procession, displaying a very handsome gown of plum chiffon velvet trimmed with real rose point lace. To the tips of her tiny shoes this lady was perfectly groomed, and was a refreshing picture in the *tout-ensemble*.

Mme. Alla Ripley comes in for no small mention, both for originality and smartness; for instance, her "Henry Navarre," a black velvet street costume, modeled after the Henry IV period, was a masterpiece, as was her wonderful opera coat, "The Spirit of the North," made of silver brocade cloth, having a deep collar, shawl effect, of black and white cub bear; to add to its beauty a lining was used of flame-colored Salomie velvet. Were you to search Paris from one end to the other you could not find a more lovely dancing frock than her correctly named "Vision." A just-right shade of blue tulle was used to cover a foundation of silver cloth; the trimming was of delicate pink roses and strings of iridescent beads.

Reminding one of the lovely bodices designed by Madame DeWagner, of Drecoll's, was the bodice of a taffeta and lace dinner gown, called "Silver-Gold." Another bodice requiring special mention was that of dress "Four and Seven"; it was of black grenadine over flesh chiffon, embroidered with several shades of beads.

Space prevents my making individual mention of other costumes, but many there were that deserve it. Speaking with the publisher of the "Fashion Art League Bulletin," I asked if any of the exhibitors had in the past been in the habit of showing copies of foreign models, and he assured me they had not, it being a strict entrance rule that none would be tolerated. I'm pleased to say that this season the League's wishes have been respected, for I saw only one garment which, while not an absolute copy, was made from a recent Paquin coat.

The latter part of the week two interesting lectures were delivered by Mr. Carl N. Werntz, president of the Academy of Fine Arts; and a banquet at the Auditorium Hotel closed the week.

THE FASHION EDITOR.

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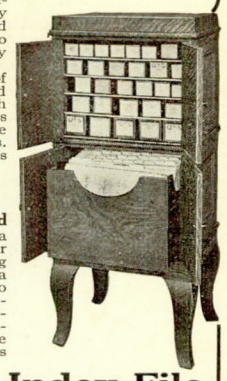

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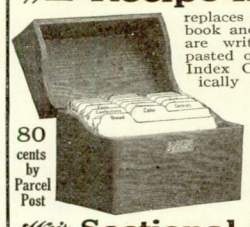

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replaces the cumbersome Cook-book and Scrap-book. Recipes are written or clippings are pasted on the 100 3x5 Ruled Index Cards. Filed systematically between the 23 Guide Cards — classifying Cake, Pastry, Meats, etc. Handsome Quartered Oak Cabinet with hinged cover. A most acceptable Christmas gift. Holly wrapped. $6.00 by Parcel Post.

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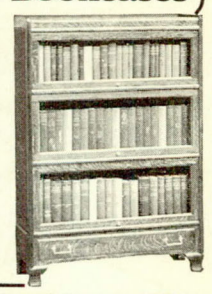

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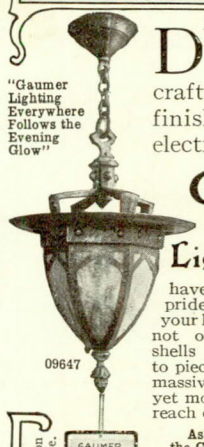

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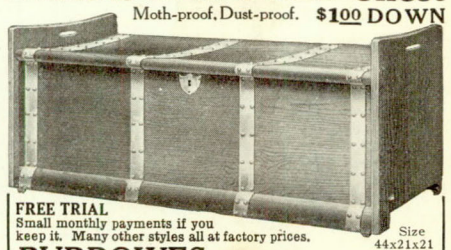

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You will make a man's Merry Xmas last the whole year through if you give him REAL, original

Shirley President Suspenders

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will make him bless you every time he dresses, if you give him the real *Shirley* kind that are easy on shoulders, clothes and temper, too. Three million men wear them for comfort's sake. We guarantee them to please *him* — the money back if they don't.

Nine charming holiday boxes from which to choose make the gift beautiful as well as thoughtful and useful. But be sure the word SHIRLEY is on the boxes and the buckles. It makes you sure of getting the kind that nearly all men know and like and want.

You'll hear him say "Just what I wanted!" if you give him a pair for every suit, and—

Remember SHIRLEY!
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Look for SHIRLEY PRESIDENT on the *Buckle*

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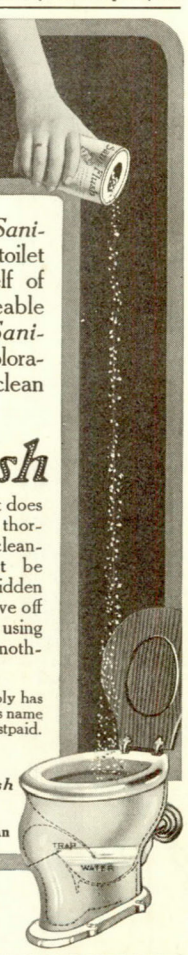

SHAKE a little *Sani-Flush* into the toilet bowl and rid yourself of your most disagreeable household task. *Sani-Flush* prevents discoloration, keeps the bowl clean and prevents odors.

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is not a general cleaner. It does just one thing, but does it thoroughly. Remember, a clean-*looking* bowl may not be sanitary. The trap — the hidden part — may be foul and give off odors. Prevent this by using *Sani-Flush*. Patented — nothing just like it.

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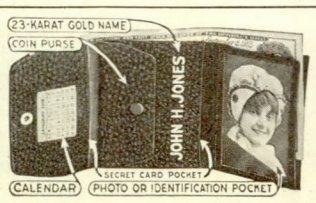

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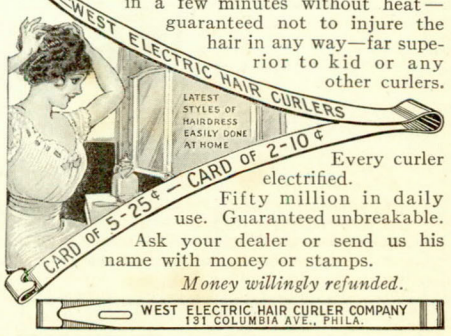

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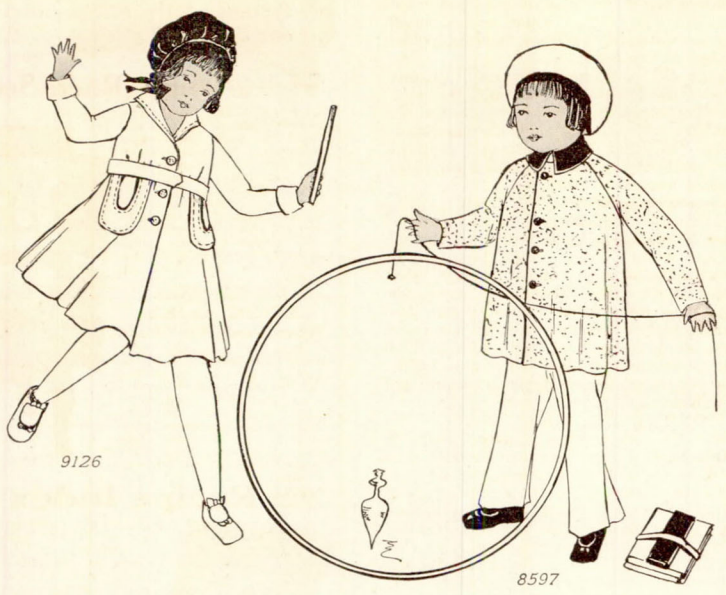
CHRISTMAS DOLLS

Are These Boys *and* Girls *in* Miniature



OF MOMENTOUS importance is the dressing of the Christmas dolls, for the day is hardly complete to the small girl without a new doll or a favorite toy child freshly arrayed in new clothes; and if the truth were really known most grown-ups delight in this particular preparation of the gift-giving season, which so vividly recalls their own youthful joy in the possession of these delightful toys.

The wonderful development of these toys now makes it possible for a child to have a playmate in miniature so like the human body that the doll may be put into the most natural positions and can wear the same attractively practical clothes as are now worn by children.

Real little comrades, these dolls of today! One has only to decide which it shall be: a girl doll or a boy doll or a dear little baby. Dolls of all sizes are to be had, but those ranging in size from about fourteen inches to eighteen or nineteen inches are undoubtedly the most desirable, being easy sizes to dress and to handle. It is not advisable to burden a child with a toy that is cumbersome and heavy.

DUPLICATING the simple styles that well-dressed children wear is the easiest and best way to dress the Christmas dolls. The patterns illustrated on this page are all cut on these good-taste lines. No. 9126 is a charming set for a girl doll, consisting of the coat and hat shown in the upper left-hand corner, the dress in the lower left-hand corner, and an envelope combination undergarment and another hat not illustrated here.

Clothes modeled after real little boys' garments are included under pattern No. 8597. Besides the long-trousered sailor suit shown in the lower right-hand corner, and the coat and hat shown in the upper right-hand corner of this page, the pattern contains another hat and a cunning little union suit and one-piece rompers.

A complete layette for a baby doll, a duplicate of the accepted style for a real infant, is to be found in pattern No. 8055. Who can measure the joy to a small girl in the possession of a baby doll so provided with real clothes?

Underclothes and an Empire dress, a sleeveless bolero and street coat and hat complete pattern No. 9130, all simple garments to make.

The fashion editor will be glad to tell you about these and other Christmas dolls if you will send an addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry.

PATTERNS (including Guide Chart) for the doll-clothes sets, Nos. 8055 and 8597, can be supplied in three sizes: 14, 18 and 22 inches, at fifteen cents for each number; and Nos. 9126 and 9130 come in four sizes: 14, 18, 22 and 26 inches, at ten cents for each number, post-free. If there is no agency for Home Patterns in your town, these patterns may be had by mail, by stating the number and size, and inclosing the price to The Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, or to any of the following: Home Pattern Company, 114 and 116 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, California; 1013 Washington Avenue, Saint Louis, Missouri; 36 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Illinois; 183 George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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This recipe is for YULE-TIDE DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water five minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part ½ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add ½ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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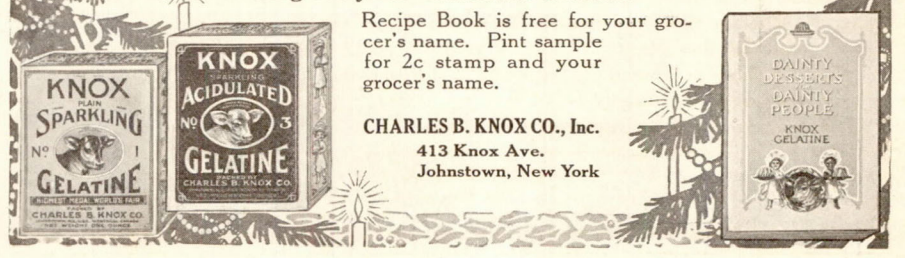

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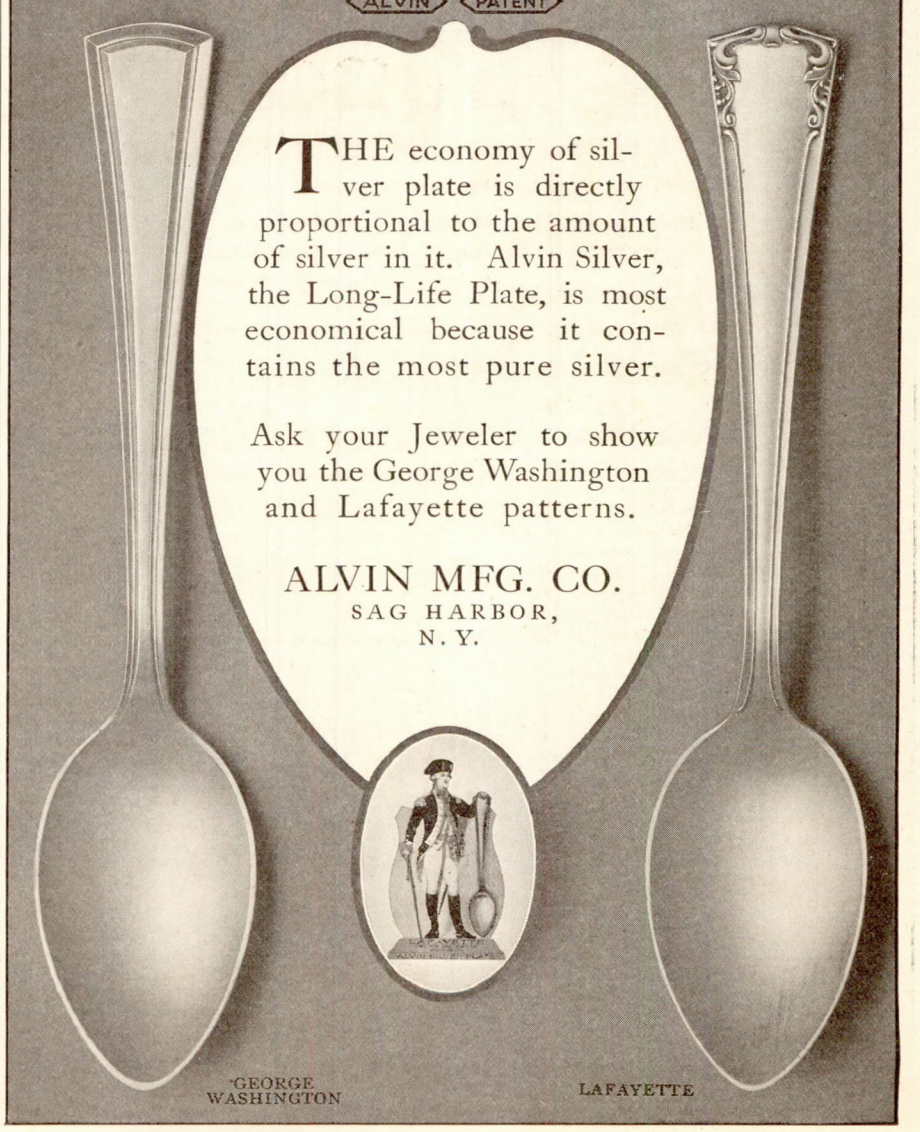

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

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is a light, wholesome dessert prepared from the choicest ingredients deliciously combined with rich, candied fruits.

HEINZ

HEINZ Cream of Tomato Soup

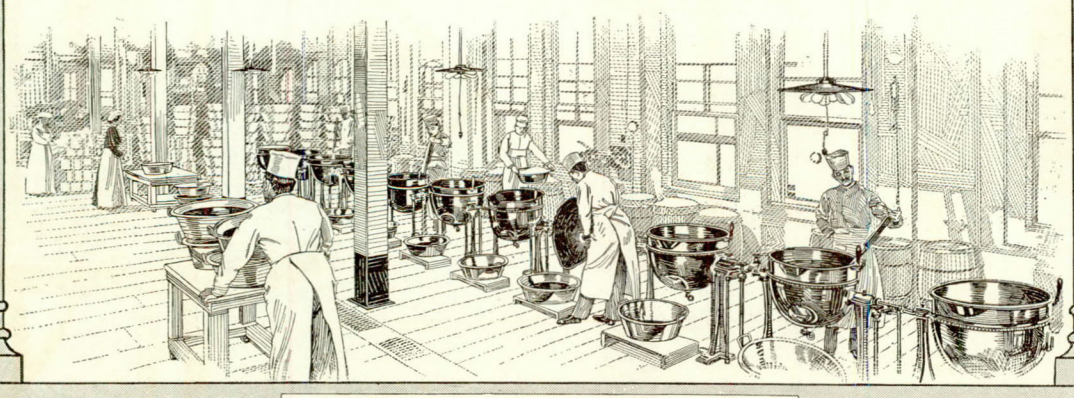
A rich purée of fresh, ripe tomatoes with only pure, sweet cream and fine spices added. Without meat stock of any kind.

HEINZ Spaghetti

Spaghetti and cheese with a rich tomato sauce. Cooked ready to serve.

HEINZ Olive Oil

The pure virgin oil of selected Spanish olives. The perfection of olive oil flavor.



A corner in one of Heinz Kitchens

Your Christmas Money And Your Spare Hours

You want the former and we want the latter. We will provide the one if you will give us the other.

THREE-QUARTERS of a million subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman* will expire between now and Christmas. A lot of these are in your immediate neighborhood. We want you to look after these renewals as well as to forward new business. If you will do this for us, we will pay you liberally in commission and salary.

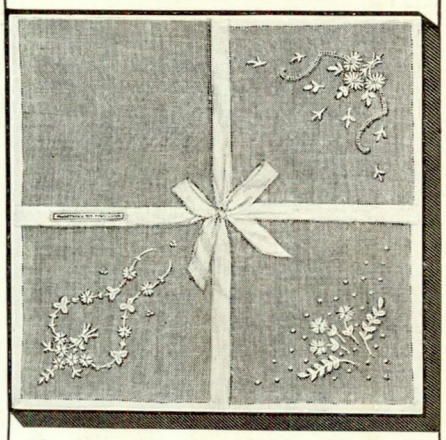
We do not require any specified amount of your time; though the more of it that you can give, the greater will be the sum earned.

Experience is not essential, for we'll furnish everything necessary and coach you how to get results. If you want to know how thousands of other women are turning their spare time into money and how you can do the same thing, send a line of inquiry.

Agency Division, Box 118
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Holiday Handkerchiefs

Our own Importations — direct from the manufacturer



No. 607. This Box contains Three (3) Ladies' All Pure Linen Handkerchiefs. Three (3) different designs—hemstitched and embroidered with dainty design in one corner of each handkerchief. ¼ inch hem.

Price . . . . . PER BOX $1.00

NOW READY

Our Complete Handkerchief Catalog

The most unique book of its kind published in America. Send for it.

NEWCOMB-ENDICOTT COMPANY
Dept. M, Detroit, Mich.

Freeman's Face Powder

(*Made in U.S.A.*) has stood the test for thirty years. Why not test it yourself? Buy a box for 25c. If after using half you do not think it equal to any powder, no matter what the price, your dealer will refund your money.

25c

Write for Samples

Freeman Perfume Co.,
Dept. 53 Cincinnati, O.

CHRISTMAS MISTLETOE

From the California snow-capped Sierras. These beautiful sprays of pearl-pink berries, fresh from the mountains, carry with them the spirit of Christmas.

In Holiday gift boxes, 50c, $1.00, $1.50, postpaid to any address. DAVIDSON BROS., Tehachapi, Cal.

THE LAST WORD

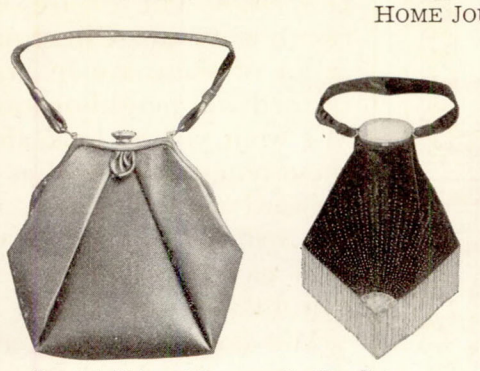
A Department of the Newest Ideas Found at the Last Moment

Edited by Mrs. Howard Bell

1. New Boudoir Cap of Silk and Net. Price $6.00

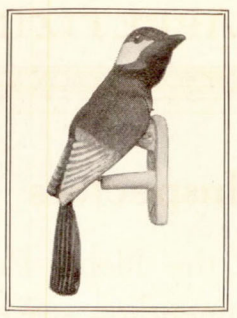
THESE last two pages of THE JOURNAL are like the postscript to a letter: they are written and prepared last. Over twenty of the brightest women in all parts of America search the best shops at the last moment for the latest new ideas until the day of going to press, and the pages are then printed on a fast press. Wherever possible, prices are given; but fuller information as to how to make or where to buy any article may be obtained by writing, with stamped, addressed envelope inclosed, to Mrs. Howard Bell, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

2. Girl's New Tassel Cap. Price $2.50



3 and 4. Plain and Fancy are the New Bags—Some in Leather, Others in Velvet

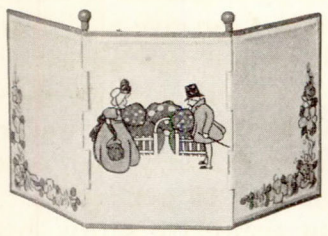
5. New Bead Slipper Bow



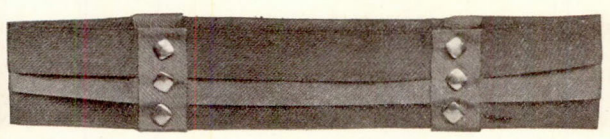
6. Woodpecker Door Knocker. Price $2.50

7. To Cover Your Telephone

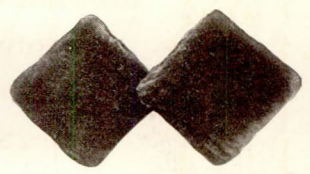
8 and 9. Mixing Bottle for French Dressing, Silver Stopper, $3.50, and a Four-Piece Cereal Set, Cost $7.50



10. Light Screen of Heavy Tin, Hand-Painted, $3.50
11. Sachet Ball in a Satin Case, Cost 50 Cents

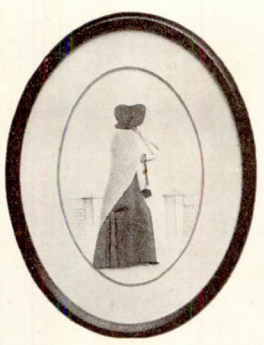


12. Three Strips of Ribbon Form This New Belt. Price $2.00



13. Latest Detachable Sets for Tailored Suits Come in Different Kinds of Fur

14. Frilly White Crêpe de Chine Petticoat With Plaited Valenciennes Ruffles for $3.95

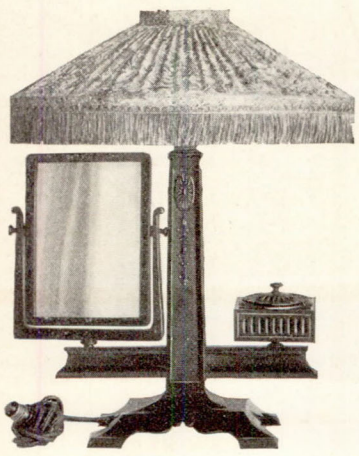


15. New Silhouette. Price $2.50

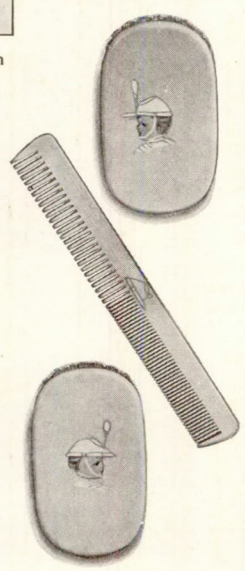
16. New Crochet Bangle, Sterling Silver. Price $2.00

17. Quaker Man Silhouette for $2.50

18. Another of the Many Beautiful New Petticoats in All Silk With Bias Ruffling

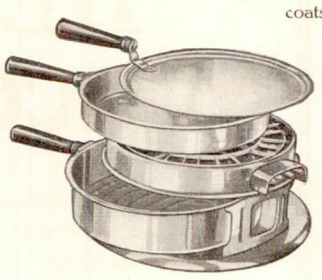


19. Complete Vanity Lamp for a Girl's Dressing Table

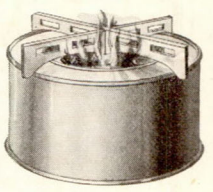


20. A Three-Piece Military Set for a Boy, Boxed. Price $2.00

21. The Latest: a Wicker Side-Wall Bird Cage



22. Four-Part Electric Grill for Light Housekeeping. Price $5.00



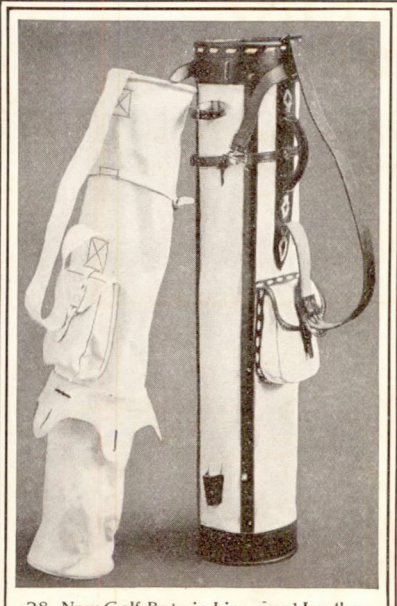
23. The Convenient Odorless Portable Stove

24. Utility Hot Water Jug, Silver. $3.50

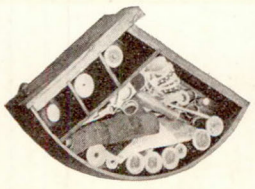
25. New Nut Cracker in Mahogany Bowl. $3.00

26. New Folding Desk for Any Room

27. Ice Cream Without Churning Made by This New Freezer. Price $2.50



28. New Golf Bags in Linen and Leather



29. What Would Grandmother Say to This New Sewing Chair?

From $5 Up for Any New Idea

I WANT THE JOURNAL readers to feel that they are part of these two pages, and so I would like them to contribute any new idea they may see, have or make—any idea for wear or for the home. Send article itself or photograph. I will pay $5 and upward for any new idea that I accept.

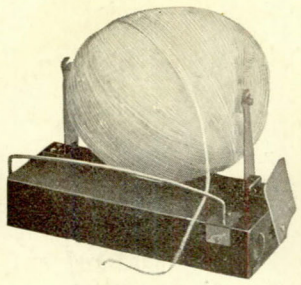
MRS. HOWARD BELL.

(Page 91)

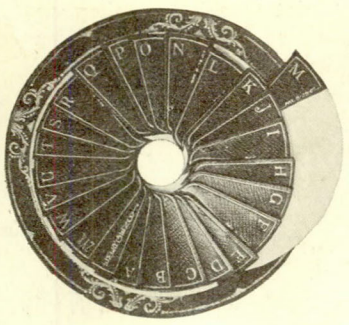
THE LAST WORD

A Department of the Newest Ideas Found at the Last Moment

Edited by Mrs. Howard Bell

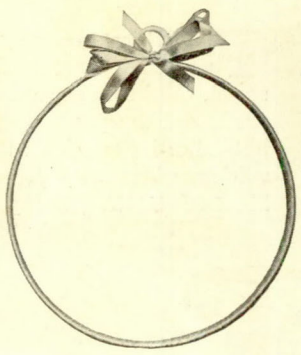


1. Collapsible Thread Holder. $1.00



2. Quick Telephone Directory in Leather Which Fits Back of the Mouthpiece. Cost, $1.50

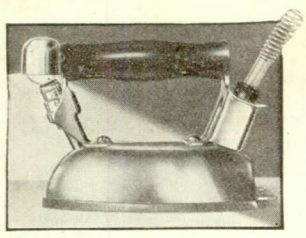
3. Very Smart is the New Four-Cornered Tam. $2.00



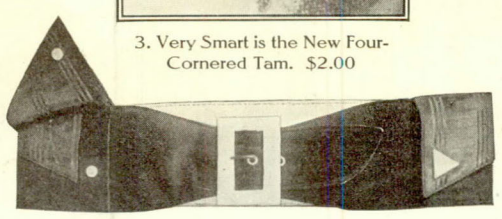
4. New Ribbon-Covered Sweater Hanger

5. Richly Colored Peacock Door Stop. $3.00 a Pair

6. Mahogany Lamp With Copper Mountings



7. The New Safety Iron With Lamp Attached for $4.00

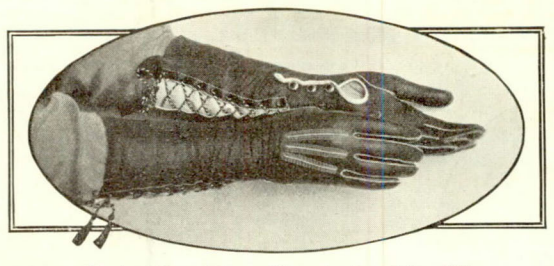


8. Notice How Securely the Change Pockets on This Belt are Covered by Pointed Flaps

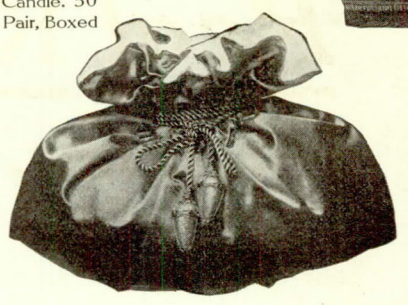
9. Holly Candle. 50 Cents a Pair, Boxed

10. Complete Wicker Outfit of Bird Cage and Hanger

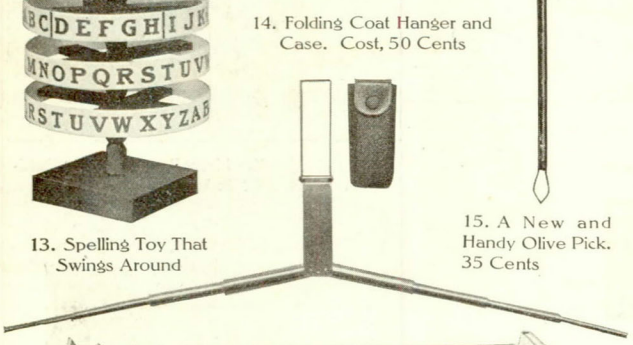
11. Man's Leather Slip-Ons and Case



12. And Now Gloves Show Lacing at the Side

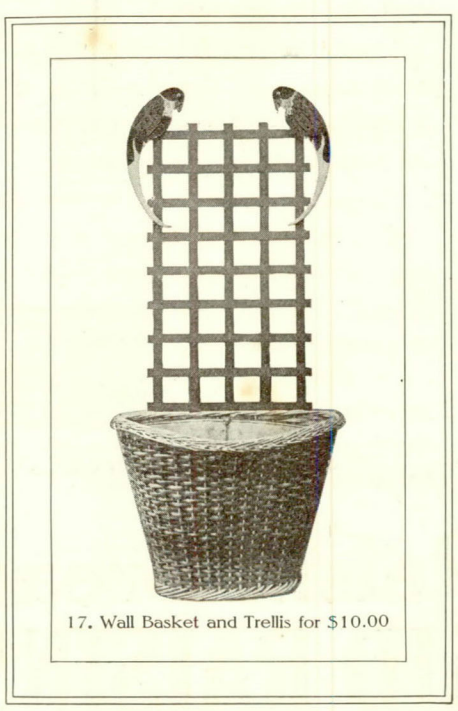


13. Spelling Toy That Swings Around



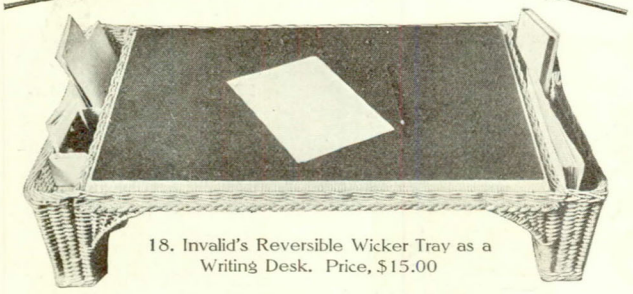
14. Folding Coat Hanger and Case. Cost, 50 Cents

15. A New and Handy Olive Pick. 35 Cents

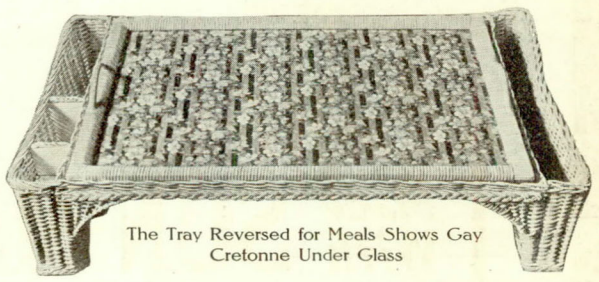


17. Wall Basket and Trellis for $10.00

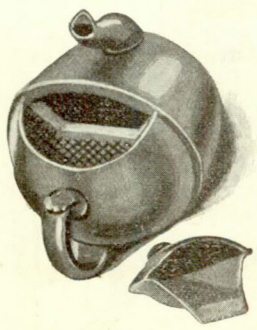
16. You Can Get This Overnight Bag and Muff Combined in Fur or Other Material From $7.50 Upward



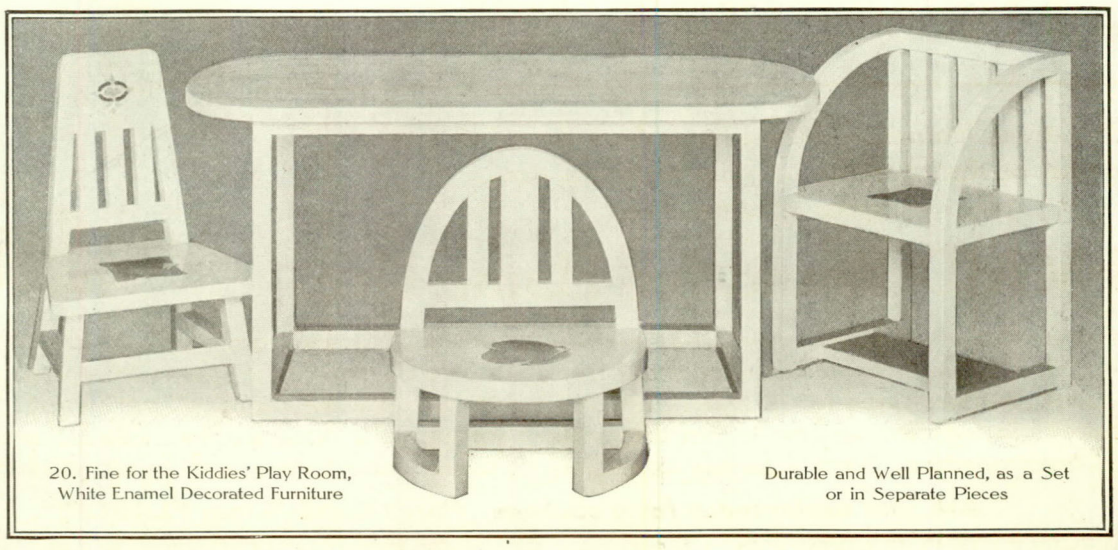
18. Invalid's Reversible Wicker Tray as a Writing Desk. Price, $15.00



The Tray Reversed for Meals Shows Gay Cretonne Under Glass



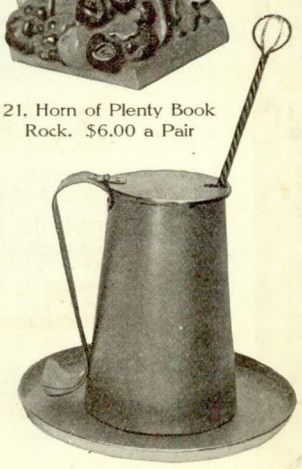
19. The Pot That Brews Good Tea. One-Pint Size, $2.25



20. Fine for the Kiddies' Play Room, White Enamel Decorated Furniture

Durable and Well Planned, as a Set or in Separate Pieces

21. Horn of Plenty Book Rock. $6.00 a Pair



22. Cape Cod Log-Fire Lighter. Price, $4.50

From $5 Up for Any New Idea

I WANT THE JOURNAL readers to feel that they are part of these two pages, and so I would like them to contribute any new idea they may see, have or make—any idea for wear or for the home. Send article itself or photograph. I will pay $5 and upward for any new idea that I accept. MRS. HOWARD BELL.

Real Raisin Bread

—a dainty, toothsome morsel—
is just around the corner. Try a loaf.

Your baker or grocer now has a *new* delight for your family, called *California* Raisin Bread. It is made with the *Sun-Maid* Brand of raisins—*big, plump, tender,* meaty raisins with the seeds extracted. It is made from a *special recipe,* lately developed, that puts *new quality* into raisin bread. In fact, California raisin bread is the finest your folks have tasted. The flavor of these tempting raisins permeates the loaf. No food could be more appetizing. Good raisin bread is both *good* and good *for* you—delicious, nutritious, digestible and slightly laxative.

And this bread—size of loaf and nutriment considered—is as cheap a food as any home can serve. Why let your family go without it?

Serve it daily—at every meal. Let the children have the benefits. They will eat *more bread* with raisins. And here is pure *grape sugar* to satisfy, in the most healthful way, their natural desire for sweets

Look for a label bearing the words, "California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins."

California Raisin Bread
Made With SUN-MAID RAISINS
IS SOLD BY YOUR BAKER OR GROCER

You will like this raisin bread because it is made with this kind of raisins →

Price not over 15c per lb.

For That Christmas Dinner—Let the Sun-Maid Brand of raisins be part of that dinner; in plum pudding, raisin pie, fruit cake or mince meat.

SUN-MAID Brand for Home Use

Sun-Maid Raisins are choice California white grapes—kinds too delicate to ship fresh to markets. They're selected from the cream of the crops and sun-cured in the open vineyards. They cost no more than common raisins do, but they taste like confections. Three varieties: Seeded (seeds extracted), Seedless (made from seedless grapes), Cluster (on stems, not seeded). Send your grocer's name and address for beautiful book showing many ways to use Sun-Maid Raisins—in cereals, sandwiches, salads, pies, puddings, cookies, cakes, sweetmeats and frozen desserts.

Ask your dealer today for a package. Note their delicious FLAVOR.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO., 1215 Fresno Street, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA. Membership 6000 Growers.

Raisins are Nature's Candy—Good for Little Folks

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

The only instrument that brings you the world's greatest artists

A splendid surprise for your family—to have Caruso, Farrar, Gluck, McCormack, Melba, Schumann-Heink and other famous artists sing for them; to have Elman, Kreisler, Paderewski and other noted instrumentalists play for them; to hear Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, Vessella's Band, Victor Herbert's Orchestra; to enjoy Harry Lauder, Nora Bayes, DeWolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock and other celebrated comedians and entertainers.

Nothing else will bring so much pleasure to your family and friends all the year round.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $350, and there are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola